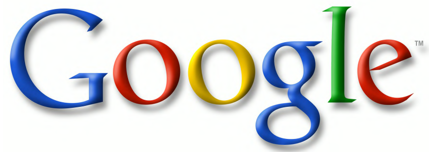

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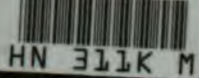
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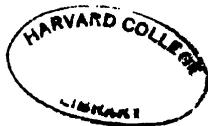

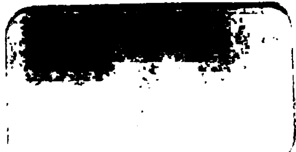

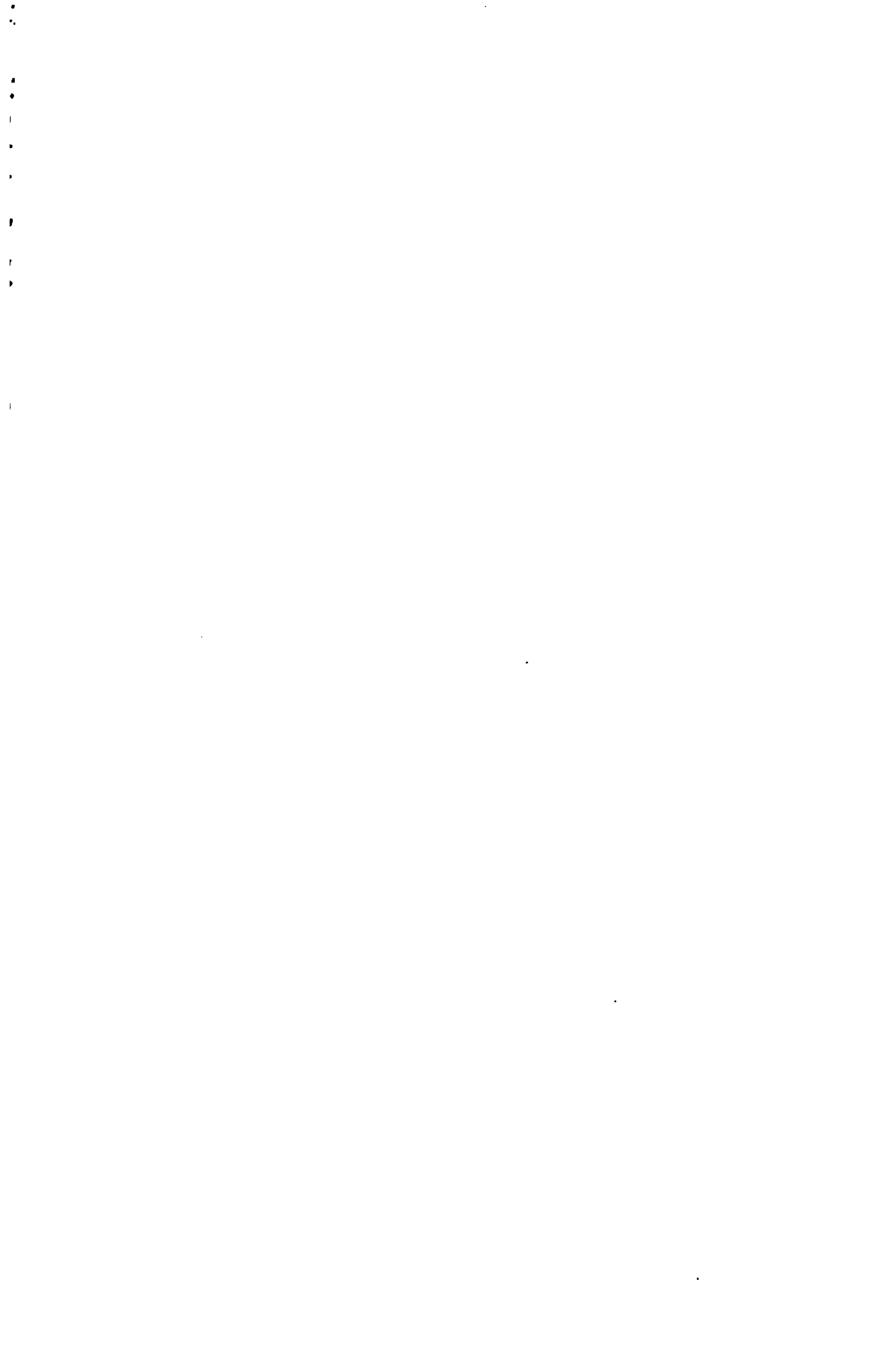

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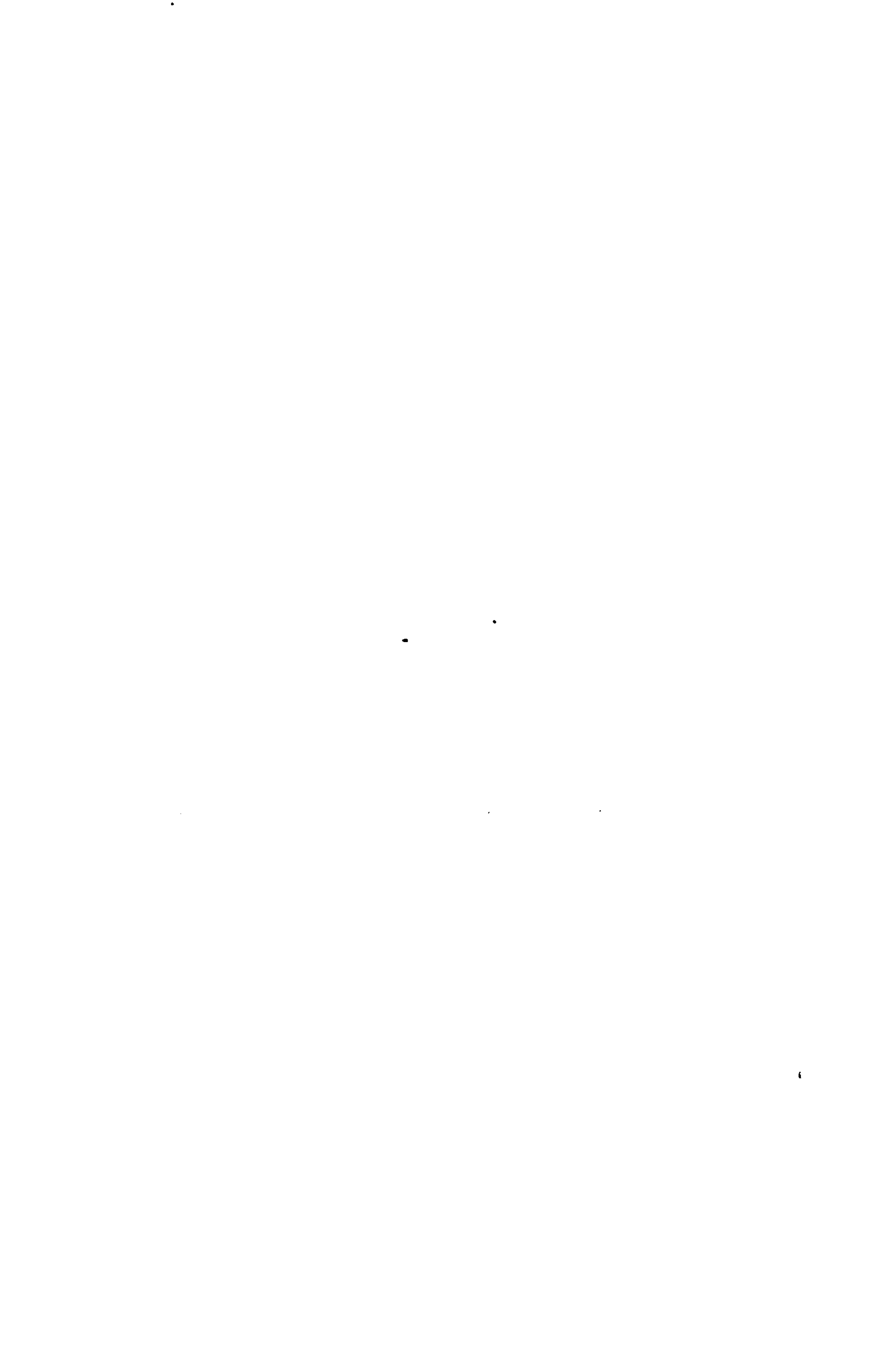


Frank R. Lawrence

fter Dinner Speeches at the Lotos Club

Arranged by

John Elderkin · Chester S. Lord · Horatio N. Fraser

New York : Privately Printed

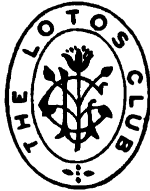
Anno Domini · mcmi

SPEECHES AT THE LOTOS CLUB

ARRANGED BY

JOHN ELDERKIN

CHESTER S. LORD HORATIO N. FRASER



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THOMAS B. REED
FRANK R. LAWRENCE
SAMUEL L. CLEMENS (Mark Twain)
CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

Seated (extreme left):

ISAAC N. SELIGMAN

Seated (extreme right):

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

Standing (left to right):

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS
MONCURE D. CONWAY
WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS
A. F. SOUTHERLAND
ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY
WILLIAM HENRY WHITE
JOHN ELDERKIN
WILLIAM T. EVANS
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GEORGE H. DANIELS
HORATIO N. FRASER

INTRODUCTION

SINCE its organization in 1870 the Lotos Club has been known and distinguished by the practice of hospitality. The small parlors of its first house, No. 2 Irving Place, were the scene of frequent gatherings for the reception and entertainment of men of distinction. These gatherings, whether they took the form of reception or dinner, were enlivened by music, song, and speech-making. There were many actors, artists, journalists, and public men among the habitual attendants of the club who took an active part in its affairs, and the entertainments grew in importance until the finest music and the best after-dinner speaking were often to be heard there. Men of letters were the guests especially sought out to honor, although visiting artists and musicians were frequently entertained. The Lotos has done a gracious and important service in greeting eminent foreigners and bringing them in contact with prominent Americans and those of congenial tastes.

The club owes to its literary and artistic membership much of its freedom from artificial distinctions. The primary questions in regard to the guest of honor have been, What has he done? What can he do? As was said by Wayne McVeagh at one of the late dinners in the present house, "In this club nobody stands upon anything except that on which Disraeli stood

with pride when he stood for Parliament—on his head." Nothing extraneous avails one who rises to speak at the Lotos table; he must then show himself to be capable of original thought and feeling, or he is a lost man. Not that the members are unduly critical or exacting, but that a wholesome, manly, personal contribution of something apposite to the occasion is imperative.

On the twenty-fifth anniversary of the formation of the Lotos it was deemed appropriate to issue a small volume containing a brief history of the club, with short selections from the after-dinner speeches. That publication, which gave mere fragments of the feast of good things, has proved so popular as to excite a desire for a larger book, in which the best speeches should be given, with only such unimportant excisions as the lapse of time and the requirements of a volume for permanent record rendered necessary.

In the choice of speeches for this volume the editors have by no means exhausted the supply. Long periods in the life of the club have been passed over without a contribution. This is in a measure due to the fact that it was not until 1895 that systematic stenographic reports were made of the speaking at the dinners. Only such fragmentary reports of the earlier speeches as appeared in the daily newspapers and were preserved in scrap-books were available for the purpose of this compilation. While much has been omitted that might well have found a place, it was thought better to give preference, in making up the principal part of the volume, to authoritative reports of what was actually said.

In choosing its presidents the Lotos Club has been remarkably conservative. Whitelaw Reid filled the place for fourteen years, and Frank R. Lawrence, who succeeded him, has served continuously for twelve years, and is about to enter on a thirteenth term; thus these two presiding officers are identified with nearly all its public functions; indeed with all that are mentioned in this book.

In the preparation of the speeches for the press, some of them have been submitted to the authors for correction, but in many cases this was not feasible. It seemed advisable to print all of them as nearly as possible exactly as they had been delivered, so as to preserve the freedom and spontaneity of the original utterance.

An after-dinner speech is not to be judged by the canons which are applied to elaborate orations; it is rather to be regarded as the play of intellect and imagination under the influence of good-fellowship and keen appreciation. While not altogether unpremeditated in substance, it is often in form and allusion, in what is most characteristic and telling, the offspring and improvisation of the moment of delivery. All recipes for after-dinner speech-making, even the excellent one imputed to James Russell Lowell by Dean Stubbs when Sir Henry Irving was a guest, are merely crutches, of little use to halting speakers. This view of the subject has governed in the selection and editing of matter for the present book.

If the prosperity of a jest resides as much in the ear of the listener as in the tongue of the maker of it, then surely the speakers at the Lotos dinners have been

favored with a highly responsive body of co-laborers. The club has furnished an educated, and indeed a professional, audience. The membership from the beginning has been largely of journalists, artists, authors, actors, physicians, lawyers, and business men of the most intellectual and vigorous type, composing an audience of successful men in the various callings of professional and commercial life; an audience which has embraced young, middle-aged, and old men, although the proportion of the last is possibly greater now than in the earlier years of the club's existence. How much of the splendid success of the banquets at the Lotos, and of the inexhaustible gaiety which has characterized them, is due to this trained, sympathetic, and brilliant audience, and how much to the orators, this reproduction in a printed book of the speeches which seemed so good when delivered will now disclose.

SPEECHES AT THE LOTOS CLUB

"To you, my hearers, fortunate children of the Lotos flower, within the twenty-six years of your club life has fallen the golden opportunity of personal communion with some of the foremost men, whether of action or of thought, who have arisen to guide and illumine the age: Froude, who so royally depicted the pageantry and pathos of the Past; Grant, who so superbly led the warrior legions of the Present; Charles Kingsley, with his deep and touching voice of humanity; Wilkie Collins, with his magic wand of mystery and his weird note of romance; Oliver Wendell Holmes, the modern Theocritus, the most comforting of philosophers; Mark Twain, true and tender heart, and first humorist of the age; and Henry Irving, noble gentleman and prince of actors. Those bright names, and many more, will rise in your glad remembrance; and I know you will agree that, in every case, when the generous mind pays its homage to the worth of a great man, the impulse is not that of adulation, but that of gratitude."

William Winter, at the dinner to Ian Maclaren, Dec. 6, 1896.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

AT THE DINNER IN HIS HONOR, FEBRUARY 15, 1872

I AM not accustomed to such kind words. Kind deeds I am accustomed to in every part of the world. Wherever I go I find plenty of kind people—I believe the world is full of kind souls if one will be a little kind one's self, and therefore take the small trouble of finding them out. But, really, such kind words and kind deeds as I have met with from Americans at home and since I have been here I did not expect. One thing I may say as a simple rejoinder to the too kind speech that has just been made—that, whatever your president has done me the honor to say in regard to a certain book called "Alton Locke," I have never regretted and I have never altered, except in one case, which does not refer to any one here, a single word in that book. That book was written out of my heart's heart, and I go by that book whether I stand or fall. It was the youngest and ugliest egg that I ever laid, yet I am fondest of it.

As for coöperation, I bide my time about that. I have not in vain read in old times books that are called heretical, and would by some be called so now—poor, half-mad, half-inspired Fourier and others of the old social school. Fourier is dear to me to-day. I am, in the true and highest sense of the word a socialist, and I

have always been; not that I learned it from Fourier, but from a man far older and wiser than Fourier—my master, Plato. I read Plato in the public schools when I was a lad, and Plato's republic has been the lodestar and the guiding genius of my political and social thought; and I hope it will remain so until I die. And, therefore, neither upon the question of coöperation nor the questions started in "Alton Locke" do I regret a single word I have written, nor shall I withdraw a single word. It may be, as one grows older, one gets more and more the painful consciousness of the difference between what ought to be done and what can be done; and sits down rather more quietly when one gets on the wrong side of fifty, and lets others start up and do for us the things which we cannot do for ourselves. But it is the highest pleasure that a man who has turned down the long hill at last—and to his own exceeding comfort—can have, to believe that younger spirits will rise up after him and catch the lamp of truth, as in the old lamp-bearing race of Greece, out of his hand before the flame expires and carry it on to the goal with swifter and more even feet. And so I trust that whatever has been said and thought—not by me, for I do not pretend to have thought out much, but only by a native glibness of tongue and a determination of words to the mouth, to have put into somewhat more intelligible language the thoughts of wiser and better men than myself—whatever has been said and thought by the great men of whom I have learned, I hope that younger men than myself will do me the kindness and honor of snatching that lamp out of my hands and passing it on to others. Then, whether

they leave me in darkness and in the background makes very little difference to me, provided the lamp of truth, which is the lamp of freedom, and the lamp of wisdom, and the lamp of happiness, is kept alive and brightly burning.

And why is the lamp of truth the lamp of freedom, of wisdom, of happiness? Because it is the lamp of obedience to facts. It is the spirit which takes facts as they are, however painful to prejudice, however painful to pride, however painful to selfishness; the spirit which takes the facts of humanity, the facts of society, the facts of science, the facts of nature, the facts of spirit, as they are, faces them like men, recognizes when they are—as they often are, alas!—unconquerable, and submits to them manfully, but, whenever it sees a chance of conquering, conquers like a man. The spirit that accepts facts, that is the spirit of truth and happiness; and as long as men will carry on the lamp we will show them facts, without allowing them to fear facts, without seeing them under I know not what glamour of prejudice and blue-lights and fireworks of divers sorts, which, if a man walk through them, neither burn nor help him. If he will go through the fireworks and get into the clear light outside, and look at the facts himself, then that man is carrying on that sacred lamp which, when it has passed from my generation, will pass into the hands of you younger men, and then to men still younger than you, so long as you swear to be true, not merely to your country, not merely to your consciences, not merely to your creed, but swear to be true to that which involves conscience, creed, country, and altogether, as old Lord Bacon said, true to "Dei vocem

revelatam in rebus"—to the voice of God revealed in facts.

I wish that every one here knew me as well as I know myself. If I have other such receptions as this in America I shall get out of it as soon as possible, for fear you should find me out. I am very easily found out. They say there is a great deal of the fool in every man, and I never have known a man in my life that had more of it than I. I have learned in fifty-five years' experience never to go into a room without saying to myself, "You may be the most foolish and may be the worst man in this room; therefore treat all you meet in it with precautionary respect." I have lived long enough to feel like the old post-horse, very thankful when the end comes. But in the meantime, gentlemen, joking apart, one thing I have to say; you have paid me a very delicate compliment, and one that has gone home to my heart, this evening, in coupling my name with the two men with whom I have grown up, and with whom, through thick and thin, wind and storm, I have lived and loved, and the two men whom I love best on earth now—Anthony Froude and Thomas Hughes.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

AT THE DINNER IN HIS HONOR, OCTOBER 12, 1872

I NEED not say that I thank you most heartily for the kind reception which you give me this evening. It adds one more to the many kind acts of hospitality which I have received in the short time I have been in this country, and I must say, after the kind words which your president has said to me, that when you do things of this kind you know how to do them in an exceedingly gracious manner. I need not at all go into subjects which the president has so generously touched relating to my experience. I suppose I have experienced as much of the asperities of literary life as falls to the lot of most people, and I feel rather proud to say that I have survived them up to the present time. Here I am, and here I hope to be for a short time to come. As to the reception here this evening, I should like to thank you, not only for myself, but in the name of our common profession. I myself was the editor of a London magazine and upon the daily press, and therefore deem myself one of the members of the great profession which has so much to do in the progress of mankind. I am very glad to say that there is a sort of freemasonry among journalists, and I recognize and feel myself here among friends and brothers.

That it may be my good fortune, if any of you should ever come to London, to entertain you is certainly my hope, and it will be my task, and the same I may say of every member of the profession to which I belong in London. We are always proud to feel that Americans are our companions and brothers in arms.

WILKIE COLLINS

AT THE DINNER IN HIS HONOR, SEPTEMBER 27, 1873

MANY years ago—more years than I now quite like to reckon—I was visiting Sorrento, in the Bay of Naples, with my father, mother, and brothers, as a boy of thirteen. At that time of my life I was an insatiable reader of that order of books for which heavy people have invented the name of light literature. In due course of time I exhausted the modest resources of the library which we had brought to Naples, and found myself faced with the necessity of borrowing from the resources of our fellow-travelers, summer residents of Sorrento like ourselves. Among them was a certain countryman of yours, very tall, very lean, very silent, and very melancholy. In what circumstances the melancholy of this gentleman took its rise I am not able to tell you. The ladies thought it was a disappointment in love. The men attributed it to a cause infinitely more serious than that—I mean indigestion. Whether he suffered in heart or whether he suffered in stomach, I took, I remember, a boy's unreasonable fancy to him, passing over dozens of other people apparently far more acceptable than he was. I ventured to look up to the tall American—it was a long way to look up—and said in a trembling voice, "Can you lend me a book to read?" He looked down

to me—it was a long way to look down—and said, "I have got but two amusing books. One of them is the 'Sorrows of Werther' and the other is the 'Sentimental Journey.' You are heartily welcome to both these books. Take them home, and when you have read them bring them back and dine with me and tell me what you think of them." I took them home and read them, and told him what I thought of them much more freely than I would now. And last, not least, I had an excellent dinner, crowned with cake, which was an epoch in my youthful existence, and which I may say lives gratefully and greasily in my memory to the present day.

Now, Mr. President and gentlemen, I venture to tell you this for one reason. It marks my first experience of American kindness and American hospitality. In many different ways this early expression of your kindness and hospitality has mingled in my after life, now in England, now on the Continent, until it has culminated in this magnificent reception. I am not only gratified but touched by the manner in which you have greeted me, and the cordiality with which the remarks of your president have been received. I venture to say that I see in this reception something more than a recognition of my humble labors only. I think I see a recognition of English literature, liberal, spontaneous, and sincere, which, I think, is an honor to you as well as an honor to me. In the name of English literature, I beg gratefully to thank you.

LORD HOUGHTON

(RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES)

AT THE DINNER IN HIS HONOR, NOVEMBER 21, 1875

I AM not unaware of the special value of the present compliment. I know that here the Lotos Club has received Mr. Froude, the most original of English historians, who glanced around this room with brilliant eye, like that of a frightened horse. Here, too, Canon Kingsley has thrilled you with an urgent eloquence like a voice of departing genius; and here, too, has been received the promise of future English statesmanship in young Lord Rosebery. I feel myself, therefore, under the obligation of answering as clearly and powerfully as I can a question not of rare occurrence, which I am conscious that every one of my hearers is putting to me in his heart, "What do you think of our country?" As to another not infrequent form of interrogation, "Do you admire our Constitution?" I would state with the utmost candor and the most careful consideration that I must ask leave to reserve my opinion. On one other question I have no difficulty. America is eminent for the beauty of her women. At my time of life I am no fair witness on that subject, but I would offer the more valuable testimony of my son, a young man of some talent and perception, seventeen years of age, who has gone home with that expres-

sion on his lips and this impression on his heart. In this sense, therefore, I fully admire the youth of America, but I am not prepared to impersonate the country herself exactly in that respect. Americans are very fond of appealing to their youth. When anything goes wrong or seems incomplete or disappointing they say, "You should remember how young we are." Now, I am not prepared entirely to admit that pretension. In all that constitutes a nation, in the aggregation of thought, in the expansion of ideas, America has all the experience of the Europe from which she came, added to the interest and vivacity which she has gained from transportation to a novel hemisphere. She has indeed that charm of middle life and that combination of full, luscious beauty and mature intelligence which a great French novelist impersonated in the "Femme de Quarante Ans." Balzac himself may have taken his notion from the old anecdote of a Frenchman giving to his son two counsels on his entry into the world: "Listen to the old men, and make love to the women of forty."

This is the advice I would now repeat. Love your America with all the devotion she deserves, and do not disregard the words and thoughts of veteran Europe. As an allusion has been made to me both as a poet and politician, it might not be unbecoming for me to say that I have done my best to reconcile whatever imaginative faculty I may possess to the practical business of the world and its political action. I was for twenty-five years a member of the House of Commons, and afterward of the other branch of Parliament, and I believe that, taken as a whole, no man's life suffers

from a mixture of the real and the ideal. I know I am addressing the Lotos Club, a society whose fundamental principle has been expressed in the melodious verses of one of the latest and not least of American poets, Joaquin Miller:

> It seems to me that Mother Earth
> Is weary from eternal toil
> And bringing forth by fretted soil,
> In all the agonies of birth.
> Sit down! sit down! So it were best
> That we should rest, that she should rest.
>
> . . . .
>
> I think we then shall all be glad,
> At least I know we are not now;
> Not one. And even Earth, somehow,
> Seems growing old and over-sad.
> Then fold your hands; for it were best
> That we should rest, that she should rest.

Somehow or other, I hardly think that my present audience is quite so purely contemplative, quite so entirely free from all worldly interests and secular motives as your nomenclature would imply. And you are right. If you lived exclusively in a sphere of literature and art, you would be living solely for yourselves, but now you are mixing in daily life with other men, taking upon yourselves high responsibilities, and leavening with your thoughts and objects the hard and heavy destiny of the common multitude of mankind. You are in truth an aristocracy, quite as real as, and in your ultimate action more powerful than, the senators of Venice, the barons of England, or the grandees of Spain. It is your mission to lead on this magnifi-

cent country in the van of civilization of the world, to give form and permanence to what would otherwise have been a fleeting development of material force, to give dignity to wealth and consolation to poverty, and to stifle the jealousies of the elder world at any possible expansion of the dominion of the new by making it coincident with the progressive development of man.

BAYARD TAYLOR

AT THE DINNER TO LORD HOUGHTON, NOVEMBER 21, 1875

DURING the last fifteen or twenty years we have had frequent opportunities of welcoming distinguished English authors—writers of fiction, like Thackeray, Dickens, and Wilkie Collins, historians and essayists—but Lord Houghton is the first English poet whom Americans have had the pleasure of receiving as a guest. I do not mean to deny that title to Canon Kingsley, whose prose works, however, are more prominent. I am glad to notice that in the many hospitalities which Lord Houghton has received, the first, most cordial greeting has been given to the poet. And I desire specially to thank him now for the wise and encouraging words which he has spoken, both to-night and on former occasions, concerning the importance of literature as an element of our national civilization. We greatly need such words; but an American author could hardly utter them without subjecting himself to the charge of magnifying his office for the sake of some personal interest. When we hear them from one who is himself an exemplification of the truth that poetry is a help, not a hindrance, to practical labor in other fields of life—that the man of shy and delicate imagination may still be the large-hearted man of society—and, finally, that the sympathies which literary

studies promote may also become the wisdom of the statesman; their authority cannot be disputed.

I said that Lord Houghton is the first English poet to visit America; but I quite forgot Tom Moore, who spent two or three months here in 1804. It would have been quite as well, perhaps, if he had not come, for what he saw was apparently not edifying to him, and what he wrote was certainly not edifying to us. He visited Washington when Thomas Jefferson was President, and could find no other epithet for that statesman than "the rebel chief." I am sure that Lord Houghton's proposal that we, in the interest of history, should restore the statue of George III to Bowling Green is not made in that spirit; for he offers, in return, to have the statue of Washington placed in the Houses of Parliament. But let us hope that it will not be seventy-one years before the next English poet comes here to find out how well we know him. Let us beg Lord Houghton to say to his English brethren in literature that, although we may not be—as one of them has said—Posterity, we are a warm, sympathetic, and broadly receptive cotemporary race.

I should like to tell you, very briefly, of my personal obligations to Lord Houghton as an author. I read "The Men of Old" and the "Legend of the Lac de Gaube" as a boy of seventeen, when I was still under the spell of Byron and found that Wordsworth was a little too high for me. These and other of his poems formed the bridge upon which I crossed from Byron to Wordsworth. I still recall four lines of the "Legend of the Lac de Gaube" which charmed me then and have haunted me ever since. Whenever I have come

upon a lonely, snow-fed lake in the high Alps, the Sierra Nevada, the Rocky Mountains, the Norwegian Dorre-Fjeld, or anywhere else in the world, I have always repeated to myself:

> A mirror where the veteran rocks
>   May glass their seams and scars;
> A nether sky where breezes break
>   The sunshine into stars.

EDMUND YATES

AT THE DINNER IN HIS HONOR, MARCH 8, 1877

OF all public bodies in this city with which I have been brought into friendly relations, the Lotos Club is the one which, had the opportunity been offered to me, I should most have wished to give me this farewell banquet, to say to me these words of God-speed. For when my intention of visiting this country was first announced, and when I was yet in my own land, the Lotos Club proffered to me its hand of welcoming friendship and on my arrival accorded me a hearty reception and offered me its privileges. This I know was an act of graceful hospitality generally practised by this genial club to strangers whose names are in any way known, but when I found that the temporary privileges of the use of the club had, without solicitation on my part, been converted into a permanent life membership, and when I see that those who greeted me as a stranger are gathered around me after a six months' acquaintance to take farewell of me as a friend, I think I have reason to be no little proud. Gentlemen, these past six months have been to me the most gratifying of my whole life. I shall never forget the heart-sinking with which I contemplated the roofs and spires of New York from the Cunard steamer as we slowly steamed into dock. I had voluntarily cut

away the links which for twenty years had bound me to government employ, and was about to commence a new career among a people to whom, as I imagined, I was a stranger. The first persons to dispel that unpleasant idea were the members of this club. From their first reception of me to the present moment my career in America has been one of tolerably hard work indeed, but of hard work which has been lightened by the most boundless hospitality, the most constant courtesy, the most delicate, yet genial appreciation. I came to America in fear and trembling. I leave it with feelings of affection and gratitude, and though I have no doubt that my heart will again sink within me when on Wednesday next I stand on the deck of the *Calabria* and your glorious city melts into the distance, the sensation will be caused by regret at parting from those who have given me their friendship and whom I hope speedily to see again.

This is all about myself and you, and I intended that it should be. Some years ago it might have been opportune in me to express a hope that better relations might be cultivated between your country and mine, but I trust in God that there is no necessity for this now. Only one word will I say upon this subject. In a friendly article in one of your newspapers, this very morning, I saw myself alluded to as an "intelligent and kindly foreigner." I am sure that I but express the general opinion of my countrymen in saying that we should be very glad if in speaking of us you would forego that word. I am convinced that it in no way conveys the warmth of feeling and kinship with which the better classes of both countries regard each other.

If you will lend your aid to the substitution of warmer terms—if you will, in your position as authors, journalists, and members of society, endeavor to convince the masses of this great continent that there are Englishmen who can open their mouths without saying "blarsted," and without unnecessarily aspirating the h's, I pledge myself to state everywhere in my own country that during my residence in this I have never been called "old hoss," I have never heard the word "tarnation," and that I have never seen a man "whittling a stick."

And now, gentlemen, as I am approaching the hardest word in my little speech, "Farewell,"—

> A word that has been, and must be:
> A sound that makes us linger,—

I find that I cannot quite trust my voice to utter it, and so gladly accept Mr. Reid's suggestion, and substitute the pleasanter phrase, "Au revoir." For your generous recognition of me at first, and for your continued friendship, I return you my deepest and most heartfelt thanks.

JOHN GILBERT

AT THE DINNER IN HIS HONOR, NOVEMBER 30, 1878

"CÆSAR, we who are about to die salute you." Such was the gladiators' cry in the arena, standing face to face with death. There is a certain appositeness in the words I have just uttered that probably may correspond to my position. Understand me, I do not mean to die theatrically at present, but when a man has arrived at my age he can scarcely look forward to very many years of professional exertion. When my old friend John Brougham (Mr. Brougham, I am not going to die just yet) announced to me the honor that the Lotos Club proffered me, I was flattered and complimented. But I said, "John, you know I am no speechmaker." He replied, "Say anything." "Anything?" I said. "Anything won't do." "Then," said he, "repeat the first speech of *Sir Peter Teazle:* 'When an old bachelor marries a young wife, what is he to expect?' " Well, I think I can paraphrase that and say, "When a young man enters the theatrical profession, what is he to expect?" Well, he may expect a good many things that are never realized. However, suffice it to say that fifty years ago I made my début as an actor in my native city of Boston. I commenced in the first-class character of *Jaffier* in Otway's charming tragedy of "Venice Preserved." The public said it was a suc-

cess, and I thought it was. The manager evidently thought it was, too, for he let me repeat the character. Well, I suppose it was a success for a young man with such aspirations as I had. There might have been some inspiration about it—at least there ought to have been, for the lady who personated *Belvidera* was Mrs. Duff, a lovely woman and the most exquisite tragic actress that I ever saw from that period to the present. After this I acted two or three parts, *Mortimer*, *Shylock*, and some of those little trifling characters, with comparative success. But shortly after, and wisely, I went into the ranks to study my profession—not to commence at the top and go to the bottom, but to begin at the bottom and go to the top, if possible. As a young man I sought for pastures fresh and new. I went to the south and west, my ambition still being, as is that of all youthful aspirants for dramatic honors, for tragedy. At last I went to a theater, and, to my great disgust and indignation, I was cast for an old man—at the age of nineteen. However, I must do it. There was no alternative, and I did it. I received applause. I played a few more old men. I found at last that that was my point, my forte, and I followed it up, and after this long lapse of years I still continue in that department. I went to England and was received with kindness and cordiality, and returning to my own country, in 1862 I was invited to join Wallack's Theatre, under the management of the father of my dear friend here, Lester Wallack—his father, whom I am proud to acknowledge as a friend of fifty years and my dramatic master. I need not tell you that since that time I have been under the direction of his son. What my career

has been up to the present time you all know. It requires no comment from me. I am no longer a young man, but I do not think I am an old man. I owe this to a good constitution and moderately prudent life. I may say with Shakspere's *Adam* that,

> In my youth I never did apply
> Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood, . . .
> Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
> Frosty but kindly.

[The president then introduced John Brougham, who said: Upon an event like this the ovation should all be given to my old—my young friend, John Gilbert. He is old only in a theatrical sense. He is not much older —not much younger, I mean—than I am. I believe absolutely with the Frenchman, that a woman is as old as she looks and a man is as old as he feels. I feel as well as ever I did. And I do not feel that I look so much older than I feel, and let me say here, as a word of warning to our younger friends, that the way to enjoy your life and to prolong it is to economize your enjoyments—which I take credit to myself by saying that I have always done. John has passed his half century of life—and so have I. He has only the advantage of me by about three months. In conclusion, I will only say to you who have honored my friend that there are none more prompt than myself and my friend John Gilbert to respond to any kindness or attention wherever it may be proposed.]

WILLIAM WINTER

AT THE DINNER TO JOHN GILBERT, NOVEMBER 30, 1878

I THANK you gratefully for this kind welcome, and I think it is a privilege to be allowed to take part in a festival so delightful as this, and to join with you in paying respect to a name so justly renowned and honored as that of John Gilbert. I cannot hope adequately to respond to the personal sentiments which have been so graciously expressed, nor adequately to celebrate the deeds and the virtues of your distinguished guest. "I am ill at these numbers; . . . but such answer as I can make you shall command." For since first I became familiar with the stage—in far-away days, in old Boston—John Gilbert has been the fulfilment of one of my highest ideals of excellence in the dramatic art, and it would be hard if I could not now say this, if not with eloquence at least with fervor. I am aware of a certain strangeness, however, in the thought that words, in his presence and to his honor, should be spoken by me. The freaks of time and fortune are, indeed, strange. I cannot but remember that, when John Gilbert was yet in the full flush of his young manhood and already crowned with the laurels of success, the friend who is now speaking was a boy at his sports—playing around the old Federal Street Theatre and beneath the walls of the Franklin Street Cathedral, and hearing, upon the broad

causeway of Pearl Street, the rustle and patter of the autumn leaves as they fell from the chestnuts around the Perkins Institute and the elms that darkened the somber, deserted castle of Harris's Folly. With this sense of strangeness, though, comes a sense, still more striking and impressive, of the turbulent, active, and brilliant period through which John Gilbert has lived. Byron had been dead but four years, and Scott and Wordsworth were still writing, when he began to act. Goethe was still alive. The works of Thackeray and Dickens were yet to be created. Cooper, Irving, Bryant, Halleck, and Percival were the literary lords of that period in America. The star of Willis was ascending, while those of Hawthorne and Poe were yet to rise; and dramas of Talfourd, Knowles, and Bulwer were yet to be seen by him as fresh contributions to the literature of the stage. All these great names are written now in the book of death. All that part of old Boston to which I have referred—the scene equally of Gilbert's birth and youth and first successes, and of his tender retrospection—has been swept away or entirely changed. Gone is the old Federal Street Theatre. Gone that quaint English lane, with the cozy tobacconist's shop which he used to frequent. Gone the hospitable Stackpole, where, many a time, at "the latter end of a sea-coal fire," he heard the chimes at midnight from the spire of the Old South Church! But, though "the spot where many a time he triumphed is forgot," his calm and gentle genius and his hale physique have endured in unabated vigor, so that he who has charmed two generations of playgoers still happily lives to charm the men and women of to-day.

Webster, Choate, Felton, Everett, Rantoul, Shaw, Bartlett, Lunt, Hallet, Starr King, Bartol, Kirk—these and many more, the old worthies of the bar, the bench, and the pulpit, in Boston's better days of intellect and taste—all saw him, as we see him, in the silver-gray elegance and exquisite perfection with which he illustrates the comedies of England. His career has impinged upon the five great cities of Boston, New Orleans, Philadelphia, London, and New York. It touches at one extreme the ripe fame of Munden (who died in 1832), and, freighted with all the rich traditions of the stage, it must needs, at its other extreme, transmit, even into the next century, the high mood, the scholar-like weight, and the pure style of the finest strain of acting that Time has bestowed upon civilized man. By what qualities it has been distinguished this brilliant assemblage is full well aware. The dignity, which is its grandeur; the sincerity, which is its truth; the thoroughness, which is its massive substance; the sterling principle, which is its force; the virtue, which is its purity; the scholarship, mind, humor, taste, versatile aptitude of simulation and beautiful grace of method, which are its powerful and delightful faculties and attributes, have all been brought home to your minds and hearts by the living and conquering genius of the man himself! I have often lingered in fancy upon the idea of that strange, diversified, wonderful procession—here the dazzling visage of Garrick, there the woeful face of Mossop; here the glorious eyes of Kean, there the sparkling loveliness of Woffington, Abington, Jordan, and Nesbitt—which moves, through the chambers of memory, across the old and storied

stage. The thought is endless in its suggestion and fascinating in its charm. How often, in the chimney-corner of life, shall we—whose privilege it has been to rejoice in the works of this great comedian, and whose happiness it is to cluster around him to-night, in love and admiration—conjure up and muse upon his stately figure as we have seen him in the garb of *Sir Peter*, and *Sir Robert*, and *Jaques*, and *Wolsey*, and *Elmore!* The ruddy countenance, the twinkling gray eyes, the silver hair, the kind smile, the hearty voice, the old-time courtesy of manner—how tenderly will they be remembered! how dearly are they prized! Scholar! Actor! Gentleman! Long may he be spared to dignify and adorn the stage—a soother of our cares, a comfort to our hearts, an exemplar, a benefactor, a friend!—the Edelweiss of his age and of our affections!

Where, pure and pale, the starlight streams
  Far down the Alpine slope,
Still through eternal winter gleams
  The snowy flower of hope:
Undimmed by cloud, undrenched by tears,
  So may his laurel last—
While shines o'er all his future years
  The rainbow of the past!

Far, far from him the mournful hour
  That brings the final call
And o'er his scenes of grace and power
  Fate lets the curtain fall;
And, oh, when sounds that knell of worth,
  To his pure soul be given
A painless exit from the earth,
  And entrance into Heaven![1]

[1] Copyright by the Macmillan Company, of New York.

WILLIAM S. GILBERT

AT THE DINNER TO WILLIAM S. GILBERT AND ARTHUR SULLIVAN, NOVEMBER 9, 1879

AS my friend Sullivan and myself were driving to this club this evening, both of us being very nervous and sensitive men, and both of us men who are highly conscious of our oratorical defects and deficiencies, and having before us vividly the ordeal awaiting us, we cast about for a comparison of our then condition. We likened ourselves to two authors driving down to a theatre at which a play of theirs was to be played the first time. The thought was somewhat harassing, but we dismissed it, however, because we remembered that there was always the even chance of success, whereas in the performance in which we were about to take part there was no prospect of aught but humiliating failure. We were rather in the position of prisoners surrendering to their bail, and we beg of you to extend to us your most merciful consideration. But it is expected of me, perhaps, that in replying to this toast with which your chairman has so kindly coupled my name, I shall do so in a tone of the lightest possible comedy. I had almost said that I am sorry to say that I can't do so; but, in truth, I am not sorry. A man who has been welcomed as we have been here, by the leaders in literature and art in this city, a man who

could look upon that welcome as a string upon which to hang a series of small jokes, would show that he was responding to an honor to which he was not entitled. For it is no light thing to come to a country which we have been taught to regard as a foreign country, and to find ourselves, in the best sense of the word, "at home" among a people whom we are taught to regard as strangers, but whom we are astonished to find are our intimate friends; and that proffered friendship is so dear to us that I am disposed, on behalf of my collaborator and myself, to stray somewhat from the beaten paths of after-dinner oratory, and endeavor to justify ourselves in respect to a matter in which we have some reason to feel that we have been misrepresented. I have seen in several London journals well-meant but injudicious paragraphs saying that we have a grievance against the New York managers because they have played our pieces and have offered us no share of the profits. We have no grievance whatever. Our only complaint is that there is no international copyright act. The author of a play in which there is no copyright is very much in the position of an author or the descendants of an author whose copyright has expired. I am not aware that our London publishers are in the habit of seeking the descendants of Sir Walter Scott, or Lord Byron, or Captain Marryat and offering them a share of the profits on their publications. I have yet to learn that our London managers seek out the living representatives of Oliver Goldsmith, or Richard Brinsley Sheridan, or William Shakspere in order to pay them any share of the profits from the production of "She Stoops to Conquer," or

the "Good-Natured Man," or the "Merchant of Venice." If they do so, they do it on the principle that the left hand knows not what the right hand doeth, and as we have not heard of it, we presume, therefore, that they have not done so. And we believe if those eminent men were to request a share of the profits they would be met with the reply that the copyright on those works had expired. And so, if we should suggest it to the managers of this country, they would perhaps reply, with at least equal justice, Gentlemen, your copyright never existed. For myself, I certainly don't pose as an object of compassion.

HORACE PORTER

AT THE DINNER TO CHARLES G. LELAND, FEBRUARY 1, 1880

I CAN hardly tell you I am taken by surprise, since it is as much as a minute since your president winked at me. The Scripture saith, "He that winketh with the eye causeth sorrow." I have never before so keenly felt the force of Scripture. I can easily understand why it might be thought advisable to call me out. It was supposed, no doubt, that the distinguished guest of the evening would more readily understand my dialect. For where I was raised we plume ourselves on the purity of our German accent, and in the presence of this great master of dialect it may not be amiss for me to call your attention to the fact that in this great country, people in the various parts of it pride themselves upon the peculiarity of their dialects. There is the "Down-East Yankee," for instance, brought up in those peculiar, rigid notions of economy that prevail in New England, who in his speech follows out his economical teaching and endeavors to save the wear on his throat by talking through his nose. There are our Southern friends who spill their r's with as much prodigality as Englishmen drop their h's; and others on the Pacific coast who have a sort of bric-à-brac language, a kind of broken china. And when we come to our own capital city of New York, we notice

the peculiarity of dialects among this mongrel race, springing from the Flathead Indians of this island and the flat-footed Dutchmen from abroad. I think we have another dialect, even in the present day, at least so far as the city officials are concerned. It seems that they speak the Indian dialect of their progenitors. You have all doubtless had occasion, if you approached an official in the way of asking a favor, to find that you could never make yourself properly understood unless you "talked Indian" to him.

I once tried to travel through Germany on my Pennsylvania dialect. When Germans did n't understand a word I said it was certainly no fault of mine, but a painful misfortune that they had not been raised in the State of Pennsylvania. When I was in Germany they addressed me in various ways. They would spin out a sentence in that elastic language attenuated to the thinness of a cobweb, and if I did not show signs of comprehension they would telescope the whole sentence into one confused word and try me with that. I went on for about two days, and did not understand a word. I began to feel lonesome, and the more people came up to me the more lonesome I felt. It reminded me of my early days, when I and a few other cadets at West Point obtained a furlough and came to New York to have a good time. One of the party during dinner drank too much; he got through the demonstrative stage, and at length worked up everything in the form of an equation. Finally he came to the conclusion to accompany us to the pantomime at Niblo's. We told him to "brace up and pull himself together"; he could go and see what it was like, and then come away.

He linked his arms in ours, and we got down to the theatre. The pantomime went on, and he watched with intense interest the violent gesticulations of the actors, not a word being spoken. He leaned over his seat, put his hand to his ear, and when the curtain went down he remarked: "I say, I am drunker than I thought I was; I have n't understood a word that has been said in the whole play."

That is just the way it was with me in Germany. Finally it became absolutely necessary for me to know whether a certain train went through to Berlin; I rehearsed my grammar, and, gathering together certain fragments of that disjointed language, I called the conductor and hurled at his head the following verbal projectile. I knew if it struck home I should be apt to hear from him.

"Geht diser zug nach Berlin one vechsel?" He turned upon me with a look I shall never forget. "Mein Gott in Himmel!" he said. "What a tam fine kind of German is that which you here speak!"

Now, I only mention this to show that when one with a foreign education finds such difficulty in wrestling with the German vernacular, we should look with kindly eyes on Hans Breitmann in his efforts to employ the English language.

Now, simply thanking you, as all will, for the great pleasure we have derived from your work, let me also thank the Lotos Club for the enjoyment of this occasion. When I look around upon these groaning boards I think of one of Sherman's bummers down in South Carolina during the war. The regiment was ordered one morning to strap their ammunition on their shoul-

ders and ford a river. This river had swamps six miles on either side of it, and this bummer, while crossing, turned round to his comrade and said: "Bill, I 'm blowed if I don't believe we have struck this 'ere river lengthways." Now, sir, when I look around upon the length and breadth of the superb hospitalities you have spread out before us to-night I think with each invited guest here that we have struck this hospitality lengthwise.

WHITELAW REID

(PRESIDENT OF THE CLUB)

AT THE DECENNIAL DINNER, MARCH 28, 1880

FOR a long time this was the youngest club in New York. That was its distinction. But this would put it now in a hard case, for that distinction it has lost. It has weathered the panics and survived the dinners of a decade. Now, ten years, I am instructed, are to a club what twenty-one are to a man; and so our guardians and tyrants, the directory, have made a dinner and invited in the friends and neighbors to celebrate Young Hopeful's coming of age.

The Lotos Club was originally intended as a sort of common meeting-ground for the younger men in art, literature, music, the drama, journalism, and other professions. But it is a lamentable fact that those younger men are not so young now as they were ten years ago. Looking at the snowy beard of Macdonald, or the thinner locks of Depew, or the wasting frame of the emaciated Hammond, you might even deny that they are young men at all. At any rate, the juvenility which used to be thrown up to them as a reproach is no longer regarded by them in that light. If our friends and guests wish to pay them the rarest and most gracious compliment they have only to begin by addressing them as "Young gentlemen." But try that magic formula, and you shall see Richard O'Gorman and John Brougham and Tait and Lathers and a score of

others leaping to their feet, each eager to answer, "Here am I."

The Lotos Club, rather more perhaps than some of the others, has been given to the duty of entertaining the stranger that is within our gates. It was a circumstance rather than original malice on our part that led to this custom. We did not want to get in the way of anybody else, or to put ourselves forward unduly. But the thing needed doing, and it was the fortune, good or bad, of the club to have a way and a place for doing it. First and last we have entertained a good many who deserved it, and possibly one or two who might have been reserved for an even crueller fate. In one way at least we have discharged the functions of a club. There has been a good deal of eating and drinking here, and there have been dinners that would have given Falstaff himself an indigestion.

This has been a sort of neutral ground on which all manner of alien and hostile elements could mingle. People have met here who could not, by any possibility, have met anywhere else, and, truth to tell, they 've sometimes gone away swearing they would n't meet here again. Perhaps we may modestly claim that we have done something toward practising the virtues of hospitality, something to promote that kindly good-fellowship which is the basis of club life and the basis of life itself.

It has been hinted that we have got through the diseases of childhood. By that test we are older even than we look. All young clubs pass through a prolonged agony of impending bankruptcy. That is, some of them pass through it; others get into it and stop there! Well, we did n't stop! Perhaps, in fact, this

Whitelaw Reid

club ought to pose as an Infant Phenomenon. It is decently housed; it lives tolerably; it buys an occasional picture, and, once in a long time, a bottle of wine; and yet it does n't owe any man a dollar, and it has money in the bank!

Why should I say more, gentlemen, save to congratulate you on having so passed the years of your minority that you are honored to-night by the attendance of the president of almost every considerable club in the metropolis. In your name I give them all your heartiest welcome.

And now, gentlemen, if you will fill your glasses, I am about to propose a toast in honor of our nearest neighbors. They constitute one of the largest, and I am sure in date of actual organization the oldest, of the clubs of New York. They have a peculiar claim to our sympathies, for they have been robbed and bereaved. This great remorseless country of ours—and by country I mean that great region, unknown to New-Yorkers, which lies all over this continent outside the limits of Manhattan Island—this remorseless country has swooped down upon our neighbors and carried away from them their president to place him in Washington in a position next to the highest in the Government. And there are gruesome rumors getting about that this country has other fell purposes in view, and that it is not impossible that he may yet receive marching orders and be told to go one station higher still. Gentlemen, I give you the prosperity of our nearest neighbor, the Union Club, and health, happiness, and higher honors yet to its brilliant and distinguished president, our friend, the ornament of New York—Mr. Evarts.

WILLIAM M. EVARTS

AT THE DECENNIAL DINNER, MARCH 28, 1880

I HAVE a better and more complete reason for accepting your invitation than for acceding to any request, either public or private or social, that I have ever had occasion to meet. I have come to your dinner because I wanted to come. I have come for the enjoyment which I expected and for the advantage of seeing in its own home and in its own festivity this club, which has contributed more to the public fame and the public hospitality, intellectually, of the City of New York than all of the other clubs in the city put together. I represent, to be sure, a famous and eminent club, but I must feel that in these respects at least its principal distinction is that it is the exact opposite of your club.

You have said, sir, that your club is now completing its decade, and it must be a bold club that can mark by a festivity the stage of its decadence. The Lotos Club is a profound and mysterious club. I observe that on your beautiful menu, and on these beautiful souvenirs which bear the sphinx and the lotos flower, so artistic and so permanent, you preserve the exotic notion that you take your name from the lotos plant. But students of history and students of mysticism know that the name of your club is one of those artificial words which are made up of the initials of other words, concealed,

but of profound meaning: "Leges Omnium Tegumenta Ossaque Salutis." "Laws make the tissue and the framework of the public safety." What are these laws which you thus impress and maintain as furnishing the tissue and the frame of the public safety? You have intimated that at your dinners sometimes something more than healths were drunk. That does not look like a reign of law! The laws of war and the laws of trade are equally banished from this dominion; but the laws of civility, the laws of charity, which you use to cover a multitude of sins—these are the laws which dominate here. This institution is framed by the same profound arts which built the pyramids and reared the obelisks. It is finally to subjugate government and church and society, all, to good-fellowship, and to have a good time —which never occurs to priests, or kings, or statesmen.

You have said, sir, that the Union Club, your neighbor and the oldest club in the city, over which I have the honor to preside, has been in some sense robbed of its true possession, of its president, by some public demands. Well, I came here, as I have said previously, upon a motive of personal pleasure, but I am happy to say that I found concurrent with it a deep sense of public duty. I came to represent the political, the social, the—[hesitating]—the industrial sentiments of the Union Club.

Scipio is said to have given birth to the sentiment that he was never less idle than when idle, and that is true of the Union Club. It is at the bottom of all great reforms, intellectual, moral, and social, that have marked the present age, and it was only a sense of that valuable and permanent agency of the Union

Club that induced me to accept its presidency. What I could do as an individual in any of these directions was trifling to what I could do as the head of that great confraternity of social activity; and I am happy to recognize in the ambition of this club and in the emulation of its companions a recognition of the great active reforming, renovating influence of the Union Club.

What is it that we, who are members of these clubs, can do to serve the people of the United States who are not members of these clubs? One of the first things that we can do is to encourage them by placing in eminent public positions the presidents of these clubs. Supposing, for instance, as you, sir, have also distantly intimated, the president of one of these clubs was President of the United States, and his Cabinet was composed of presidents of the other clubs. I need not say, gentlemen, that that would be a political millennium which would make this nation both peaceful at home and the master of the fortunes of all the nations of the world. What nation in history, what nation of our own time, has ever presented such a spectacle as that? All shortcomings, all animosities, all rivalries, which have disfigured the course of political controversies in the past, and do disfigure them in the present, would be entirely submerged by this absolute predominance of club law, always noted for its vigor, but in this particular representation manifested in its wisdom and in its benevolence. I do not know, looking over the list of eminent presidents of the clubs of this city, any one that on the whole I would prefer should be President of the United States rather than the president of the Union Club.

I think it is a very great point that our politics, and that men in public life, and that public activities, should be brought a little more closely into relation with that social and cordial feeling which befits us as men. We were men before we were citizens, and we have at bottom all over this country the most devout affection for our government, the most sure hope and expectation of the glory of our country; and whatever parties we belong to, whatever lines of thought we may have adopted, we, as men of society and genial feelings, collected as we are in these great social organizations of the great city of the country, have these things in common—that we desire no triumph of party, and no triumph of persons, that shall carry a subjugation of the people or a suppression of real patriotism. Let us, then, carry these sentiments into the wider activities of public life. Let us recognize in all parties men who love their country, men who bring to its service all the faculties and all the labors that they command, and, taking the fate of either fortune, prosperity or adversity, are satisfied if they do their duty, whether they fall or rise in doing it. Now, this club of yours, as I have intimated, has one advantage over all the other clubs of this city. It is brandished oftener than any other club before the people, and allow me, in taking my seat, to toast "the Lotos Club, the shillalah among clubs."

ALEXANDER E. MACDONALD

AT THE DECENNIAL DINNER, MARCH 28, 1890

The first vice-president, Mr. Noah Brooks, having, in behalf of some of the members, presented a loving-cup to the club, it was received by the president, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, who called upon the secretary, Dr. A. E. Macdonald, to respond. The response was as follows:

FOR once I cannot quarrel with the reason given for calling me to my feet, for it has been privately intimated to me that I have been selected to receive this cup as being that member of the club who might be confidently expected to appreciate it the most and use it the least. Had the reason given by our president—the fact of my being your secretary—been the only one, I might have objected to the adding to a burden which I am just laying down, albeit for once I feel secure in the sympathy of at least one gentleman at the table, who knows the difficulties of a secretary's lot—that is, to some extent, for of course the diplomatic relations of the United States are by no means so delicate or so complex as are those of the Lotos Club.

Well, as to the cup, I like it; there are certain points about it which appeal to me. Not the eagles only; my love for them is of older growth, and it has fed and flourished upon that which the poet tells us always "will make the fond remembrance fonder"—absence. But the two handles principally excite my admiration. There is something tangible about two handles. It is

reassuring to see two handles to a cup at so early an hour in the evening, when you can be sublimely confident that they are not the fruit of optical illusion; and then, whereas when there is only one handle you may be tolerably certain as to the location of that handle without having any very definite assurance as to the precise position of the cup, when there are two handles, and you are reasonably confident that you have one in each hand, it is capable of demonstration, by a simple mathematical and geographical problem, with the help of the mariner's compass, and the theodolite, and the thermo-electric differential calorimeter, and a few other household instruments such as we all carry in our pockets nowadays, that, with due allowance for errors of refraction, the cup will be found to occupy a space not remote from the mean of the distance between the two handles. That being settled, the rest is a mere matter of hydraulics.

And so, as I say, I like your cup, gentlemen, and I hold—rather than with the member who, upon being told that its capacity was two quarts, said that they might as well have gotten one of a decent size while they were about it; that he never did care for ponies himself—with that other member who, receiving the same information, reflected with honest and pardonable pride that so greatly had the club increased in numbers and capacity that that cup would have to be filled three hundred and forty times in order to go round.

But I am reminded that I am expected to speak less of the cup itself than of the occasion which prompts its presentation. I am sorry to have to inflict upon

you, upon what is otherwise a festive occasion, an historical discourse filled of necessity with dry details. It will be short, however, for in the endeavor to collect materials I have been embarrassed by the fact that other secretaries were selected without regard to the one great recommendation which, as you all know, governed my selection—the extreme legibility of my handwriting.

The Lotos Club was born, then, ten years since, and found a local habitation and a name in Irving Place—that unobtrusive thoroughfare which, like the Democratic party, has Gramercy Park at one end and Tammany Hall at the other. There was nothing of splendor in its accouchement, no silver spoon was in its mouth, no largesse was thrown into its cradle. The festive board round which its sponsors gathered was a literal as well as festive one; it rested upon two flour-barrels, and even these were borrowed. The only property, real and personal, which the club could call its own consisted of two candles stuck in two bottles otherwise empty. But from that moment, gentlemen, the accumulation of property commenced—the candles, it is true, were consumed, but the empty bottles increased and multiplied.

It was a modest mansion, gentlemen, in which the Lotos first blossomed; it had had its vicissitudes, its ups and downs, and, if the Irishism may be pardoned me, the downs had been decidedly in the ascendant. It had been once or twice a restaurant, oftener a bar-room, a "Judge and Jury" upon occasion, and erstwhile a faro-bank. It had been even darkly hinted that other and unholier pleasures had not been unsought within its walls, and further back in the first

years of its existence we reach the deeper depth and find it in the obscure and nefarious vocation of a doctor's office; and yet in its position there seemed to be some fitting indications of the aims and objects of the club, for it nestled between the Academy on the one side and the gas-office on the other—music and oratory surrounded it.

The regeneration which came to the premises from the occupancy of the club was immediate, as is attested not only by its archives, but those other archives kept at the neighboring police station and vulgarly known as the "blotter"—by the latter not so much, perhaps, by any diminution of complaints as by a difference in their character, and by the comparative ease with which they could be met and refuted. For when in the afternoon the alarmed neighbor rushed in with tidings of a terrible riot at No. 2 Irving Place, the sergeant detailed to investigate found only two artist members engaged in mild and reluctant criticism of the masterpiece of a third. And when in the early morning the indignant neighbor characterized No. 2 Irving Place as a disorderly house, the resulting posse surprised only a quartet of musical members endeavoring to master the intricacies of an original ode to the Lotos, composed and dedicated by a fifth.

But we have changed all that; the process of evolution which we inaugurated has continued, the fittest has survived, and the house stands there to-day, monumental, not alone as embodying two of the greatest social and educational features of our city and our day, but as typifying the unity of nations, the era of peace and good-will amongst men—for it is divided between a French flat and a German kindergarten.

And we, coming three years since to the house under whose ceilings (now somewhat blackened with the ascending fumes of tobacco and of speech-making) we meet to-night, soon, by virtue of a happy system devised by the House Committee, and depending upon a combination of small fires and large insurances, placed ourselves upon a solid and solvent footing. Here have we carried out our purposes, and especially that purpose to which the president has referred—the entertaining of the stranger. When he has come to us accredited in his antecedents and his aims, he has sat with us; when he has not, we have sat upon him. And now, with our neighbors over the way and our other neighbors, we consecrate the four corners of Twenty-first Street and Fifth Avenue to the three most potent engines of civilization and liberty and progress—the three C's: the club, the church, the clothing-store.

And so we take your cup, gentlemen, and, remembering what it commemorates, we drink from it to the prosperity of the Lotos Club; but, remembering also the goodly brotherhood which has gathered with us to wish us God-speed as we enter upon our second decade, we ask you, Mr. President, that, as you put this virgin chalice to your verging lips, you will dedicate the first deep draught of the good red wine not to the prosperity of the Lotos alone, but to the prosperity of the clubs of New York. May the "Century" prove, like its and our own next-door neighbors, stable. Though "thirsty 'Lambs' run foxy dangers," may they yet escape them; and may they, and we, and all of us, dwell together in "Union" and in "Harmony."

WHITELAW REID

AT THE RECEPTION TO THOMAS HUGHES, OCTOBER 30, 1880

WE are fortunate in the period of our reassembling. These are the high days of the American year. The time for brass bands is upon us, and the voice of the politician is heard in the land. Some of these very gentlemen about this table, mild and harmless as they look, are strongly accused of having been at it. In fact, there are one or two who are believed to be penetrated at this moment with the suspicion that they have lately been talking quite too much politics—or too little.

Well, gentlemen, I 'm going to venture in the same direction. I modestly hope to accomplish the impossible. I am going to try to introduce politics on which we can all agree, and to say some words about a politician whom every man of us will delight to honor.

I do not speak specially of those features of his nine years' Parliamentary career, which his countrymen would be most apt to pick out; of his labors for liberalizing education, for secularizing the great universities, for admitting dissenters to the University fellowships, for the establishment of the Working-man's College, for the disestablishment of the Irish Church, or even of his long effort, in and out of Parliament, for the extension to the working classes of the beneficent prin-

ciple of coöperation. Here he was a leader who could count among his followers and earnest supporters such men as Canon Kingsley, Professor F. D. Maurice, Lord Lytton, and the Marquis of Grey and Ripon. He led them to the recognition and practical success of their movement in his own country. He has now passed far beyond them, and led a pioneer English colony to this Greater Britain to seek here a fuller expansion on the hillsides of our American Switzerland.

We give him due honor for all his pure and conspicuous public career. We give him hearty admiration for his brilliant literary work—admiration so general that he need not be surprised if everywhere he finds himself confounded with his hero, and half the time called Tom Brown instead of Mr. Hughes; or if, with democratic familiarity and good will, we insist on having a "Tom" in it, anyway. We recall his acting as literary godfather with the British public for our modest Harvard professor who had just written the "Biglow Papers"; and we hope he took some comfort, as we did, in seeing his protégé accredited Minister from the United States to the Court of his Queen.

But it is to no one of these things that our thoughts first turn when, in the height and very crisis of our own campaign, we have the opportunity to meet this English politician. We remember when the dark days were upon us, when we were struggling desperately for our life, and looking in vain for sympathy in too many quarters where we had a right to expect it. We remember when even Gladstone failed us, misled, we know, by his advices, not by his sympathies, and proclaimed that Jefferson Davis had founded a nation.

We remember, also,—aye, we will never forget,—that then, among the few sympathizers we found in the ruling classes of Great Britain, no friendly voice rang truer across the Atlantic than that of the generous, high-minded Englishman we greet to-night.

I am glad that he is here now, in the stress and storm of our quadrennial contest, when the blood is dashing at fever heat through all the national veins. I am glad that he is able to see with his own eyes that even in our supreme struggle his old trust in our institutions is still vindicated—glad that he can see how a free people of fifty millions, with liberty of speech, of the press, of conscience, and the ballot, cover a continent in a day with the majestic power of their suffrage, and peacefully lift to place their own Chief Ruler.

It has been said sometimes that with the war we passed our minority, and that on coming of age we lost our old anxious care for what was thought of us in England. Perhaps it is true. Possibly English opinion about our concerns does not affect us now much more than American opinion about their concerns affects Englishmen. But for one thing we do care more, if possible, than ever; and it is that fact, I take it, which this club wishes to convey to-night to its guest.

We do care more than ever now for the good will and good opinion of those who helped us when we needed help. We do care to have them know that we have long memories and warm hearts. We wish, sir, to make you feel that the Englishman who was our friend in 1861 is our brother now.

THOMAS HUGHES

AT THE RECEPTION IN HIS HONOR, OCTOBER 30, 1880[1]

YOUR president referred to a dear and very old friend of mine, with whom I spent the most delightful and happy ten days of my life, and that is the great poet, the great, the wise philosopher whom you have done yourselves the honor, and have done us the still greater honor, to send to represent the great American nation at the Court of St. James. I mean, of course, James Russell Lowell. The chairman has told you, and I am proud to say it is a fact, that thirty years ago, when those first papers known as the "Biglow Papers" began to appear in the journals of your country, I came across them, and admired them, as any man who has any sense of freedom or right in him must admire them; and it was the occasion of my first communication with Mr. Lowell; and I am proud to say that I was the first person who procured an edition of those poems in the British Empire, and it is to the reading of those poems at that particular period that I owe one of the greatest obligations that I ever owed to any man or to any writings, for they turned my attention to what was going on in this country, and raised the deep interest which I have taken ever since in the great problems which you are fighting out for yourselves and for the whole world in these United

[1] In part.

States. I will not follow the chairman in his allusions to the stand which I of course took, having felt the magnitude and the nobility of the life which was being lived and of the problems which were being worked out on this continent—I say I will not follow him in the course which I was certain to take when that great struggle of yours came on, twenty years ago. We can only thank God for the issue of that great struggle. The chairman has spoken as though it were from a purely unselfish motive that I and others, who felt the deep significance of that struggle, took the side we did and made the effort which we made to bring around our own people to a true view of the issues which were then at stake—as I said awhile ago, not only for this country but for the whole world. You were then deciding the future, I believe,—the future of the whole world. I believe that if that struggle had resulted in any other way than that in which it did result, if it had been possible to break this great nation into two or into three pieces, the cause of freedom would have been lost not only to America, but in all the Old World, and not you yourselves, loyal to your own country and to freedom, as every one of you are—not you yourselves could have felt more deeply than I at the end of that great struggle the truth which the poet to whom I have already alluded gave utterance in such noble words, when, at the end of that struggle, it became a truth that—

> Now 't will be known from pole to pole,
> Without no need of proclamation,
> Earth's biggest Nation 's got a soul
> And risen up earth's greatest Nation.

ULYSSES S. GRANT

AT THE DINNER IN HIS HONOR, NOVEMBER 20, 1880

I FEEL very much embarrassed in making any response to the complimentary remarks addressed to me by your president. I really don't know what in the world I can say about these fine things. They were not deserved, I am sure of that. But I don't want to convince you that they were not deserved! If I stand here for five minutes, however, I know I shall prove to you that one of your president's flattering assertions at least is untrue. With nothing to justify him in making the statement, so far as I know, he charged me with being able to make a speech. This is quite incorrect. I have no doubt at all that you are partly convinced of this already, and certainly I have no doubt that before I sit down you will be thoroughly convinced of it! Now, in regard to my own future. I am entirely satisfied as I am to-day. I am not the man to cry out against republics and charge them with being ungrateful. I am sure that I have received most ample recognition and consideration at the hands of the American people as a nation and as individuals. I have every reason under the sun, if any person living has, to be satisfied with them. I hope to live many years yet of life. I am only forty-eight years old for the last ten years! If I can still render my country

any service in any way, I shall certainly be happy to do so; but having been, as I have said, forty-eight years old for ten past years, I am beyond the age of volunteering. If I am ever wanted in any way again, I must be pressed into the service; but, not being obstinate at all, if you have any reason to think that I can be of use anywhere, show me where it is, and I will be entirely amenable to reason.

WHITELAW REID

AT THE DINNER IN HIS HONOR, DECEMBER 3, 1881

THE chief delight of travel, according to an old cynic, is in the joy of getting home again. Certainly no skies that I saw abroad seemed fairer, no scene that I saw in the last six months seemed so bright as the Bay of New York, when, after a tempestuous November voyage, we at last steamed into it. It is worth while to go away to find out how glad you are to get back. It is worth while to miss your friends for a time to find how warm a welcome home they give you. It is worth while to see other lands, to find out how proud you ought to be of your own. I don't believe that most of us have any such idea of the dignity and honor into which we have been born as we are likely to have after spending some months on the other side of the Atlantic, and seeing how the people regard us. Certainly no traveler from these shores could fail, last summer, to be made to feel, anywhere in Europe, that he was a citizen of no mean country. In many ways his views would be rectified and clarified; in many things he would have the conceit taken out of him. He could n't help finding out that the Old World can still do several things better than the Universal Yankee Nation. But neither could he help feeling everywhere the growing respect, the admiration even, for the Western

Colossus that puts down its own rebellion and sets its rebels at work at self-government again; that pays its own debts, feeds its own people bountifully, with a large portion of Europe besides, and turns the current of gold from the financial centers of the Old World to its own shores. They have a great respect for facts, these people with long histories behind them, and the traveler in Europe finds it always extremely pleasant to hail from America.

Especially does an American nowadays find it extremely pleasant to visit what is felicitously called "Our Old Home." Perhaps they did criticize us harshly in the old times; perhaps the feeling in Great Britain has sometimes been that of an angry parent toward a bumptious and unruly child. Now, I am sure that no American goes there without being made to feel at once that he is with kinsmen, and kinsmen who are proud to recognize the relationship. I have sometimes heard it said that New-Yorkers give a welcome to Englishmen that is neither appreciated nor recognized; but no man who thinks this can have been in London in the season.

A friend of mine was once asked what seemed to him the most noticeable thing in London. He answered, curiously enough, that as noticeable a thing to his mind as any was the fact that, in the midst of a population of four million souls, he could walk through the very heart of this thousand-year-old city nearly four miles, from his house to his club, without once leaving the public parks! Well, when I was asked what my first impression of London was, my reply seemed, no doubt, just as inconsequent. What struck me most was that

I had hardly yet been able to realize that I was in a foreign country. Everything about you is familiar. You know the public buildings at sight, almost as well as you know those of your own capital. You know your way to the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey better than you do to the grave of Alexander Hamilton in sight of Broadway. You 're a great deal surer of St. Paul's, when its big dome rises on you out of the yellow fog, than many of the gentlemen at this table are of any church spire on Manhattan Island. So much of what you see for the first time has been familiar to you from childhood; so much of what is going on is home-like, that sometimes it is only when you listen to the speech of those about you, and wonder why they don't talk English a little plainer, that you wake up to the fact that you are not among your own people.

Another old complaint has been that we are misunderstood, through sheer carelessness, by the English. There was a great deal of truth in this, no doubt, at one time; and there was a deal also of youthful impatience—for, as a nation, we did n't get out of the boy's awkward age and attain our majority till we had been matured by the trials and triumph of the war. But certainly no one can complain that his country is ignored or negligently regarded now. Among literary, artistic, political, and social leaders there is generally a most cordial and hearty interest in those whom they so often describe as their American cousins. The American is sure to find more or less of the same feeling in the clubs, or among artists, actors, and writers like Alma Tadema, Irving, Trollope, or Charles Reade.

Our own men, Henry James, for example, and Julian Hawthorne, seem fairly domesticated, not to say adopted, in London; and so is Moncure Conway, though more aggressively American and radical than if he had been born in Massachusetts instead of Virginia. In the government, the brilliant Home Secretary, Sir William Vernon Harcourt, rightly enough, describes himself sometimes as half American. One of the most accomplished among the younger peers, the Earl of Rosebery, knows America and American politics better than many a New-Yorker. And, not to mention scores of others, the foremost of our friends when we needed friendship more than we do now, was John Bright, a name never to be spoken by American lips without affectionate gratitude.

HORACE PORTER

AT THE DINNER TO WHITELAW REID, DECEMBER 3, 1881

SINCE I last had the pleasure to break bread with you and the gentlemen here assembled at this hospitable board, in a moment of unrestrained recklessness you were indiscreet enough to constitute me a member of this brotherhood; and while I cannot be of any service here, either in a useful or an ornamental capacity, I assure you that I come here to-night with all the willingness and accommodating nature of that young man who was going home very late at night from a scene of conviviality, perhaps not so hilarious as this, but something like this, with a companion. As they went along the country road they meandered around in a zigzag manner till finally one of them slipped down into the ditch. He called upon his friend for a helping hand. His friend, who was balancing himself on his heels in the middle of the road, said, "N-n-no, Charlie; I am not equal to that, but I will come and lie down with you." Now, while I do not know that I can be of any assistance in this club, I am specially willing to-night to sit down with you.

We meet under unusual circumstances. While in any remarks of mine I do not hope to exhaust the subject, I have no doubt I shall the listeners. You have introduced to-night, and I congratulate you upon it,

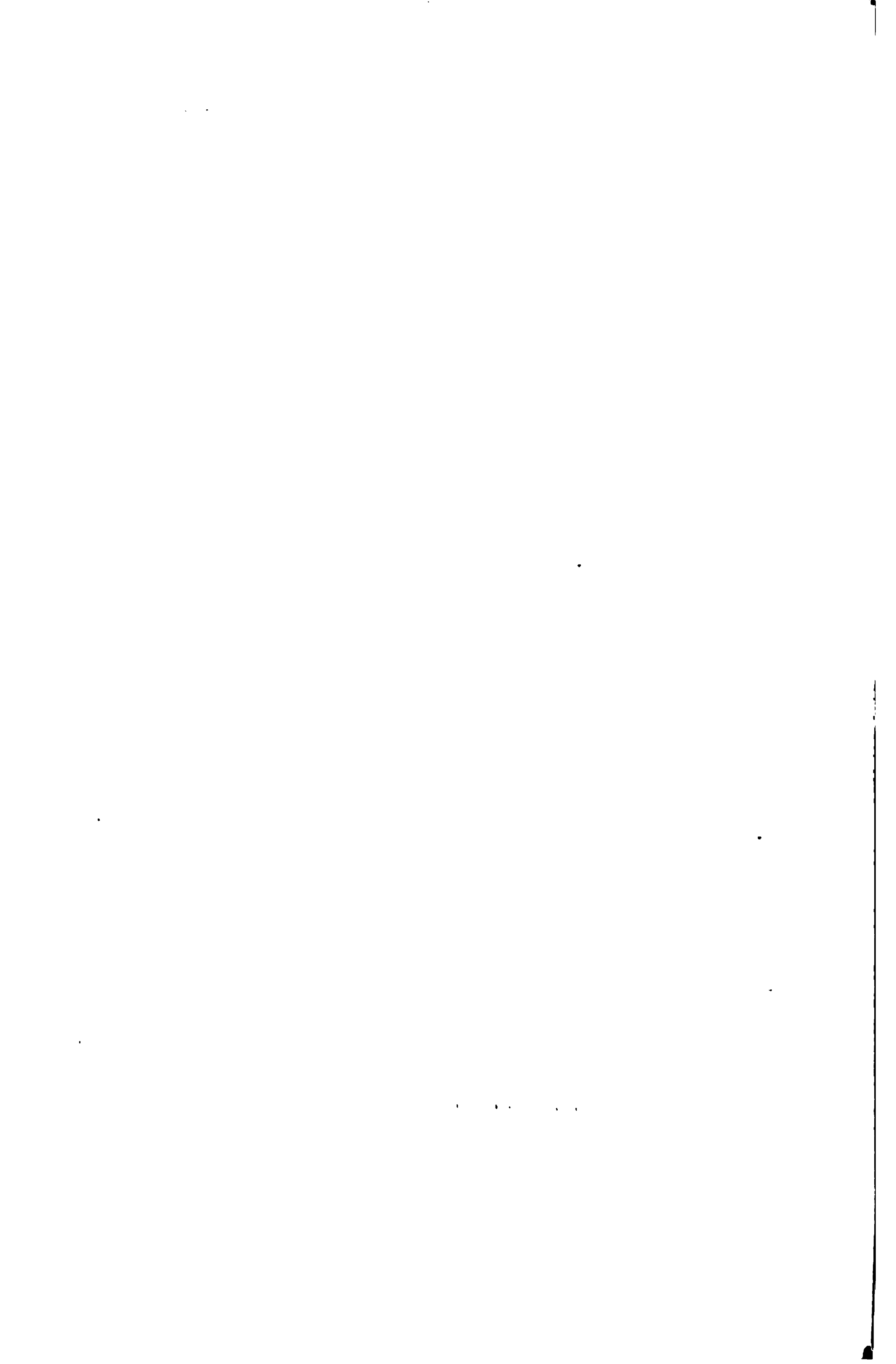
a very favorable innovation upon the custom of New York society by giving a dinner of welcome upon the return of our friend, instead of giving a farewell dinner to him upon his departure; for so exasperating has the latter custom become in New York that many persons go to such farewell dinners imbued with the idea—indeed, on an express understanding—that the recipient is bound to leave the country within twenty-four hours. And sometimes such is the character of the proceedings at these farewell meetings that it puts every one there in the notion of doing the same thing.

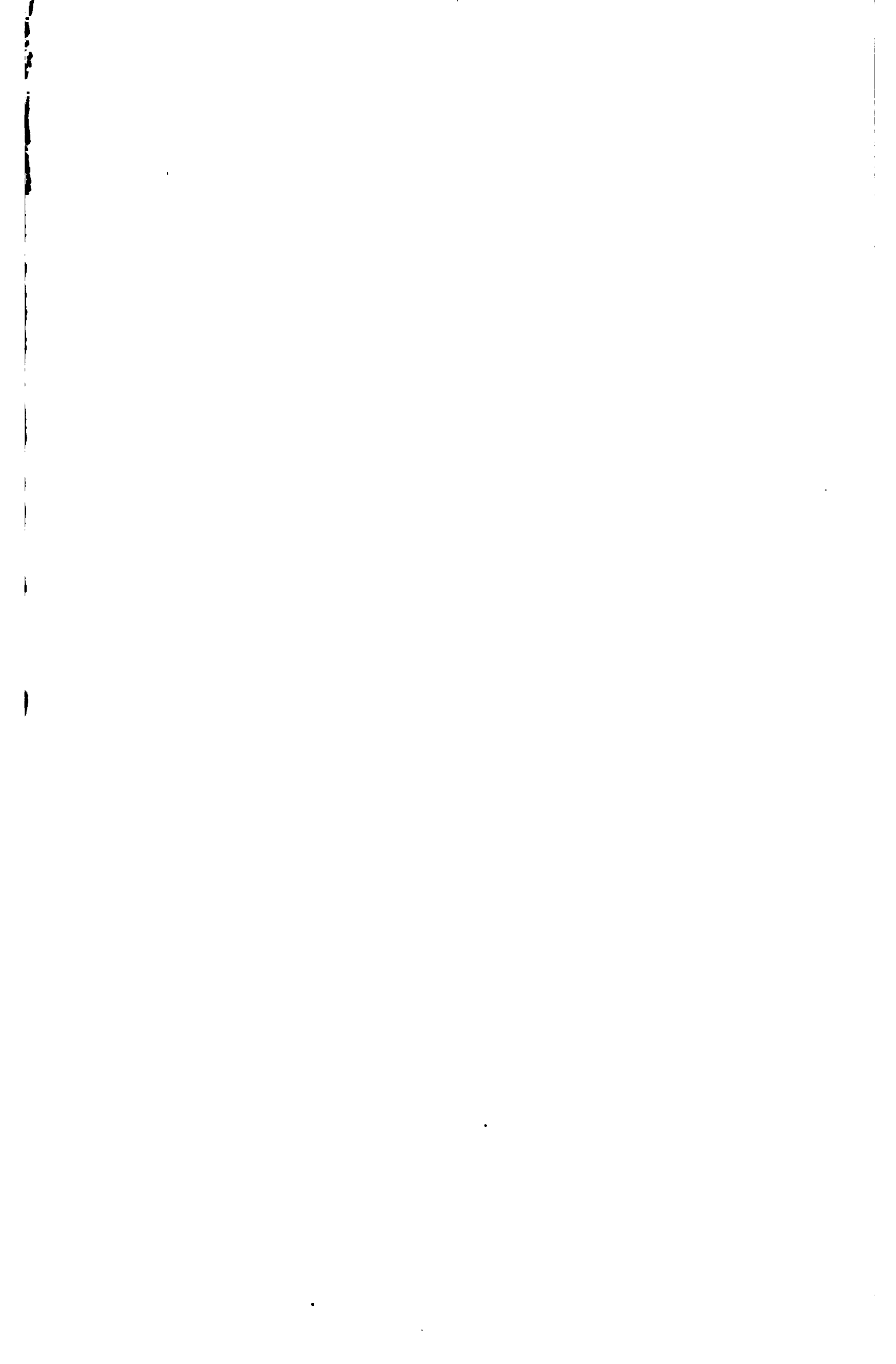
Not many months ago, yet it seems it is a good while, the distinguished head of this club took his departure from our shores under tender circumstances. I don't know how such an event would be looked upon in journalistic circles, but from a railroad standpoint it is always deemed a wise and prudent measure to get off a single and switch to a double track. The company in which he went to Europe was, like the books in Curran's library, not numerous, but select. The journals of the day, with a degree of perspicuity and particularity which should be consistent with modern journalistic enterprise, did not fail to furnish us with a great many interesting details in regard to the manner of his sudden taking off. If I forget not, they even told us the exact color of the trousers that were worn on that occasion, and I think that, in reference to that, they did mention that they were of some delicate shade that would satisfy the most exacting æsthetic taste in dress. They did not, however, tell us whether he had the forethought to give those instructions to his tailor which Mr. Joshua Butterby gave to his artisan on a

somewhat similar occasion, when he instructed him to make them wide around the waist, so as to leave a margin for emotion and the wedding breakfast.

Now, if our president had taken a westerly trip it would have been a matter of no surprise to us, but it is a matter that requires explanation even to his most intimate friends that a young man brought up in the severe school of the "New-York Tribune" should so far forget the patriotic maxims of its founder as to go east. I can readily understand why he, like most of our prominent men, should cross the ocean; most of our public men think that they will add somewhat to their reputations to cross the water, particularly when they recollect how it added to the reputation of George Washington, even, merely to cross the Delaware. Besides, there are many advantages which the modern traveler has, which did not exist in the olden time, through the plan adopted by steamship companies of particular lane routes. A vessel goes to Europe by one route and returns by a different channel, and so the voyager gets treated to an entire change of scenery. The monotony of the return voyage is alleviated; the eye is not compelled to rest on the familiar objects which it saw when outward bound. Of course there are drawbacks. The American stomach is given to such gastronomical gymnastics that a man's nourishment is very apt to be in the condition of a financial question in Congress—liable to come up at any moment. Before he reaches the end of his trip he is so nauseated at the very sight of whitecaps that he can hardly look at the caps of the French nurses in Paris without feeling seasick. However, it is no part of my

Horace Porter





intention to allude to French nurses. Our president, no doubt, spent most of his time comparing the different forms of government, both national and domestic, no doubt pointing out to people there the great advantages of our government over the effete monarchies of Europe. He of course paid great attention to the proceedings in Parliament, comparing them with those in Congress. Well, I don't know which gains the advantage over the other; they sit with their hats on and cough, while in Congress they sit with their hats off and spit. I am glad to see my friend Judge Robertson participating in the festivities consequent upon our friend's return; I don't know of any one who always takes such an interest in the affairs of any one coming to this country as the Collector of the Port.

Now, gentlemen, our guest has given us to-night a very striking and noble example of the sacrificing and amiable nature of the gentler sex. He is here now, notwithstanding the great change which has taken place in his condition—he is still permitted to come within the walls of this club. Women are naturally opposed to a club, since the first woman's favorite son was killed with one. The first woman learned that it was Cain that raised a club; the modern woman has discovered that it is a club that raises Cain. With this noble example before our eyes, I hope that some bachelors whom I see sitting around the room will, before the hair disappears from their heads altogether, ere their bent forms are made to crouch still more, and the tenderness and feeling and sentiment of their lives vanish, imitate our guest, and not allow their lives to

be embittered with the recollection of unkissed kisses and undrunk drinks.

A distinguished politician—I should say statesman—of Pennsylvania was some time ago walking up in the direction of the Academy of Music the day that they were having a political convention in the hall. He met one of his trusty lieutenants, followed by about fifty of the "boys." They were dressed somewhat after the manner of Falstaff's army, and they had in their hands bricks, clubs, cobblestone rammers, and everything of that description they could find. The Governor said to him: "Where are you going with the gang?" Said he: "Governor, I thought it would be well to have some of the boys sitting around in the gallery to-day. I thought that maybe you would perhaps want to make a motion in the convention, and thought it was best to have some of our friends around prepared to coincide." Thus it comes about that I am here this evening, and in whatever way you shall show your kindly greetings to your president I am prepared most heartily to coincide.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

AT AN INFORMAL REUNION, APRIL 14, 1883

THE best thing I can do, in answer to this wholly unexpected reception, is to speak to you from my heart such words as come to my lips. I have been staggered, I have been stunned, by my reception in New York. I did not, I had no right to expect such a reception among those who were strangers to me. Many of those whom I have met I knew by reputation (of course many of my profession I knew); as I say, many I knew by reputation, but almost all were strangers, and yet their faces look like the faces of friends wherever I turn.

I had no idea, not for a moment a thought, of rising to-night, and you really do not know what a helpless creature you have before you. The wildest imagination can hardly conceive of the impression of utter imbecility that comes over me when I rise without my accustomed shield, without which I never trust myself on my native heather. The ancient Briton—this sounds dreadfully like a made-up speech, but I assure you that it is not. There is the truthful Dr. Fordyce Barker, whose countenance speaks for itself. It could not hold a lie—his whiskers would turn red on the spot. He will say that I am perfectly truthful. I never trust myself upon an occasion of this sort without, like the ancient

Briton I referred to—without bringing a shield to hold up before me; for generally about this time I slip my hand in my pocket and draw out something that looks terribly like a little copy of verses.

In thinking of what I should say, I bethink me of a few reminiscences of the Saturday Club of Boston, to which for the last twenty-five years I have belonged. It has been in its time a very beautiful and instructive assemblage of men, when at one end of the table sat always Longfellow, with his sweet, benignant, classic countenance, not coruscating so much as beautifully receptive. It was a mild, kind, natural light, for he was a man lovely to look upon and listen to; but as compared with the other end of the table he was moonlight to the flashing of the meteor, for there was the round, hearty, athletic form of Agassiz, with that splendid laugh, and of all the gifts to a man at the table perhaps a good laugh, aided by a tolerable corporation, is the most effective in the long run, and Agassiz's laugh used to ring from the other end of the table. For twenty years we had this. Then we had Mr. Emerson, with his mild, quiet, critical, observing look, almost always in his place. Then we would have our great mathematician, Peirce, sitting there. A thought used to go round and round in his interior so that after you asked him half a dozen questions the answer to the first would finally come out! Then we had Lowell, always full of light, of ambition, of satirical wit, and full of knowledge and information also. Then we had my beautiful friend Motley, one of the finest-looking creatures that ever was in the world, and who interested everybody.

Then rarely, but once in a while, sat Hawthorne among us. I used to get near him if I could. Mr. Tom Appleton—some of you know the name almost as well as you know the name of—Travers, is n't it? That is the man you have here in New York, I believe. Well, Tom Appleton said to me once, "Hawthorne is like a boned pirate." Well, without thinking of that at the time, I remember, after sitting by Hawthorne, to have said of him that in order to get anything out of him I had to harpoon him like a whale to get a question from his blubber.

So much for the Saturday Club. It was one of the greatest privileges of my life to meet with its members. It met once a month. It was not a costly club, but we dined at Parker's and had enough to keep us in heart and tolerably good spirits. But I will tell you what that club was to me, in the feeling that doubtless this club is the same to all of you. It was a gamut of human intelligence. There I could go and touch the note I wanted and find its chord. I will tell you also that there was a rule for salvation. If this was a club in Chicago and not in New York I should lay it down as a lesson, but I came here to be taught and not to teach. The salvation of that club has been this—that, in the first place, there was no such thing known there as full dress, and in the next place there were no laws and no speech-making. In all my experience of the Saturday Club, throughout a quarter of a century, I do not remember anything of a formal or stuck-up character except on two occasions. The first was when Longfellow wrote a few verses to Agassiz. Charming, sweet little verses they were! Oh, it

was like a young maiden going to confirmation! And the second time I was there when my friend Motley was leaving on one of his missions, and I did read a few verses to him. I do not remember any other time in which any man had the audacity to get up on his legs and insult that association of harmless but well-meaning people.

Now, gentlemen, I have said all that I ought, and a great deal more. I can only add that at the period of life at which I have arrived it is naturally a very gratifying thing to feel that the sunset looks bright. I expect nothing more like this reception that I have had in New York so long as I live. It never will be repeated. It never could be repeated. It is an unparalleled thing, not merely in my experience, but in my anticipations and my imagination, and it is unnecessary for me to say here or anywhere that I go home with my heart full, not merely of New York associations, but of American associations and feelings, because I am here in a representative country and I know that if there are kind hearts here I shall find them everywhere. I go home with feelings that it is quite idle for me to try to put into language or to attempt to adorn by any efforts at rhetoric.

WILLIAM M. EVARTS

AT THE DINNER IN HIS HONOR, FEBRUARY 21, 1885

[Mr. Evarts had just been elected United States Senator for New York]

I HAVE never been able to understand the Lotos Club. You seem to have the advantage of me altogether; for you have learned a great many things about me—if we may believe your president—and before I get through perhaps you will learn some other things; but about you what can I learn? What is there to be known, that can be written and set down, either as an encouragement or as a warning? I know that you have no debt; and that shows, of course, that you have no credit. I know that you have no wealth; and I know that poverty, in this world, is the best incentive to genius and growth. But these traits have marked many men and many associations; and I have looked to find the charms that have made you the most popular, the most prosperous, the most charming, the most useful, the most graceful, and the most powerful association in this city. It rests in this, I am sure, and no one will gainsay me in the proposition—it rests in the fact that you have no principles! In your march there are no impedimenta to encumber your progress; for the particular occasion that should make it the most brilliant and most instructive, you are under no embarrassment in respect to any cohesion or any consistency. You

are therefore as unconscious in your perfume and in your beauty as the rose; if you fade to-morrow, from the same stem another flower will grow. Nor is this absence of principles to be set down at all as an immoral thing. One of the great maxims in morality which I learned as early as I could learn and understand it in a learned tongue—"Obsta principiis" ("Opposed to all principles")—is the maxim of your club. And fortunately for me, by a wise confinement of this repugnance to abstractions it is that I am permitted to be a guest at your feast, although you cannot pretend that I am a man without principles.

Chauncey Depew—whom I refer to by that name because he is better appreciated by that name than by any other—and I had a conference yesterday with reference to an entertainment that was expected to be very brilliant, and before a very choice and fastidious company, as to what was the best time that the speeches (as he and I were to be the only speakers) should be made, and we concluded that the best time to make the speeches would be as they stood around the supper-table, and had prepared themselves, as a fruitful soil, for the seed that we were to sow; and I put it upon this proposition: That although it was laid down in Scripture that "out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh," yet that better perhaps than even that, out of the fulness of the mouth the heart speaketh. And that we found last night, for if ever there was a good speech made before a select audience, it was made last night by Chauncey Depew; and if there ever was a better one made, it was made by myself!

Well, there are a great many things to be done in

the course of the next six years; and my first duty, as I feel, to the State as senator is to enjoy myself as well as I can. It would be unworthy of a great State like this to have a senator open to observation by all his rivals and to the notice of the press and of the people, if I did not enjoy myself. It is well known that I possess certain faculties and appetites for enjoyment, and it would be a reproach which the State would not willingly bear if my enjoyment were quenched from the infirmities and faults of the State itself! And, then, I have this great advantage—that as nothing can add to the relative importance of this State comparable with the other States of the Union, I shall have no occasion and shall make no attempt to illustrate and glorify it. Other senators may wish to spread to their admiring countrymen the greatness, the strength, and the virtue of their respective States; I should be but gilding the refined gold and painting this large tiger lily —the State of New York—and I shall not attempt to do that. But, in reference to the obscure and modest portion of our countrymen, it will be my duty to raise and ennoble, to illustrate and glorify them.

HENRY M. STANLEY

AT THE DINNER IN HIS HONOR, NOVEMBER 27, 1886

ONE might start a great many principles and ideas which would require to be illustrated and drawn out in order to present a picture of my feelings at the present moment. I am conscious that in my immediate vicinity there are people who were great when I was little. I remember very well, when I was unknown to anybody, how I was sent to report a lecture delivered by my friend right opposite, George Alfred Townsend, and I remember the manner in which he said, "Galileo said,'The world moves round,' and the world does move round," upon the platform of the Mercantile Hall in St. Louis—one of the grandest things out! The next great occasion when I had to come before the public was that of Mark Twain's lecture on the Sandwich Islands, which I was sent to report. And when I look to my left here I see Colonel Anderson, whose very face gives me an idea that Bennett has got some telegraphic despatch and is just about to send me to some terrible region on some desperate commission. And of course you are aware that it was owing to the proprietor and editor of a newspaper that I dropped the pacific garb of a journalist and donned the costume of an African traveler. It was not for me, one of the least in the newspaper corps, to question the newspaper pro-

prietor's motives. He was an able editor, very rich, desperately despotic. He commanded a great army of roving writers, people of fame in the news-gathering world; men who had been everywhere and had seen everything, from the bottom of the Atlantic to the top of the very highest mountain; men who were as ready to give their advice to national cabinets as they were ready to give it to the smallest police courts in the United States. I belonged to this class of roving writers, and can truly say that I did my best to be conspicuously great in it by an untiring devotion to my duties, an untiring indefatigability, as though the ordinary rotation of the universe depended upon my single endeavors.

If, as some of you suspect, the enterprise of the able editor was only inspired with a view to obtain the largest circulation, my unyielding and guiding motive, if I remember rightly, was to win his favor by doing with all my might that duty to which, according to the English State Church catechism, it had pleased God to call me.

He first despatched me to Abyssinia—straight from Missouri to Abyssinia! What a stride, gentlemen! People who live west of the Missouri River have scarcely, I think, much knowledge of Abyssinia, and there are gentlemen here who can vouch for me in that. But it seemed to Mr. Bennett a very ordinary thing, and it seemed to his agent in London a very ordinary thing indeed. So I, of course, followed suit. I took it as a very ordinary thing also, and I went to Abyssinia, and somehow or another good luck followed me, and my telegrams reporting the fall of Magdala hap-

pened to be a week ahead of the British Government's. The people said I had done right well, though the London papers said I was an impostor. The second thing I was aware of was that I was ordered to Crete to run the blockade, and describe the Cretan rebellion from the Cretan side and from the Turkish side; and then I was sent to Spain to report from the Republican side and from the Carlist side, perfectly dispassionately.

And then, all of a sudden, I was sent for to come to Paris. Then Mr. Bennett, in that despotic way of his, said: "I want you to go and find Livingstone." As I tell you, I was a mere newspaper reporter. I dared not confess my soul as my own. Mr. Bennett merely said, "Go," and I went. He gave me a glass of champagne, and I thought that was superb. I confessed my duty to him, and I went. And, as good luck would have it, I found Livingstone.

I returned, as a good citizen ought, and as a good reporter ought, and as a good newspaper correspondent ought, to tell the tale, and, arriving at Aden, I telegraphed a request that I might be permitted to visit civilization before I went to China. I came to civilization; and what do you think was the result? Why, only to find that all the world disbelieved my story. Dear me! If I were proud of anything, sir, it was that what I said was a fact; that whatever I said I would do, I would endeavor to do with all my might, or, as many a good man had done before, as my predecessors had done, lay my bones behind. That 's all. I was requested, in an offhand manner—just as any member of the Lotos Club here present would say—"Would

you mind giving us a little résumé of your geographical work?" I said: "Not in the least, my dear sir; I have n't the slightest objection." And do you know that to make it perfectly geographical and not in the least sensational I took particular pains and I wrote a paper out, and when it was printed it was just about an inch long. It contained about a hundred polysyllabic African words. And yet, "for a' that and a' that," the pundits of the Geographical Society, the Brighton Association, said that they had n't come to listen to any sensational stories, but that they had come to listen to facts. Well, now, an old gentleman, very reverend, full of years and honors, learned in Cufic inscriptions and cuneiform characters, wrote to the "Times," stating that it was not Stanley who had discovered Livingstone, but that it was Livingstone who had discovered Stanley.

[Mr. Stanley then alluded to the unbelief in his discoveries prevailing at that time in New York, and continued:]

If it had not been for that unbelief I don't believe I should ever have visited Africa again. I should have become, or I should have endeavored to become, with Mr. Reid's permission, a conservative member of the Lotos Club. I should have settled down and become as steady and as stolid as some of these patriots that you have around here. I should have said nothing offensive. I should have done some "treating." I should have offered a few a cigar, and on Saturday night, perhaps, I should have opened a bottle of champagne and distributed it among my friends. But that was not to be.

I left New York for Spain, and then the Ashantee War broke out, and once more my good luck followed me, and I got the treaty of peace ahead of everybody else; and as I was coming to England from the Ashantee War a telegraphic despatch was put into my hands at the island of St. Vincent saying that Livingstone was dead! I said: "What does this mean to me? The New-Yorkers don't believe in me. How shall I prove that what I have said is true? By George! I will go and complete Livingstone's work. I will prove that the discovery of Livingstone was a mere flea-bite. I will prove to them that I am a good man and true." That 's all that I wanted. I accompanied Livingstone's remains to Westminster Abbey. I saw buried the remains of the man whom I had left sixteen months before enjoying full life and abundant hope. The "Daily Telegraph's" proprietor cabled over to Bennett: "Will you join us in sending Stanley over to complete Livingstone's explorations?" Bennett received the telegram in New York, read it, pondered a moment, snatched a blank, and wrote, "Yes. Bennett."

That was my commission, and I set out to Africa, intending to complete Livingstone's explorations, also to settle the Nile problem as to where the head waters of the Nile were, as to whether Lake Victoria consisted of one lake, one body of water, or a number of shallow lakes; to throw some light on Sir Samuel Baker's Albert Nyanza, and also to discover the outlet of Lake Tanganyika, and then to find out what strange, mysterious river this was which had lured Livingstone on to his death—whether it was the Nile, the Niger, or the Congo. Edwin Arnold, the author of "The Light of

Asia,'' said, "Do you think you can do all this?" "Don't ask me such a conundrum as that. Put down the funds and tell me to go. That 's all.'' And he induced Lawson, the proprietor, to consent. The funds were had, and I went.

First of all, we settled the problem of the Victoria —that it was one body of water; that instead of being a cluster of shallow lakes or marshes, it was one body of water, 21,500 square miles in extent. While endeavoring to throw light upon Sir Samuel Baker's Albert Nyanza we discovered a new lake, a much superior lake to Albert Nyanza—the Dead Locust Lake—and at the same time Gordon Pasha sent his lieutenant to discover and circumnavigate the Albert Nyanza, and he found it to be only a miserable one hundred and forty miles, because Baker, in a fit of enthusiasm, had stood on the brow of a high plateau and, looking down on the dark-blue waters of Albert Nyanza, cried romantically: "I see it extending indefinitely toward the southwest!'' "Indefinitely'' is not a geographical expression, gentlemen.

We found that there was no outlet to the Tanganyika, although it was a sweet-water lake. After settling that problem, day after day, as we glided down the strange river that had lured Livingstone to his death, we were in as much doubt as Livingstone had been when he wrote his last letter and said: "I will never be made black man's meat for anything less than the classic Nile.'' After traveling four hundred miles we came to the Stanley Falls, and beyond them we saw the river deflect from its Nileward course toward the northwest. Then it turned west, and then visions of

towers and towns and strange tribes and strange nations broke upon our imagination, and we wondered what we were going to see, when the river suddenly took a decided turn toward the southwest, and our dreams were put an end to. We saw then that it was aiming directly for the Congo, and when we had propitiated some natives whom we encountered by showing them some crimson beads and polished wire that had been polished for the occasion, we said: "This for your answer. What river is this?" "Why, it is the river, of course." That was not an answer, and it required some persuasion before the chief, bit by bit, digging into his brain, managed to roll out sonorously the words: "It is the Ko-to-yah Congo"—"It is the river of Congoland."

Alas for our classic dreams! Alas for Crophi and Mophi, the fabled fountains of Herodotus! Alas for the banks of the river where Moses was found by the daughter of Pharaoh! This is the parvenu Congo! Then we glided on and on, past strange nations and cannibals—not past those nations which have their heads under their arms—for eleven hundred miles, until we arrived at a circular extension of the river, and my last remaining companion called it Stanley Pool, and then, five months after that, our journey ended.

After that I had a very good mind to come back to America and say, like the Queen of Uganda, "There, what did I tell you?" But you know the fates would not permit me to come over in 1878. The very day I landed in Europe the King of Italy gave me an express train to convey me to France, and the very moment I descended from it at Marseilles there were three am-

bassadors from the King of the Belgians asking me to go back to Africa.

"What! Back to Africa? Never! I have come for civilization. I have come for enjoyment. I have come for love, for life, for pleasure. Not I. Go and ask some of those people you know who have never been to Africa before. I have had enough of it." "Well, perhaps by and by—" "Ah, I don't know just what will happen by and by, but just now never, never! Not for Rothschild's wealth!"

I was received by the Paris Geographical Society, and it was then I began to feel, "Well, after all, I have done something, have n't I?" I felt superb. But you know I have always considered myself a republican. I have those bullet-riddled flags and those arrow-torn flags, the Stars and Stripes, that I carried in Africa for the discovery of Livingstone, and that crossed Africa, and I venerate those old flags. I have them in London now, jealously guarded in the secret recesses of my cabinet. I allow only my very best friends to look at them, and if any of you gentlemen ever happen in at my quarters I will show them to you.

After I had written my book "Through the Dark Continent" I began to lecture, using these words: "I have passed through a land watered by the largest river of the African continent, and that land knows no owner. A word to the wise is sufficient. You have cloths and hardware, and glassware and gunpowder, and those millions of natives have ivory and gums and rubber and dyestuffs, and in barter there is good profit!"

The King of the Belgians commissioned me to go to

that country. My expedition when we started from the coast numbered three hundred colored people and fourteen Europeans. We returned with three thousand trained black men and three hundred Europeans. The first sum allowed me was $50,000 a year, but it has ended at something like $700,000 a year. Thus you see the progress of civilization. We found the Congo having only canoes. To-day there are eight steamers. It was said at first that King Leopold was a dreamer. He dreamed he could unite the barbarians of Africa into a confederacy and call it a free state; but on February 25, 1885, the powers of Europe, and America also, ratified an act recognizing the territories acquired by us to be the free and independent State of the Congo.

Perhaps when the members of the Lotos Club have reflected a little more upon the value of what Livingstone and Leopold have been doing, they will also agree that these men have done their duty in this world and in the age in which they live, and that their labor has not been in vain on account of the great sacrifices they have made to the benighted millions of dark Africa.

WHITELAW REID

AT THE DINNER IN HIS HONOR, APRIL 27, 1889

[Mr. Reid had retired at this time from the presidency of the Club, having been appointed as Minister to France.]

IT is a great pleasure to be your guest to-night. It would be a greater pleasure to me if I could feel that in any degree I deserved the generous words your president has used concerning me, or the flattering cordiality with which you have received them.

And yet it is no new experience. When I had scarcely been inside your club-house half a dozen times you made me your president, and for fourteen terms in all you have annually renewed that honor. Through the whole period of my membership, in fair weather or in foul, through good report and through evil report—and I have had my full share of both in this town—the Lotos Club has always been a home where friends surrounded and constant good will pursued me.

You have been good enough to mention with approval the nomination to a foreign post with which the President has honored me. The kindness with which that nomination has been received here, where all are friends, and the similar kindness shown alike by friends and foes in the press and in the community, have touched me deeply. It is now twenty-one years since I began work in New York. During that whole time

the journal with which I was connected has been waging a constant and unequal warfare—sometimes quite single-handed, and generally pretty lonely—and there have been ugly blows given and taken. To find at the end of it, the entire press of the city, with exceptions too slight to be noted, uniting in approval of the appointment and in most generous treatment of myself—this, Mr. President, is a distinction indeed, and one which I value more highly than the office itself. And now, on the eve of my departure, the greetings of this club, the presence of this distinguished company of representative men, the good will of all, which you have so felicitously expressed, will be to me always a priceless remembrance. More, perhaps, than many men, I know how to value it. For I know well this great city in which I have worked so long; I know her merchants, her professional men and her politicians, her men of letters and her men of leisure, her artists, her artisans, and her laboring men. I know her clubs and I know her churches. I am a citizen of no mean city, and to bear, even in a small degree, the approval of such a community is to wear a decoration that should gratify any man's ambition.

It is an untried field that lies before me, and one not to be entered without some misgivings. I am to succeed an accomplished gentleman familiar by early associations and long residence with the beautiful capital and the great people of France. If I fail, as may well happen, in many ways to equal the distinguished service he has rendered, perhaps New-Yorkers will forgive some of the shortcomings at the legation, in view of the fact that they find there one who is at least no

stranger to them, and whom they have often forgiven before.

There has been no time, Mr. President, during my long term of office here when I should not have been summarily turned out if party lines had been drawn upon me. Among the many sins of the Democratic party, gentlemen, this also may be counted, that for fourteen years Democratic votes have kept me in the presidency of this club. It is a pleasure to recall the fact at the moment when I am ceasing to be independent and am assuming obligations due alike to all parties and to all sections. Even my dearest foe, the Mugwump, is an American citizen, and so I have become his servant.

It is a great privilege to represent the Republic abroad. But there are two other privileges involved which are not to be despised, either: the privilege of being made to feel at home by receiving the visits of your traveling countrymen, and the priceless privilege of being able to resign and come home when you wish.

Please don't consider me, however, as naming the date. You remember the story Judge Noah Davis tells about his old friend Judge Grover of the Court of Appeals. He had a neighbor, Farmer Jones, who, to his amazement, was nominated for the Assembly. Judge Grover doubted Jones's fitness, but thought he would try to secure the main point, and so wrote, saying, "I do beg of you, if you come to Albany, to pledge me that you will remain honest." Promptly, by return mail, came back Farmer Jones's reply. He would do anything he could to oblige Judge Grover, but if he took this office he must take it absolutely without

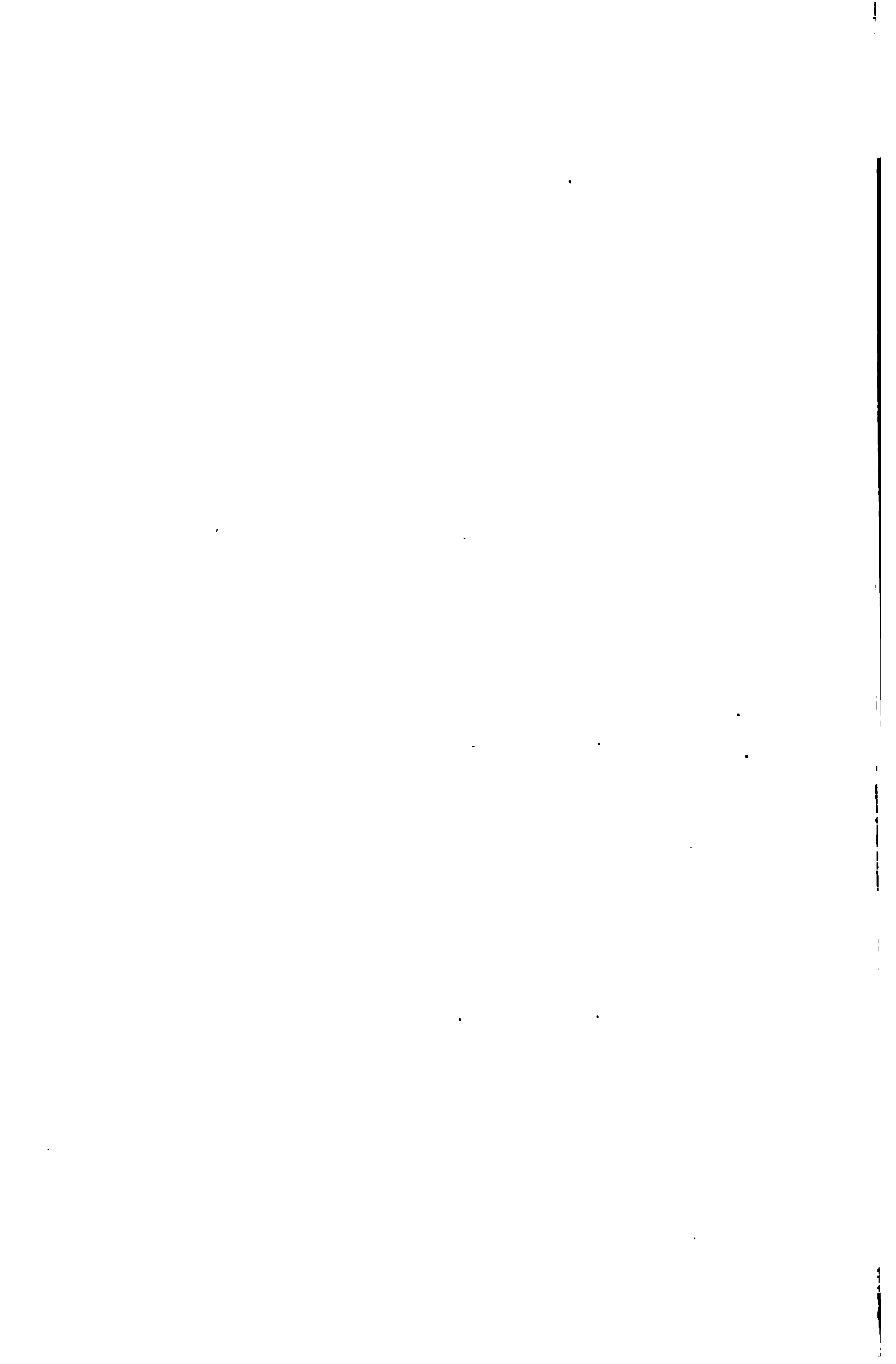
pledges! Gentlemen aspirants, please to understand that if I do speak of the right of resignation, I am not making any pledge! It would argue astonishing misconceptions of the office and of one's self to assume that any American could fail to value the place first made illustrious by Benjamin Franklin, and honored since by a long line of distinguished men—among whose names not the least brilliant are the latest, those of Bigelow, Washburne, Noyes, Morton, and McLane. Incredible would be the dullness of the man who did not prize the distinction of representing his country at the most brilliant capital of Europe, to that marvelous people who have so often swayed the destinies of the Old World, and have left so enduring and beneficent a record in the history of the New World—our one historic ally, faithful through a century of unbroken friendship, and doubly endeared to us now by kindred government and common aspirations.

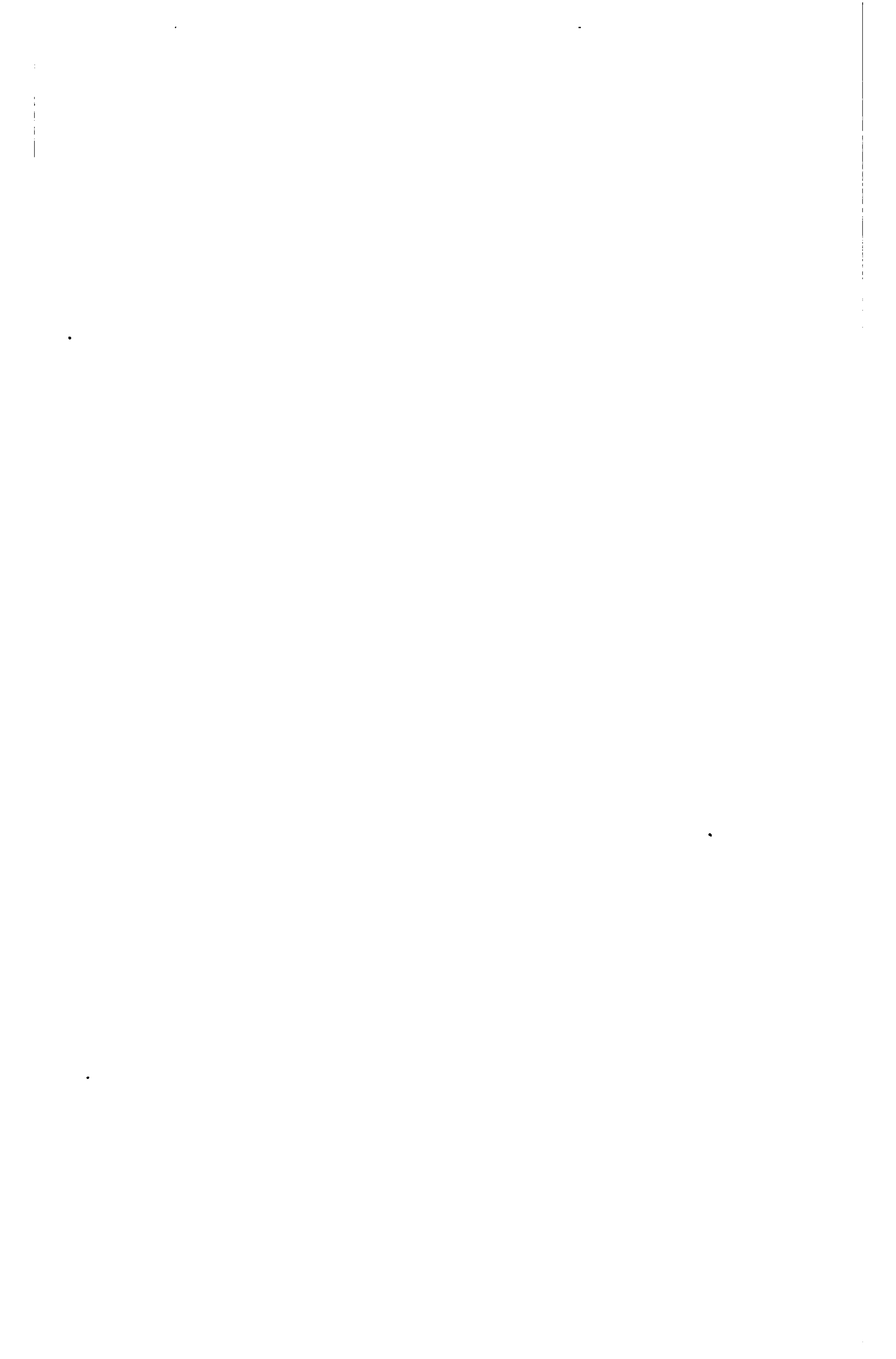
The land of sunshine and of song,—
  Her name your hearts divine,—
To her this banquet's vows belong
  Whose breasts have poured its wine:

Our trusty friend, our true ally,
  Through varied change and chance;
So fill your flashing goblets high —
  I give you, "Vive la France!"

Once more the land of arms and arts,
  Of glory, grace, romance,
Her love lies deep in all our hearts.
  God bless her, "Vive la France!"

Chester S. Lord





SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

AT THE DINNER IN HIS HONOR, OCTOBER 31, 1891

IN rising to return my sincere thanks for the high honor done to me by this magnificent banquet, by its lavish opulence of welcome, by its goodly company, by the English so far too flattering which has been employed by the president, and by the generous warmth with which you have received my name, I should be wholly unable to sustain the heavy burden of my gratitude but for a consideration of which I will presently speak. To-night must always be for me indeed a memorable occasion. Many a time and oft during the seven lustrums composing my life I have had personal reason to rejoice at the splendid mistake committed by Christopher Columbus in discovering your famous and powerful country. When his caravels put forth from our side of the Atlantic he had no expectation whatever, contrary to the general belief and statement, of discovering a new world. He was at that time thinking of and searching for a very ancient land, the Empire of Xipangu, or Japan, at that era much and mysteriously talked about by Marco Polo and other travelers, but by a splendid blunder he stumbled upon America. I have good reason to greet his name in memory, apart from certain other not unimportant results of his error, owing, as I do, to him

the prodigious debt of a dear American wife, now with God, of children half American and half English, of countless friends, of a large part of such literary reputation as I possess, and, to crown all, for this memorable evening, which of itself would be enough to reward me for more than I have done, and to encourage me in a much more arduous task than even that which I have undertaken.

I am to-night the proud and happy guest of a club celebrated all over the world for its brilliant fellowship, its broad enlightenment, and its large and gracious hospitalities. I see around me here those who worthily reflect by their weight, their learning, their social, civil, literary, artistic, and professional achievements and accomplishments, the best intellect of this vast and noble land; and I have been pleasantly made aware that other well-known Americans, although absent in person, are present in spirit to-night at this board. Comprehending these things as I do, and by the significance which underlies them, it is a special regret that I do not command such a gift of easy speech as seems indigenous to this country, for truly it appears to me that almost every cultured American gentleman, and many that are not cultured, are born powerful and persuasive orators. How, lacking this, can I hope to give any adequate utterance to the gratitude, the respect, the deep amity, the ardent good will with which my heart is laden? An Arab proverb says, "The camel knows himself when he goes under a mountain," and if I have sometimes flattered myself that much duty and long habitude with the world and its leaders had made me in some slight degree master of

my native tongue, the tumult of pride and pleasure which fills my breast at this hour makes me understand that I must not trust to-night to my unpractised powers, and must rely almost entirely on your boundless kindness and assured indulgence.

Indeed, gentlemen, I think I should become at once inarticulate and take refuge in the safe retreat of silence but for that consideration of which I spoke in the beginning. One can never tell what excellent things a man might have said who holds his tongue, and I remember with what agreement I heard Mr. Lowell at the Savage Club, in London, remark that all of his best speeches were made in the carriage going home at night. But I have not the conceit to believe that your splendid welcome of this evening is intended solely for me, or for my writings. In truth, although I say this in a certain confidence, and do not wish the observation to go far beyond this banquet chamber, I have no high opinion of myself. The true artist can never lose sight of the abyss which separates his ideal from that which he has realized, the thing he sought and strove to do from the actual poem or picture he has accomplished, but I am confidently and joyously aware that in my comparatively unimportant person, gentlemen, you salute to-night with the large-heartedness characteristic of your land, and of the Lotos Club in particular, the heart of that other and older England which also loves you well, and through me to-night warmly and sincerely greets you.

Moreover, the lowliest ambassador derives a measure of dignity from the commission of a mighty sovereign, and the conviction that supports me this evening is

that in my unworthy self the men of letters of the cis-atlantic lands are here joining hands, and that if I may in humility speak for my literary countrymen, they are also here, and now warmly salute those of your race,—not the less warmly because America has lately decreed a signal deed of justice toward English authors in her copyright act. Some years ago I wrote two little verses in a preface of a book dedicated to my numerous friends in America, which ran like this:

> Thou new Great Britain, famous, free, and bright,
> West of thy West sleepeth my ancient East;
> Our sunsets make thy noons, daytime and night
> Meet in sweet morning promise on thy breast.
>
> Fulfil the promise, lady of wide lands,
> Where with thine own an English singer ranks;
> I, who found favor from thy sovereign hands,
> Kiss them, and at thy feet lay this for thanks.

Your legislature has since rendered my statement absolutely true, and has given full citizenship in this country to every English author. Personally, I was never a fanatic on the matter. I have always had a tenderness for those buccaneers of the ocean of books who, in nefarious bottoms, carried my poetical goods far and wide, without any charge for freight. Laurels, in my opinion, for they can be won, are meant to be worn with thankfulness and modesty, not to be eaten like salad or boiled like cabbage for the pot; and when some of my comrades have said impatiently about their more thoughtful works that writers must live, I have, perhaps, vexed them by replying that an author who

aspires to fame and an independent gratitude bestowed for the true creative service to mankind should be content, I hold, with those lofty and inestimable rewards, and not demand bread and butter also from the high Muses, as if they were German waitresses in a coffee-house.

Other ways of earning daily bread should be followed. If profit comes, of course it is to men, poets and authors, welcome enough, and justice is ever the best of all excellent things; but the one priceless reward for a true poet or sincere thinker lives surely in the service his work has done to his generation and in the precious friendships which even I have found enrich his existence and embellish his path in life. But this excursion on the literary rights now equitably established leads me to touch upon the noble community of language which our two countries possess.

You, too, besides your own ample glories, have a large part by kinship and common speech in the work which England has done and is doing in Asia by giving peace and development to India; in Africa by fostering commerce and preserving order; in Egypt by opening the dark continent, as well as peopling Australia and many a distant colony with her industrious children. Half of all this I consider is America's, as she may also claim a large and substantial part in the spread of the Anglo-Saxon race through this vast new world, under that lovely and honored banner about which I must think our old poet was dreaming when he sung:

> Her lightness and brightness do shine in such splendor
> That none but the stars are thought fit to attend her.

Beyond all, I say we share together that glorious language of Shakespeare, which it will be our common duty and, I think, our manifest destiny to establish as the general tongue of the globe. This seems to be inevitable, not without a certain philological regret, since if I were to choose an old tongue I think I should prefer, for its music and its majesty, the beautiful Castilian. Nevertheless, the whole world must eventually talk our speech, which is already so prevalent that to circumnavigate the globe none other is necessary, and even in the by-streets of Japan, the bazaars of India and China, and the villages of Malaya one half of the shops write up the names and goods in English. Is not this alone well-nigh enough to link us in pride and peace? The English poet Cowper has nobly written:

> Time was when it was praise and boast enough,
> In every clime, travel where'er we might,
> That we were born her children; fame enough
> To fill the mission of a common man,
> That Chatham's language was his native tongue.

Let us all try to keep in speech and in writing as close as we can to the pure English that Shakespeare and Milton, and in these later times Longfellow, Emerson, and Hawthorne, have fixed. It will not be easy. Conversing recently with Lord Tennyson, and expressing similar opinions, he said to me: "It is bad for us that English will always be a spoken speech, since that means that it will always be changing, and so the time will come when you and I will be as hard to read as Chaucer is to-day."

You remember, gentlemen, the opinion your bril-

liant humorist Artemus Ward let fall of that ancient singer. "Mr. Chaucer," he observed casually, "is an admirable poet, but as a spellist a very decided failure." To the treasure-house of that noble tongue the United States has splendidly contributed. It would be far poorer to-day without the tender verses of Longfellow, the serene and philosophic pages of Emerson, the convincing wit and clear criticism of my illustrious departed friend James Russell Lowell, the Catullus-like perfection of the lyrics of Edgar Allan Poe, and the glorious, large-tempered dithyrambs of Walt Whitman.

These stately and sacred laurel groves grow here in a garden forever extending, ever carrying further forward for the sake of humanity the irresistible flag of our Saxon supremacy, and lead one to falter in an attempt to eulogize America and the idea of her potency and her promise. The most elaborate panegyric would seem but a weak impertinence which would remind you, perhaps, too vividly of Sidney Smith, who, when he saw his grandchild pat the back of a large turtle, asked her why she did so. The little maid replied, "Grandpapa, I do it to please the turtle." "My child," he answered, "you might as well stroke the dome of St. Paul's to please the Dean and Chapter." I myself once heard, in our zoölogical gardens in London, another little girl ask her mama whether it would hurt the elephant if she offered him a chocolate drop. In that guarded and respectful spirit it is that I venture to tell you here to-night how truly in England the peace and prosperity of your Republic are desired, and that there is nothing except good will felt

by the mass of our people toward you, and nothing but the greatest satisfaction in your wealth and progress.

Between these two majestic sisters of the Saxon blood the hatchet of war is, please God, buried. No cause of quarrel, I think and hope, can ever be otherwise than truly out of proportion to the vaster causes of affection and accord. We have no longer to prove to each other or to the world that Englishmen and Americans are high-spirited and fearless; that Englishmen and Americans alike will do justice and will have justice, and will put up with nothing else from each other and from the nations at large. Our proofs are made on both sides, and indelibly written on the pages of history. Not that I wish to speak platitudes about war. It has been necessary to human progress; it has bred and preserved noble virtues; it has been inevitable, and may be again, but it belongs to a low civilization. Other countries have, perhaps, not yet reached that point of intimate contact and rational advance, but for us two, at least, the time seems to have come when violent decisions, and even talk of them, should be as much abolished between us as cannibalism.

When in Washington I ventured to propose to President Harrison that we should some day, the sooner the better, choose five men of public worth in the United States and five in England, give them gold coats, if you please, and a handsome salary, and establish them as a standing and supreme tribunal of arbitration, referring to them the little family fallings-out of America and England whenever something goes wrong between us about a sealskin in Bering Strait, a lobster-pot, an ambassador's letter, a border tariff, or an Irish

vote. He showed himself very well disposed toward my suggestion.

Mr. President, in sincerely hoping that you take me to be a better poet than orator, I thank you all from the bottom of my heart for your reception to-night, and personally pray for the tranquillity and prosperity of this free and magnificent Republic. Under the circumstances, one word may perhaps be permitted before a company so intellectual and representative as to my purpose in visiting your States. I had the inclination to try this literary experiment, whether a poet might not with a certain degree of success himself read the poem which he had composed and best understands as the promulgator of his own ideas. The boldness of such an enterprise really covers a sincere compliment to America, for that which was possible and even popular in ancient Greece could be nowhere again possible if not in America, which has many characteristics and where the audiences are so patient, generous, and enlightened. We shall see.

Heartily, gratefully, and with a mind from which the memory of this glorious evening will never be effaced, I thank you for the very friendly and favorable omens of this banquet.

ABRAM S. HEWITT

AT THE DINNER TO WHITELAW REID, UPON HIS RETIREMENT FROM OFFICE AS MINISTER TO FRANCE, APRIL 30, 1892

YOUR president said he was reluctant at this extremely late hour to protract the proceedings by the sound of voices other than those which have already been heard. I share with him most profoundly in this reluctance, and I thought, and think now, that it is one of the privileges of old age to be allowed to rest in quiet contemplation, and in the pleasure of hearing others talk for its instruction. Sir, I feel the poverty of thought, and more particularly of words, which comes to those who have fought the battle of life and been retired. Still, it is easy to perform the duty which we all come here to-night so willingly to discharge, in saying to Mr. Reid how lonesome we have been in his absence, and how the sense of loneliness no amount of talk, political or otherwise, has been able to relieve.

Mr. Reid and I have been friends for many years, and although we have had our political differences, they have never invaded for one moment the sacred domain of friendship. When I have made the great mistakes of my public career, I say now that no one came to me more frankly or more freely in private and besought me to see the error of my ways than Mr. Reid. And

I will say now that if I had followed his advice on more than one occasion it would have been better for me, and perhaps for the country.

When Mr. Reid was selected to fill the distinguished office which he has just resigned I think no one rejoiced more than I did, and no one believed more than I did that the administration had put the right man in the right place.

In the early history of our country Jefferson and Adams and other of our Presidents thought that foreign ministers were not of much use; nevertheless, they always sent men abroad to fill those offices to get rid of troublesome politicians at home. There are many examples in our country, the best-known of which is John Randolph—who was sent to Russia to die, to the great gratification of some of his former friends. But there was another reason. When the diplomatic bill was attacked on the ground that the salaries were too great and that our country ought to discontinue its foreign ministers, I had charge of the bill, and I pointed out to the House—and I never heard any objection made afterward, although I see it has occurred on one occasion quite recently—that it was necessary to educate our ministers whom we sent to foreign countries, and I must say that the Republican administration, which has succeeded the exceedingly able and patriotic Democratic administration, has made a great discovery, namely, they have selected men who had already been trained in a greater school than any foreign community or any government under which the ordinary rules of diplomacy exist: they have selected men trained in an editorial capacity. They have picked out the men who

know every trick and every motive which influences human action.

I think that the very acme of human intelligence was exhibited by the President when he chose to represent us, under very peculiar difficulties in the court of France, a man who was born and bred in Ohio, and who had been graduated in the city of New York in the midst of our local politics. I knew perfectly well that whatever he did would be well done, and that all he did as Minister to France would redound to the credit of his country.

Now, you are familiar with what Mr. Reid has done, and we are also grateful to him for what he has done, because he has opened an enormous trade for this country in France, and I do not think it necessary to speak at any length upon his work there. I find that his views have been enlarged in some particulars since he left us, and that he is absolutely prepared to consider how the reciprocal trade between France and the United States might be increased; and he even suggested that the proposition made by France, of the universal exchange of products between the two nations, might be, and would be, for the advantage of this country rather than that of France.

Now, for the editor of the "Tribune" to have arrived at the conclusion that foreign trade can be advantageous to anybody, and that it is not a crime that ought to be suppressed, is in my mind evidence of the great value that is derived from sending editors abroad as the representatives of our expanding nation.

I found in the address which he made, yesterday or the day before, before the Republican State Conven-

tion, that he has arrived at some admirable conclusions, which he stated to his fellow-delegates. I think they really are of practical value, not only to the Republicans, but to the Democrats. They were the result of experience. He advised his party to get together.

Now, I do not know any man of my acquaintance now living—perhaps I may know some who are dead—who have got together as many good things as Mr. Reid has. Before he went abroad he got a newspaper together, and connected with that newspaper he got a group of editors and reporters without a superior as a corps—perhaps without an equal—in any like establishment in the world. He got a fine building, and, if I may be permitted in his presence to say it, he got a charming wife and a most admirable family and a beau-ideal of a father-in-law.

Now, do you wonder when a man looks at things of that sort which he has got together, that he advises other people to get together?

Now, with his profound knowledge of international relations, and with the reputation which he has acquired, not only in France, but in America, there is no telling to what heights he may attain. If it should happen that the people of this country should, in a spasm of extraordinary intelligence, recognize the enormous advantage which it would be to them to secure in the highest executive office of the land the services of so trained a diplomat, so wise a statesman as Mr. Reid, there is at least one Democrat in this broad land who would not say him nay, and who would feel that virtue had received its just reward.

WILLIAM H. McELROY

AT THE DINNER TO WHITELAW REID, APRIL 30, 1892

AS a New-Yorker whose bump of local pride is well developed, I naturally hail with enthusiasm my fellow-citizen who is your guest of honor, since he has lent distinction to the metropolis and to our commonwealth. In a public place abroad, of great dignity and responsibility, he has been demonstrating of late years what he had previously demonstrated at home, that there is no better way of getting first-class work done in a first-class manner than by inducing a newspaper man to do it. This assertion is made in spite of my having written some pieces for the newspapers myself. "No pleasure is comparable," says Bacon, "with the standing upon the vantage-ground of truth." Were it not for this, I should hardly venture in this company, which contains so many foremost representatives of the other professions, to lay stress upon the fact that the strong and brilliant diplomatic career which just now is inspiring so many eulogies is the career of one who is primarily a journalist and only incidentally a diplomatist.

It might not be in good, in truly good, taste further to dwell upon this fascinating consideration—fascinating to a newspaper man. I shall only ask you to bear in

mind, if you please, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of your discriminating appreciation, that the two most successful ministers to France from the United States have both been press men—to wit, our esteemed back number, Benjamin Franklin, and our esteemed contemporary, Whitelaw Reid. It would not be strange in the circumstances if an impressionable young journalist, given to magnifying his profession, should be led to exclaim, with one eye on Paris and the other on the record of our late legislature, "Let me make the newspapers of a nation, and I care not who concocts its laws!"

Something has been said about the grand Exposition which is to be held in Chicago next year. It makes some of us think of an interesting little incident, not wholly unconnected with your guest of honor, of the earlier Philadelphia Exposition. One morning a young fellow from one of the Territories, who was doing the Art Department, halted before an imposing figure in bronze. He took a fancy to it, and was anxious to know whom it represented. Accordingly, he went to one of the officials, who kindly explained, "That 's Rienzi, the last of the Tribunes." Instead of thanking his benefactor, the young fellow laughed him to scorn, saying: "No, yer don't! My pop 's taken the 'Tribune' ever since she started, and I happen to know that the last of the Tribunes ain't no Ry-en-zee, but a man named Whitelaw Reid."

ABRAM S. HEWITT

AT THE DINNER TO THE MAYOR OF THE CITY, WILLIAM L. STRONG, JANUARY 12, 1895

I COULD have wished that it had comported with your sense of propriety and with the unbounded courtesy which prevails in this club that I might have been left in that retirement to which I was consigned six years ago by a large majority.

I suppose that this club must base its custom upon what evidently is so familiar to Colonel Strong—*propria quæ maribus*. Certainly it is to me a new sensation to hear these extremely courteous remarks from the president to the mayor. I was not fortunate enough myself to be the recipient of the intended honor which the club proposed to me when I became mayor. Neither was I acquainted with the cheerfulness of the office, nor made the recipient of that delightful custom of the club which "welcomes the coming and speeds the parting guest." But I have experienced the hospitality of this club on many occasions, and it is the only public body in this city that has the power to compel me to leave my house at night, or to enjoy the delightful society and the charming entertainment which you always offer to your guests. One cannot fail to sympathize with his Honor in the cheerful view which he takes of his present situation. I doubt

whether Mark Tapley, at the most interesting period of his career, felt quite as well satisfied with his surroundings as the mayor appears to be with his. But in three years there will be plenty of time to change his mind; and as soon as the Power of Removal Bill is passed he will be able to turn out all the adherents of Tammany Hall, and put in officers who in his opinion will be able to discharge the duties of their several positions with perhaps more fidelity and more ability than those who are now in office.

From my own experience I doubt whether the results will be as satisfactory as possibly he and the rest of the community anticipate. Men who are trained in politics and who have had a long experience in office are apt to be very efficient indeed in the performance of their duty, provided they have adequate supervision. And although I was unable to secure passage of the Power of Removal Bill, which I thought ought to have been passed for the mayor at that time, and which I think ought to be passed now, yet I am bound to say that I never experienced the slightest difficulty, while I was mayor, in having the heads of departments perform any duty to which I called their attention. Not a single incumbent of office was removed during the mayor's term. I am perfectly certain that the present mayor has only to mark out his policy with intelligence and to act with firmness in order to have every one of his requests promptly attended to.

The truth is that we are in a transitory condition in regard to municipal government. We don't know how to administer the affairs of three millions of people, as we shall have when the cities of New York and

Brooklyn are united. I wish to say just here that some of these gentlemen may suppose that I am an advocate of consolidation. Allow me to say that, as we do not yet know how to govern New York, I have very little hope that we shall lessen our difficulties by enlarging the number of our people. But consolidation is bound to come, and in the meantime this problem of municipal government must be studied.

There are difficulties which cannot be eradicated either by the force of law or by any resolution on the part of the mayor that they shall cease to exist. Great cities are the characteristic of modern civilization. The population of the world, just as the business of the world, is drifting into great centers of activity. The old principles, or the old practices, so to speak, upon which cities have been governed have ceased to retain their potency. We have got to enlarge the theory of municipal government to the practice in order to meet these new demands with which we are not yet familiar. Most of the complaints which are made, and most of the suffering which we endure, are the result of the growth of these great centers of population. They are not due, to any great extent, to any particular party or to any small number of men. They are rather due to the introduction of new elements with which we have not yet learned to deal. Let us study the questions in an intelligent way. Let us try to develop the civic spirit, and when we get a good man in the mayor's chair let us try to strengthen him in the performance of his duty.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

AT THE DINNER TO ANTON SEIDL, FEBRUARY 2, 1895

I WAS enjoying myself with music and song; why I should be troubled, why I should be called upon to trouble you, is a question I can hardly answer. Still, as the president has remarked, the American people like to hear speeches. Why, I don't know. It has always been a matter of amazement that anybody wanted to hear me. Talking is so universal, with few exceptions—the deaf and dumb—everybody seems to be in the business. Why they should be so anxious to hear a rival I never could understand. But, gentlemen, we are all pupils of nature; we are taught by the countless things that touch us on every side, by field and flower and star and cloud and river and sea, where the waves break into whitecaps, and by the prairie, and by the mountain that lifts its granite forehead to the sun,—all things in nature touch us, educate us, sharpen us, cause the heart to bud, to burst it may be, into blossom to produce fruit. In common with the rest of the world, I have been educated a little that way—by the things I have seen, and by the things I have heard, and by the people I have met. But there are a few things that stand out in my recollection as having touched me more deeply than others, a few men to whom I feel indebted for the little I know, for the

little I happen to be. Those men, those things, are forever present in my mind. But I want to tell you to-night that the first man that ever let up a curtain in my mind, that ever opened a blind, that ever allowed a little sunshine to straggle in, was Robert Burns. I went to get my shoes mended, and I had to go with them. And I had to wait till they were done. I was like the fellow standing by the stream, naked, washing his shirt. A lady and gentleman were riding by in a carriage, and upon seeing him the man indignantly shouted, "Why don't you put on another shirt when you are washing one?" The fellow said, "I suppose you think I 've got a hundred shirts!"

When I went into the shop of the old Scotch shoemaker he was reading a book, and when he took my shoes in hand I took his book, which was "Robert Burns." In a few days I had a copy; and indeed, gentlemen, from that time if Burns had been destroyed I could have restored more than half of it. It was in my mind day and night. Burns, you know, is a little valley, not very wide, but full of sunshine; a little stream runs down, making music over the rocks, and children play upon the banks; narrow roads overrun with vines, covered with blossoms; happy children, the hum of bees, and little birds pour out their hearts and enrich the air. That is Burns.

Then, you must know that I was raised respectably. Certain books were not thought to be good for a young person; only such books as would start you in the narrow road for the New Jerusalem.

One night I stopped at a little hotel in Illinois many years ago, when we were not quite civilized, when the footsteps of the red man were still in the prairies.

While I was waiting for supper an old man was reading from a book, and among others who were listening was myself. I was filled with wonder. I had never heard anything like it. I was ashamed to ask him what he was reading; I supposed that an intelligent boy ought to know. So I waited, and when the little bell rang for supper I hung back and they went out. I picked up the book; it was Sam Johnson's edition of Shakespeare. The next day I bought a copy for four dollars. My God! more than the national debt. You talk about the present straits of the Treasury. Four days, four nights, four months, four years I read those books, two volumes, and I commenced with the introduction! I have n't read that introduction for nearly fifty years, certainly forty-five, but I remember it still. Other writers are like a garden diligently planted and watered, but Shakespeare is a forest where the oaks and elms toss their branches to the storm, where the pine towers, where the vine bursts into blossom at its foot. That book opened to me a new world, another nature. While Burns was the valley, here was a range of mountains with thousands of such valleys; while Burns was as sweet a star as ever rose into the horizon, here was a heaven filled with constellations. That book has been a source of perpetual joy to me from that day to this; and whenever I read Shakespeare—if it ever happens—and fail to find some new beauty, some new presentation of some wonderful truth, or to find another word that bursts into blossom, I shall make up my mind that my mental faculties are failing, that it is not the fault of the book. Those, then, are two things that helped to educate me a little.

Afterward I saw a few paintings by Rembrandt, and

all at once I was overwhelmed with the genius of the man that could convey so much thought in form and color. Then I saw a few landscapes by Corot, and I began to think I knew something about art. During all my life, of course, like other people, I had heard what they call music, and I had my favorite pieces, most of those favorite pieces being favorites on account of association; and nine tenths of the music that is beautiful to the world is beautiful because of the association—not because the music is good, but because of association. We cannot write a very poetic thing about a pump or about water-works; we are not old enough. We can write a poetic thing about a well and a sweep and an old moss-covered bucket, and you can write a poem about a spring, because a spring seems a gift of nature, something that costs no trouble and no work, something that will sing of nature under the quiet stars in June. So it is poetic on account of association. The stage-coach is more poetic than the car, but the time will come when the cars will be poetic, because human feelings, love's remembrances, will twine around them, and consequently they will become beautiful. There is a piece of music, "The Last Rose of Summer," with the music a little weak in the back; then there is "Home, Sweet Home," and associations make all this music beautiful. So in the "Marseillaise" is the French Revolution, that whirlwind and flame of war, of heroism the highest possible, of generosity, self-denial, cruelty—all of which the human heart and brain are capable; so that that music now sounds as though its notes were made of stars, and it is beautiful mostly by association.

Now, I always felt that there must be some greater music somewhere. You know this little music that comes back with recurring emphasis every two inches or every three and a half inches; I thought there ought to be music somewhere with a great sweep from horizon to horizon, and that in the meantime could fill the great dome of sound with winged notes like the eagle; if there was not such music, somebody sometime would make it, and I was waiting for it. One day I heard it; and I said, What music is that? Who wrote that? I felt it everywhere. I was cold. I was almost hysterical. It answered to my brain, to my heart; not only to association, but to all there was of hope and aspiration, all my future; and they said, this is the music of Wagner. I never knew one note from another—of course, I would know it from a promissory note—and was utterly and absolutely ignorant of music until I heard Wagner interpreted by the greatest leader, in my judgment, in the world—Anton Seidl. He not only understands Wagner in the brain, but he feels him in the heart, and there is in his blood the same kind of wild and splendid independence that was in the brain of Wagner.

I want to say to-night, because there are so many heresies, Mr. President, creeping into this world—I want to say, and say it with all my might, that Robert Burns was not Scotch. He was far wider than Scotland; he had in him the universal tide, and wherever it touches the shore of a human being it finds access. Not Scotch, gentlemen, but a man—a man! I can swear to it, or rather affirm, that Shakespeare was not English,—another man, kindred of all, of all races and

peoples, and who understood the universal brain and heart of the human race, and who had imagination enough to put himself in the place of all. And so I want to say to-night, because I want to be consistent, Richard Wagner was not a German, and his music is not German. And why? Germany would not have it. Germany denied that it was music. The great German critics said it was nothing in the world but noise. The best interpreter of Wagner in the world is not German, and no man has to be German to understand Richard Wagner. In the heart of nearly every man is this æolian harp, and when the breath of true genius touches it, it answers in music of its own. Wagner has touched the harp in every human heart that has got a harp; every one who knows what music is or has the depth and height of feeling necessary to appreciate it, appreciates Richard Wagner. How to understand that music, to hear it as interpreted by this great leader, is an education. It develops the brain, it gives to the imagination wings; the little earth grows large, the people grow important, and, not only that, it civilizes the heart; and the man who understands that music can love better and with greater intensity than he ever did before. The man who understands and appreciates that music becomes in the highest sense spiritual—and I don't mean by spiritual, worshiping some phantom, or dwelling upon what is going to happen to some of us—I mean spiritual in the highest sense, when a perfume arises from the heart in gratitude, and when you feel that you know what there is of beauty, of sublimity, of heroism and honor and love in the human heart. This is what I mean by being

spiritual. I don't mean denying yourselves here and living on a crust with the expectation of eternal joy—that is not what I mean. By spiritual I mean a man who has an ideal, a great ideal, and who is splendid enough to live up to that ideal; that is what I mean by spiritual. And the man who has heard the music of Wagner, that music of love and death, the greatest music, in my judgment, that ever issued from the human brain,—the man who has heard that and understands it has been civilized.

Another man to whom I feel under obligation, whose name I do not know—I know Burns, Shakespeare, Rembrandt, and Wagner, but there are some others whose names I do not know—there is he, for one, who chiseled the "Venus de Milo." This man helped to civilize the world; and there is nothing under the sun as pathetic as the perfect. Whoever creates the perfect has thought and labored and suffered; and no perfect thing has ever been done except through suffering and except through the highest and holiest thought, and among this class of men is Wagner. Let me tell you something more. You know I am a great believer. There is no man in the world who believes more in human nature than I do. No man believes more in the nobility and splendor of humanity than I do; no man feels more grateful than I to the self-denying and heroic, splendid souls who have made this world fit for men and women to live in. But I believe that the human mind has reached its top in three departments. I don't believe the human race, no matter if it lives millions of years more upon this wheeling world, will ever produce anything greater, sublimer

than the marbles of the Greeks. I do not believe it. I believe they reached absolutely the perfection of form and the expression of force and passion in stone. The Greeks made marble as sensitive as flesh and as passionate as blood. I don't believe that any human being of any coming race, no matter how many suns may rise and set, or how many religions may rise and fall, or how many languages be born and decay, will ever excel the dramas of Shakespeare. Nor do I believe that the time will ever come when any man with such instruments of music as we now have, and having nothing but the common air that we now breathe, will ever produce greater pictures in sound, greater music than Wagner. Never! Never! And I don't believe that he will ever have a better interpreter than Anton Seidl. Seidl is a poet in sound, a sculptor in sound. He is what you might call an orchestral orator, and as such he expresses the deepest feelings, the highest aspirations, and the intensest and truest love of which the brain and heart of man are capable.

Now, I am glad, I am delighted, that the people here in this city and in various other cities of our great country are becoming civilized enough to appreciate these harmonies; I am glad they are civilized at last enough to know that the home of music is tone, not tune; that the home of music is in harmonies where you braid them like rainbows; I am glad they are great enough and civilized enough to appreciate the music of Wagner, the greatest music in this world. Wagner sustains the same relation to other composers that Shakespeare does to other dramatists, and any other dramatist compared with Shakespeare is like one tree

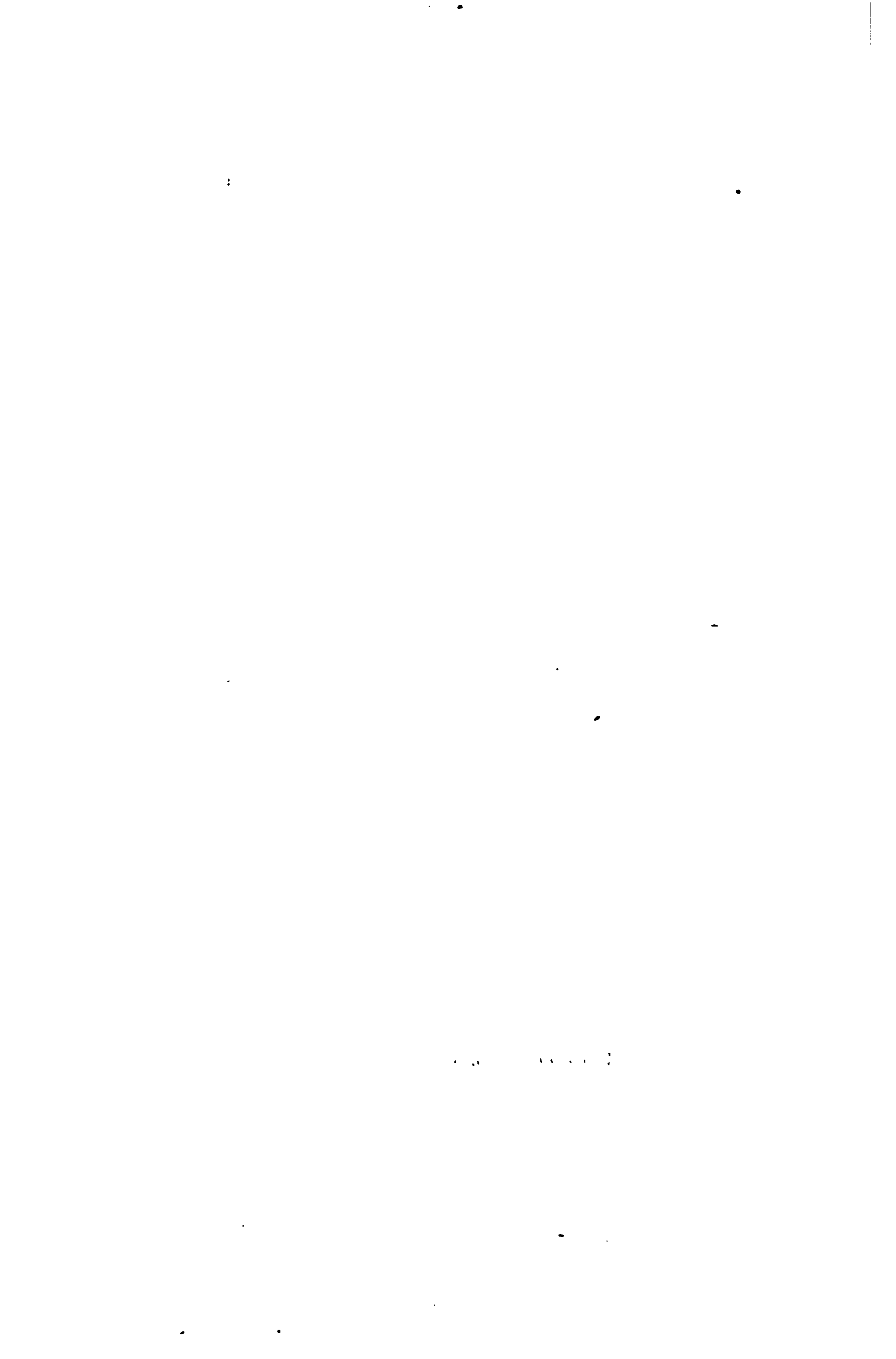
compared with an immeasurable forest, or rather like one leaf compared with a forest; and all the other composers of the world are embraced in the music of Wagner. No man has written anything more tender than he, nobody anything sublimer than he. Whether it is in the song of the deep, or the warble of the mated bird, no man has excelled Wagner; he has expressed all that the human heart is capable of appreciating. And now, gentlemen, having troubled you long enough, and saying, "Long live Anton Seidl!" I bid you good night.

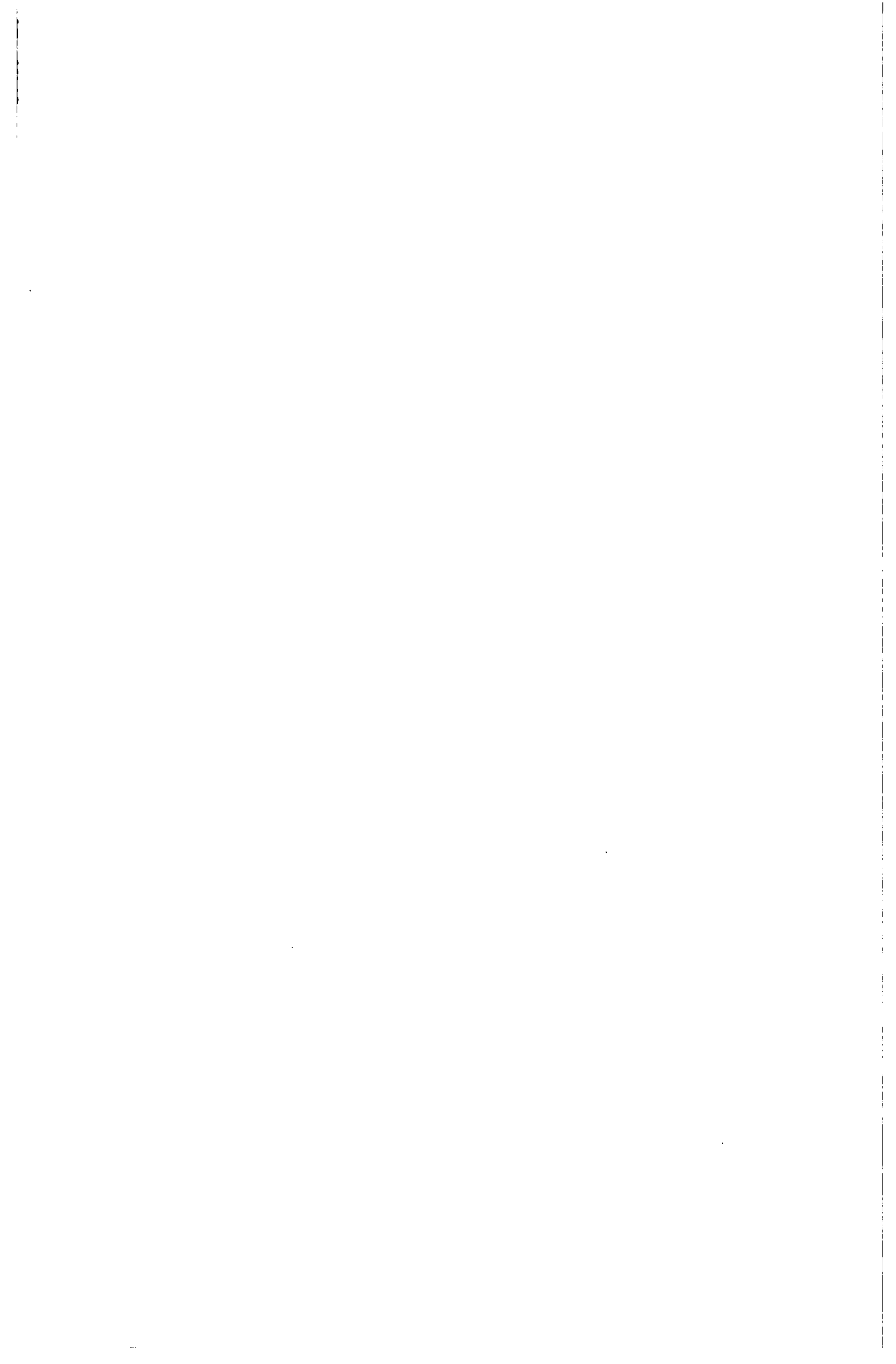
WILLIAM HENRY WHITE

AT THE DINNER TO ANTON SEIDL, FEBRUARY 2, 1895

I WAS touched, as we all were, by the eloquence of Colonel Ingersoll in his beautiful tribute to our guest and to the sweet art of music. His assertion that real music—I mean the music that touches our better selves—is dear to us—rather through associations than from culture of ear or mind—appealed to my own thought. The song our mother sang to us in our childhood is ever sweetest in our ear, and is as dear as is the memory of the sweet singer herself. For all time it ranks highest in the secure keeping among our heart's best treasures. The great Wagner never wrote, and our guest, Herr Seidl, will never interpret, a melody that will equal the song that mother sang to us in the far away, never-forgotten days of childhood. The truth has gone on through all time that men are moved not so much by great music as they are by the music of home, with all its clustering and tender associations. And Robert Burns, whom Colonel Ingersoll has so justly held up to us as the tuneful poet of the people, sang ever of home and home loves: of the hopes and aspirations of the common people. There was nothing in Burns that so endears him to our memory to-day as the sweet soul that made him a man like ourselves, one who enriched with a kindly, tender thought the plain

William Henry White





doings of every-day common life; who, digging deeper in our souls, drew forth the latent beauty of our real and purer selves. The golden thread which runs through us all is the tender touch of a humanity that is ever blessed and brightened by the influence of a mother's sacred love. It is the one chord to which every human heart responds; it is the inspiration through which the great poet, artist, or leader of human thought reaches the highest pinnacle of an accomplished fame. Somewhere in every human endeavor, in every worthy achievement can be traced the sweet story of a mother's love and sacrifice and her child's appreciation; so that no song is so perfect as that one made in her honor or under the inspiring thought of her love.

Let me go back in one brief step over the intervening years, and tell the story of the recruiting of one of the first military companies that left Philadelphia at the opening of the Civil War to illustrate the influence of a song of sentiment upon our minds. When President Lincoln called upon the country for the seventy-five thousand men with whom he opened that long and bitter struggle, fifty men of a then existing military company reported at their armory after a public call for recruits. They found the room crowded with men eager to enlist with them. No great statesman addressed these men; no hero of a past war told the story of a soldier's sacrifices or pictured his glory. But a comrade mounted a chair and sang in a rich and manly voice "Annie Laurie," then a song full of memories of the Crimean war, and then gave the nation's hymn, "The Star-Spangled Banner." With that voice

ringing in their ears, and with hearts attuned to the nation's call for help, one hundred and fifty names were added to the muster roll from which the company was selected which finally reached Washington among the earliest of its defenders.

Permit me to say to our guest that this club is the home of all the arts. Here we respect the man of high public office—the men representing the several professions—the writer and the worker along the several literary lines. Our walls indicate the tastes of the club in the pictorial art, which so happily brings within our doors the charms of the wild woodland and peaceful landscape to rest and delight us by the memories they recall. But there is an art beyond all other arts, whose kindly representative we honor ourselves in meeting to-night—music—which tells the whole story of human life and aspiration. When men try to draw the picture of a heaven to which they point their fellowmen and paint it in its most beautiful and attractive form, they do not say that its walls are covered with rare paintings, nor draped with marvelous tapestries of the sunset clouds, nor that men there recite beautiful poems of love and adoration. But rather do they tell us that in that blessed abode of rest the harp, in celestial hands, shall make the angelic music that shall fill our hearts with sublime ecstasy and adoring thoughts for the all-wise, divine Creator.

ALMON GOODWIN

AT THE DINNER TO ANTON SEIDL, FEBRUARY 2, 1895

YOUR president came to me in his unofficial capacity a short time since and told me that I was a pilgrim and stranger here. I was not aware that pilgrims and strangers were in the habit of making speeches; in fact, I was under the impression that the Lotos was the home of artists and what an American senator once called "them d——d literary fellers," and I did n't suppose there was any place among them for a poor lawyer like myself. I am sorry that I have n't any reminiscences to give to you such as have touched your hearts in the eloquent words of Colonel Ingersoll.

I was born up in that far-away State of Maine. I remember the Mexican War, and from my little town one of the young men went forth to the war and served a year or two. When he came back all the people wanted to know and hear about General Taylor, General Worth, and all those great men about whom people were talking. He gazed upon them thoughtfully for a few moments, and then said, "They are all folks." And in looking around upon this club to-night I concluded that notwithstanding the fact that there are so many distinguished gentlemen here present, you are all folks, and that I may feel at ease.

While I have been sitting here I have been thinking

about the indestructibility of an idea. All things else pass away: seasons, and suns and moons, for all I know, and certainly all things mundane, yet an idea seems indestructible. Some one lately wrote a learned book, to show that the lotos *motif* underlies all ancient art and civilization. He maintains that the lotos was the sacred flower of the Egyptians. They attached a peculiar importance to it, so that everything in their art, in their religious ceremonial, and in all the outward forms of their civilization seemed in some way to spring from the lotos. This *motif* passed over to Greece, and the art of Athens was but the blossoming and unfolding of this wonderful flower under new skies, and this lotos idea was not lost until the end of "the glory that was Greece."

But, gentlemen, it was not lost; it only disappeared, like the fountain Arethusa, to pursue its course beneath the ocean until it burst forth in new splendor here in the Lotos Club. You welcomed the old idea and gave it a wider expansion. You hold that all the great things of the world are near akin, that you cannot really develop man unless you develop art, and that if art is the embodiment of the lotos *motif*, the lotos should stand for all that is beautiful and best in the new world. So you have allowed nothing great to be achieved in literature or in art without the appreciation and approval of the Lotos Club. To-night you are showing your appreciation of great achievement in music by this dinner to Anton Seidl.

Gentlemen, you have sought in every direction to establish the lotos idea, and to make every one feel that success in this world lacks something unless it has your

approval. And indeed it does. Mr. Seidl may now rest secure, for upon his career you have set the seal of that approval. You have not confined your efforts to the realm of art, which is certainly one of the most important parts of human civilization, of development, of culture. You have taken in everything. And now no system of policy in state or nation can properly be inaugurated—certainly no department of government in the city of New York can enter upon the successful management of its affairs—without your assistance and approval. It all comes back to what I said in the beginning. This club is only the illustration of the indestructibility of an idea. Recalling these things, I drink to the lotos, the queen of flowers, and to the Lotos Club, the king of clubs!

FRANK R. LAWRENCE

(PRESIDENT OF THE CLUB)

UPON ITS TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY, MARCH 30, 1895

TO-NIGHT we celebrate ourselves. To-night, for once, we take note of time; we commemorate the survival for a quarter of a century of an organization which at its beginning seemed held together only in the most careless companionship, but which has proved to be cemented by bonds as strong as steel.

This club bears a slight resemblance to a celebrated church, knowing "neither politics nor religion." If asked as to our principles, truth would compel us to reply as Artemus Ward is said to have replied to a similar question, "I hain't got no principles. I 'm in the show business." Yet, while our principles may be a little shadowy and indefinite, the club has purposes which are not unworthy. Its home is no mere place for the indulgence of creature comfort; it does not exist merely for eating and drinking. When that shall come to pass, this spot will have lost all its charm. From the beginning its aim has been, so far as it might, to promote the interests of literature, the drama, music, journalism, and art. We have tried to be the first, or at least among the first, to extend the hand of fellow-

ship to the visiting man of letters, of science, or of art; to recognize genius, however it has found expression; to welcome its possessor with a hearty welcome, and to speed him on his way with such homage or encouragement as was in our power to bestow.

We believe that this purpose has been worthy and useful. Your devotion to pictorial art is shown to-night upon these walls, and it seems appropriate to tell you that our annual Lotos Club fund for the encouragement of American art has now for the first time been devoted to the purchase of paintings by American artists—pictures painted in this country—which in a short time we shall add to our gallery.

To-night the mind goes back to many former evenings. The memory is filled with thoughts of happy hours with which the history of the club is radiant. If we might call back the past, and re-create former days, we would summon here again the gentle form of Charles Kingsley, the sweet spirit of Oliver Wendell Holmes, the mighty shade of General Grant, the souls of many great and noble men, each in his turn our comrade for a night, and cherished in our recollection ever after.

Here, at the feet of genius and in the shadow of greatness, we workaday fellows have often sat, and as we have listened to the voice of eloquence or of music have felt ourselves refreshed and lifted up and brought within clear view of distant mountain tops of thought at ordinary times beyond our vision.

Thinking of such golden hours, there come to the

mind the words of Francis Beaumont, in his ode to Ben Jonson:

> What things have we seen
> Done at the Mermaid; heard words that have been
> So nimble and so full of subtle flame
> As if that every one from whence they came
> Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest.

But Beaumont spoke of a group of intellectual giants, and by no stretch of the imagination can we compare our merrymakings to their Olympian feasts.

Yet, recalling how Oliver Wendell Holmes came in one night and told us of the Saturday-night meetings of Longfellow, Hawthorne, Emerson, Lowell, and Whittier, it does seem that if the old revelers at the Mermaid tavern have ever found successors, it may have been in those, the brightest cluster of names in American literature.

We remember at this time with sadness the gaps which time has made among our own members. The list of those "who were, but are not" is long and growing longer. There were Brougham, and Wilkie Collins, and George Fawcett Rowe, and Patrick Gilmore, and William Florence, and many another whom you remember well—men who were true and talented and kindly, and who at this above other times we hold in most affectionate remembrance.

When we met to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of this club your president expressed the wish that the twenty-fifth anniversary might be celebrated in a home of our own. The wish of five years ago is now happily realized, partly through the persistence of a landlord

who insisted upon pulling the old home down about our ears, whether we would or no, and partly because we decided to have a landlord no more. But I beg you to remember that the realization of our desire has been attended with some responsibilities; and, while it is not intended to ask your attention to practical subjects now, I may remind you that we have lately extended the limit of membership in the club, and may ask that with your coöperation and aid that limit may be filled and completed by the accession of congenial friends during the coming year, so that we may more largely and adequately carry out the purposes for which the club exists.

It is not my purpose to launch into a serious speech. The Lotos Club is twenty-five years of age; but let no man say that it has reached years of discretion. Perish the thought! Let us go on in our Bohemian way, as unconventional men, eating dinners and singing songs, quaffing proper libations, and letting no occasion pass us by to "vex with mirth the drowsy ear of night."

Often, when jaded with the cares of the day, this place seems as a beautiful oasis in the Sahara of life—a spot where to a tired imagination and a thirsting spirit there appear waving palms and running vines, green lawns and rippling waters, though just without all the world may be desolate.

Here come we for good companionship; and as the years go by and the shadows lengthen may the mellowing influences which here abide make us less critical and more tolerant, more ready to help one another upon the journey where the milestones ever grow closer together.

Let us hope that the Lotos Club, which has now endured for a quarter of a century, may continue for another, and yet another, and for many years beyond; that the ways may be followed in the club which experience has shown to be wise and good, and that at all future times all future members may find this place what we have found it—the home of real good-fellowship, without formality.

Gentlemen, I ask you all to rise and join with me in drinking to the prosperity, the long life, and the usefulness of the Lotos Club. Owing to the capacity of some of our guests, it is exceedingly doubtful whether the loving-cup can be made to go around; nevertheless, we will try.

JOSEPH C. HENDRIX

AT THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER, MARCH 30, 1895

AS an envoy extraordinary from the oldest club of the city of Brooklyn I have come to the court of the Lotos to-night to lay my palm branch at the feet of the Mogul who presides over its deliberations; and in order to introduce some evidence as a guarantee of good faith—if not necessarily for publication—I desire to inform you that Brooklyn is a city contiguous to New York, that we have 990,000 population over there, and that we are all very hard at work trying to make it a million.

It is a great gratification to come to a club that knows how to make of club life a perfect success. An Irishman said to his wife when he was married to her, "If you have children, one at a time, you can name thim, but if they come irregularly I propose to have the privilege of naming thim." The first was a pair of girl twins. "Very good," said the Irishman, "Oi'll kape me word; Oi'll name thim. Oi'll call thim after their mother; one shall be called Kate, and the other Dupli-Kate." The second time his wife presented her husband with a pair of boys. "Very good," said Pat, "Oi named the first after their mother, and I shall name the second after their father, and, as he is

a member of Tammany Hall, Oi shall call the one Peter and the other Re-Peter." A short time after she presented him with another pair of boys. A serious hue came over his face as he contemplated the situation, and he said: "I desire to inform you now, me wife, that I shall once more kape me obligation; I shall call this one Max and the other one Cli-Max, and inform you that this bounteousness must stop."

The effect of the Lotos Club is to inspire us to be frank. You create a spirit of envy in the administration of every other club. How is it possible for you to do that? How do you conceive these brilliant ideas? How is it that you happen to have anniversaries so often? I have the great pleasure of encountering Lotos Club members under varied and appropriate circumstances. The vice-president of this club I discovered not long ago inspecting certain new gas-works across the city. He was evidently preparing, sir, to succeed you some time later on. I never look upon the countenance of that gentleman but that I am reminded of the incident of the man who went to Sioux City, Iowa, from Chicago. He had organized a gas company, he had organized a water company, he had organized a trolley company, and he had the deposits of the various companies placed in his bank, and the bank failed. A committee of indignant citizens called upon him and informed him that there was a suspicion that somewhere or other about his person he had concealed the money that had been deposited by the corporations. They said, "You have a fine office, an elegant home, and lots of fine furniture." "Yes," said he, "but it is all my wife's." He continued, "In

fact, gentlemen, I have nothing in the world but this poor body with which I came into the world. If I could make you happy I would cut that up and divide it among you." One deaf old gentleman in the party said: "What does the gentleman say?" "He says that if he could make us happy he would divide his body among us." "Very well," said the deaf old fellow, "put me down for his gall."

Mr. President, brevity to-night, sir, in this presence is the "soul of wit." The city of Brooklyn is that city which is described in one of the sub-mottoes of the Lotos, wherein a certain country is referred to where it is always afternoon. The only difference is that over there it is always Sunday afternoon. You have heard of the famous Brooklyn Handicap. I assure you that there is the thing that is ideal and there is the thing that is real. The charm of Brooklyn is the home and the baby-carriage; and while we attend to our domestic duties and our functions as citizens, you here in New York, as plutocrats and gold-bugs and Wall-street sharks, disport yourselves and hold twenty-fifth anniversaries. We salute you and endure you as neighbors; and when we come to consolidate with you we shall show you what it is to have Brooklyn politics vying for the control of the Great Metropolis.

SIR HENRY IRVING

AT THE DINNER IN HIS HONOR, NOVEMBER 16, 1895

I REMEMBER when I first set foot upon American soil, the soil of this your loved country, which has added a new interest to my life,—I remember the Lotos Club was the first—the members of the club were the first—to bid me welcome and to extend to me that strong hand, that strong grip of friendship and good-fellowship which has never, never relaxed.

In those days I remember your other home was where we call down-town. That was also a very comfortable and a very happy home. I remember its honored president on that occasion was a very valued and esteemed friend of mine, Whitelaw Reid. Its vice-president was also my very stanch and dear friend Horace Porter.

I remember well on that occasion, in your old home, how your president, in extending to me the cordial greeting of your club with the graceful humor of which he is so excellent a master—I remember well how he playfully warned me that I was not to mistake the enthusiasm of the members of the Lotos Club upon that occasion for the enthusiasm of the audience that I was to encounter at the theater on almost the following night, bestowing upon me a very friendly benediction when he said: "What the result, Mr. Irving, may be when we read the papers upon Tuesday morning following, alas! the mind of man knoweth not."

Well, gentlemen, the scale turned, I rejoice to say, in my favor, and the generous and friendly approbation of the New York public made it kick the beam. The same kindly pressure has ever kept it, with all my shortcomings, in that most enviable position.

When I think, gentlemen, of the kindness that has been showered upon me through the length and breadth of this great nation, of the sympathetic attention and the generous toleration always and everywhere extended to me, I should be a dullard and a less grateful man than I am if I did not look back with ever renewed delight on the first happy day when I sighted your shores and felt in my heart the warm glow of the fervent and cordial welcome which I have received from you.

To the kind things, Mr. President Lawrence, which you have said, I shall make no attempt to respond; nor to you, gentlemen of the Lotos Club, for the manner in which you have received the most gracious and kindly words which have fallen from your president. It is to me a source of the greatest encouragement to receive such favor as you have shown me, which must ever be to me a stimulus to better and to worthier endeavor.

I count myself in nothing so happy as in a soul which remembers good friends; and it is my dearest hope that I may ever retain the esteem—I may say the friendship, and I would, if I respectfully might, the affection—which has found expression in a form that not only confers distinction upon myself as an actor, but upon the profession to which I have the honor to belong, and the art which you love so well.

WILLIAM HENRY WHITE

AT THE DINNER TO SIR HENRY IRVING, NOVEMBER 16, 1895

WHAT can be said in addition to our president's gracious and glowing welcome to the guest of the evening passes my understanding. There is nothing left for me to say to Sir Henry Irving that will welcome him more heartily to our house and endear him more to our hearts than the simple welcome I quote: "Sir, you are very welcome to our house, but it must appear in other form than words." It was fitly chosen that in the Lotos Club the guest of to-night found the epitome of his first American audience, for the Lotos Club could give an audience such as no other place could then furnish to him. Here gathered about our board are men representative of all professions and of the business life of a great city; here the arts sit together in harmony.

We leave at the threshold of the club the cares that annoy and fret us during the day, and find within its home an atmosphere rich in friendship, ripe in comradeship. Therefore, where else could a man who has done so much to illustrate and advance the art which he so worthily adorns find a more fitting audience? Here we are but boys, after all; and here, too, where the sister arts teach us what is sweet, charming, and

gracious in life, we still are as children who are pleased and delighted by the pageantry and pictures of the drama. Who is a more gracious painter of the stage picturings of human wisdom, loves, and follies than our guest? With him may we not retrace again, in memory, that pathway, flower-bordered, on which we walked hand in hand with the girl who enriched our youth with the golden promise of her love. Later we see, in his work, that girl ripened into the steadfast charms of wifehood, making our coarser aims purer, and filling us with higher ideals and nobler ambitions in the race of life. Who has more ably drawn the riper hours of life, the best efforts of our manhood, the stronger work which should mark our maturer years, than our guest, when he draws for our admiring appreciation his ideal of a graceful, vigorous age—age that, manfully meeting "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," bears its part in human interests up to the falling of that final curtain which shuts out "this last of earth"?

We are indeed grateful for, and indebted to, such a master of the dramatic art who can lead us unerringly through successive stages of common daily experiences only to adorn each phase of life, touching them only to better and to deepen their impression upon our grateful memory. France, Germany, and Italy have sent to us their highest exponents of the lyric and dramatic arts, and so have taught a younger and a cruder nation all that is best and improving to us in their several schools. America willingly learned much sitting at the feet of such masters, who left distinct impress of their visits in our advanced ideals and ap-

preciation of the true principles of art. Acknowledging the great art value to us of the visits of these other teachers, I feel that we cannot more fitly convey the club's sentiments to our distinguished guest, England's greatest living exponent of the dramatic art, than to apply to him and in his honor the lines written by Dryden long ago to mark the unapproachable eminence of England's great poet, John Milton:

> Three poets, in three distant ages born,
> Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
> The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd;
> The next, in majesty; in both the last.
> The force of Nature could no further go;
> To make a third, she joined the former two.

PARKE GODWIN

AT THE DINNER TO JEAN AND EDOUARD DE RESZKE, DECEMBER 21, 1895

YOUR president has called upon me almost without notice, but this is a service in which I am always ready to engage. You know that men who have reached my years live in their reminiscences, and mine go back, in respect to the opera and to music, almost to their earliest days in the city of New York.

I cannot quite go back to the days of that peerless and unfortunate creature Malibran, but I have in my house now toys and relics given by her to my late wife, who was a child when Malibran first appeared in New York, and that was as far back as 1826. All the other great vocalists that have been here I think I have heard. I remember the first opera company down in Palma's Opera House in Chambers Street. I was an intimate friend of that dear and generous creature Jenny Lind. Christine Nilsson has been a guest at my house, and is up to this day one of my cherished friends. In fact, I think I have heard all the great vocalists who have appeared at the Academy of Music or the Metropolitan Opera House.

I have seen the growth of music in this city. I remember that the companies that came here originally simply stopped here on their way through to Havana

or New Orleans, for New York was not attractive to them in those days. I remember well—and I hope that the name I am going to mention will never be forgotten in our musical lives—when Theodore Thomas began his concerts and introduced for the first time classical music to the taste of the New York public. I refer to these events of the past to show the immense progress that has been made within one single lifetime in our appreciation and knowledge of music. And I venture to say that we have here in New York at the present time the best opera company that there is now on the face of the globe. Not even in Paris, Vienna, Berlin, or London is there such an opera company as we possess.

I refer briefly to the past for another reason, and that is because it gives me an opportunity to say with some emphasis—yes, with some authority—that we have with us now in the gentleman at my left (Jean de Reszke) the greatest artist in his way, not only that has ever appeared on our stage, but I believe upon any stage in the world. His greatness consists in the uniformity of his excellence. There may be tenors somewhere who can strike a note higher or a note lower; there may be tenors who can put into a few passages a more furious passion, but as to all the qualities that constitute the great musical artist, M. Jean de Reszke has them in more perfect harmony than any man whom I have ever heard, or of whom I have read.

I know of what I speak, for I have sat for three seasons, I believe every night, and heard that delicious voice and remarked that beautiful action—and M. de Reszke commands in both. He is a great actor and a

vocalist at once. You never feel any deficiency in his performances, and you are never offended by any excess. The artistic quality is so perfect and so uniform that you hardly know how perfect it is until you have begun to reflect on it.

As for his brother Edouard, also your guest to-night, I always feel as I sit there in my seat that if Edouard once makes his appearance upon the stage the opera is saved for that night. He gives you such complete satisfaction that you know all the rest of the evening is secure. I venture to say, and I believe, that if the orchestra should give up and the chorus should desert, M. Edouard de Reszke alone on the stage would carry through the performance.

I will not detain you longer. I am very happy to be here on this occasion, and I join with this charming and distinguished club heartily in its tribute of respect to two of the greatest artists in their line now existing. Those of you who live to old age, who survive me, will tell it, I think, to your children, as I do sometimes to mine, when I say proudly that I have known some of the greatest musical artists that ever lived: "In our days we heard Jean and Edouard de Reszke." That will be enough.

9

CHARLES A. DANA

AT THE DINNER IN HIS HONOR, JANUARY 16, 1896

THE heart that would not be deeply affected by such a welcome as this must be indeed of harder material than any with which I am acquainted. I consider this a most unusual, and I may, even without excessive modesty, say, an undeserved compliment. But in one respect I feel that it is not entirely out of place. I do not take it to myself as an individual so much as I receive it as an evidence of the most conclusive nature that the real American spirit lives in this club, and that among its members, of whatever profession they may be and to whatever party they may be temporarily or permanently attached, there is one predominant, supreme, and unfading idea, and that is the idea that is embodied in the Stars and Stripes! It is the idea of maintaining here in America a home for freedom regulated by law, a home where liberty shall be native and to the manner born, a home where liberty shall be defended as long as a man remains or a drop of blood flows in the veins of an American.

This is the great end of the labors, efforts, sufferings, and struggles of humanity during thousands of years—that a free government shall be established; that the rights of humanity shall be respected; that every citizen shall have a fair and equal chance; that

property, education, religion, law shall be maintained; that there shall be none superior to another, but every man shall worship God according to his own heart and his own conscience, in peace, undisturbed, and protected by the ægis of a mighty nation that knows no rival and fears no foe.

Gentlemen, we seem to stand at a most interesting crisis in the history of mankind; for whatever concerns the American nation, concerns mankind more than it does the individual American. Here is the host of humanity, here the great struggle is to be worked out into higher and higher forms of civilization; and if we fail, where is the man who hopes for a better future in which to find consolation? No, we must maintain the contest; we must defy all antagonists, if necessary, and stand together. The sum and substance of it all is that we must stand by the Star Spangled Banner until after sundown.

The Lotos Club happens to contain among its members a good many journalists, and we are in the habit of declaring and of believing that the profession of the press is one of the most useful that can be found in a civilized community. And I am glad, unspeakably glad, to find that here in the Lotos Club the higher ideal of journalism is esteemed and understood; and I trust that so it will be forever, and that whatever men who are not altogether worthy and not altogether fortunate may do to bring disgrace upon the profession, that here the standard will always be elevated, and the motto of truth, rather than show, will be maintained to the last.

HORACE PORTER

AT THE DINNER TO CHARLES A. DANA, JANUARY 16, 1896

THE audience to-night is certainly above par, even if an occasional speaker may not reach high-water mark. It 's a great thing to have the audience all right. A young man came to me not many months ago and said in a modest way that he was going to train himself to be an orator. He asked if he could get any points. He inquired of me what were the pre-requisites. I said: "I can tell you. The first requisite is to get somebody to listen to you."

It has long been patent to us all that every illustrious man in this country, all the great of earth, find it necessary to the full rounding of their careers to be dined by the Lotos Club. No great public man has ever been safe from having his life end in failure and regret without joining us at these banquets. Why, even the brilliant and distinguished journalist whom we come here to honor to-night, without placing his legs under these tables would find even his well-earned fame going down in the mildewed gloom of an eternal night.

My intimate acquaintance with Mr. Dana began many years ago; it was when this nation was shaken to its nervous center by a gigantic civil war. It was in the heroic age of the Republic, when he came out to the Army of the Cumberland in the Chickamauga cam-

paign, sent there, as Assistant Secretary of War, to report, as he had reported at Vicksburg and in other campaigns, the daily scenes that were occurring in those stirring times. It was a happy thought of the authorities in Washington to have those scenes reported to them promptly as they occurred, and it was a still happier thought to select one to perform that important task who had the accomplishments, the courage, and the marvelous command of the English language of Charles A. Dana.

We were making history very rapidly in those days, and he was promptly recording it. I can remember him, as if it were yesterday, mounted on a spirited horse, his corduroy trousers tucked into his boots, a slouch hat on his head, with the limbs of an athlete, looking as if he were ready for any duty which he might be called upon to do, whether it was pitching pennies or manslaughter in the first degree.

So we went down to the appalling battle of Chickamauga. There he shared all the hardships of the soldier, and equaled him in his courage. I say "the appalling battle," for it is not generally known that at Chickamauga the losses suffered were greater than in any battle of the Civil War. They talk of decimating troops. It seemed as nothing then. At Chickamauga many of the regiments lost sixty per cent., and the average loss of the whole army in that fight was over twenty-five per cent. And so we went through that contest, and as iron is welded in the heat of the fire, so our personal friendships are often best welded in the heat of battle. Then, coming back from that, we went through the old Dry Valley together. [Turning to Mr. Dana:

"Do you remember the old Dry Valley?"] [Mr. Dana: "Indeed I do."] Down there every stream the size of a slate-pencil was called a river, and when we encamped we had to draw all the water we wanted, for fear a stray cow would come along and drink the river dry. Occasionally we got hold of a chicken. You know you can always tell the age of a chicken by the teeth—not the teeth of the chicken, but your own teeth—and some of those chickens were so tough that they created the suspicion in our minds that they had been hatched from boiled eggs. Then we were besieged together in Chattanooga, where we were fed off the crumbs, and where we had to throw a tent over a man, he was so thin, in order that he might cast a good-sized shadow. And then again we met in the great campaign of the Wilderness; and there, through all those scenes, there was a record made hourly and daily to the department. And I venture to say that in all the annals of history, as we look over those letters and telegrams, there is no such correspondence in terseness, perspicuity, force, and absolute accuracy as that of your distinguished guest, who is celebrated in peace, as he has been in war, until he has now reached the very proud distinction of being called the dean of American journalism, the Nestor of the American press.

I have n't sufficient acquaintance with journalism to speak to you entertainingly on that subject. My experience was gained from the conduct of a paper in Washington, which was the administration's organ. This paper was conducted on what I believe were fair business principles. The proprietor employed an editor to write all the slanderous articles, and he stood

the libel suits. Nothing could be fairer than that. But it went through fierce throes. One time it suffered like that paper in Nevada which Joe Jefferson says was suspended and then started again. A notice explaining the situation read: "This paper was suspended for want of funds. It is now republished for the same reason."

Now, the proprietor of this organ had a law-suit on hand one day, and I said to him: "I see you have been sued for libel again." He said: "Yes; it 's by that old preacher down there in Alexandria. There was nothing in the article for him to kick about. There was only a little elaboration of the headlines. I think the headlines simply read, 'A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing—A Whited Sepulcher,' or something like that, and the old fool got mad and sued for libel."

We all criticize the newspaper, but we all take it. We could not digest our breakfast in the morning without it. We should not know what to do in our business until we had that morning been instructed by it. "Who can measure the power of printer's ink?" said Lord Rosslyn. We should guard the power of the press as the dragon guarded the Hesperian fruit. Retain its freedom, and we are safe; but if that be endangered, our liberties will be in constant peril.

I am very glad to come here to-night to wish long life, health, and prosperity to our honored guest; and I hope that Mr. Dana will always be able to say what Oliver Wendell Holmes used to say when asked whether he was over seventy years old: "No; I am over seventy years young."

CHARLES A. DANA

IN REPLY TO HORACE PORTER, JANUARY 16, 1896

GENERAL PORTER'S vivid description of that dreadful battle of Chickamauga has brought back to my memory a scene that I had not recollected. I was on the right of General Rosecrans, the commanding officer. I was asleep on the ground, having been up all the night before, and was awakened by the terrific roar of musketry and cannon. It seemed as though hell was all loose! I arose and got on my horse, and then I saw all our lines between us and the enemy break and disappear, and the men flee into the woods. Rosecrans went off, I don't know where; and the first sight that had any consolation in it was an officer, with his sword drawn, halting the fugitive soldiers of our army. He would halt them and form them into line, and when he would get twelve or twenty men together a cannon-ball would come into the group, right over our heads, and they would fall. As soon as he would get another lot together, they would be swept down in the same manner. That man, gentlemen, was General Horace Porter. He remained there doing that duty until I found it necessary to leave, because the enemy were getting too near; and I followed General Rosecrans. But whether Porter stayed long or little, wherever he was, his courage was unwavering, and he was bound to do his duty.

ELIHU ROOT

AT THE DINNER TO CHARLES A. DANA, JANUARY 16, 1896

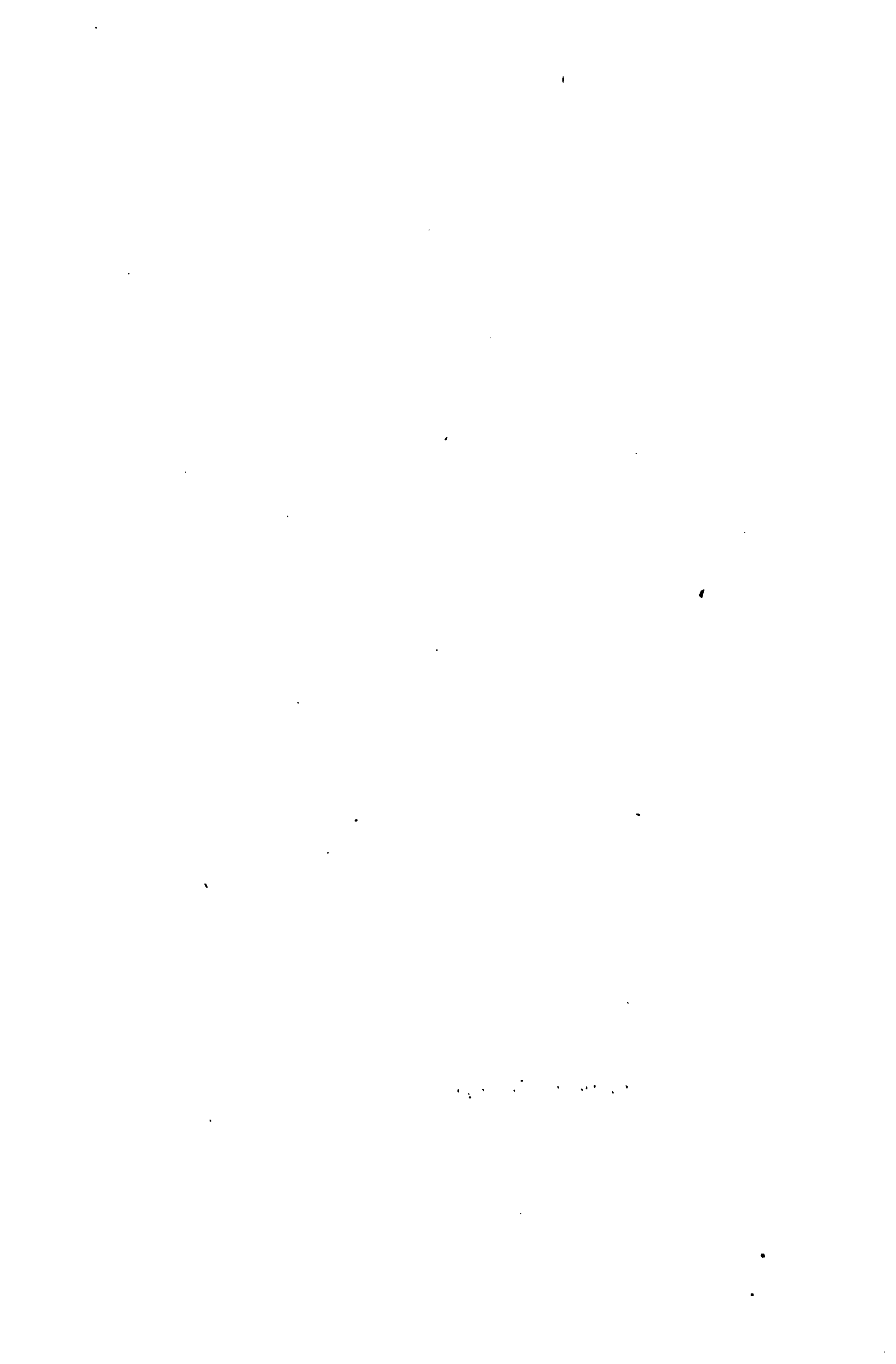
I HAVE been thinking, as I sat here to-night, as I observed the splendid patriotism which characterizes this club—this club which represents no special mission, aims to accomplish no specific purpose, but which represents all the grace, the joyousness, the active intellect, and the warm-heartedness of life—of the observation of a recent writer, that of all the men who have written the English language, the two who perhaps have exercised more than any others greater influence over the imagination and the morality of men have been two who set before themselves no specific purpose or mission or reform or moral accomplishment whatsoever, but merely sought to picture human life as it was—William Shakespeare and Walter Scott. That is, I take it, the characteristic of this club, and that is the characteristic of the great journal which has been so long conducted by your guest this evening; and in that characteristic you find with him a ready and a fitting sympathy.

It is no ordinary thing to accomplish the two extraordinary results which Mr. Dana has accomplished. He is a survival of the days of the great journalists—one conspicuous figure left to us from the time when James Gordon Bennett, and Henry J. Raymond, and

Horace Greeley, and James Watson Webb, and Charles A. Dana made the press of New York famous throughout the country and throughout the world. He is, we may say, a survival of the saurian age of journalism, from the time of the pterodactyl and the ichthyosaurus of the press. He stands alone, conspicuous in the bright light of history and contemporary criticism; and at the same time he stands in the foreground of progress, of hopeful accomplishment, and of anticipation for the future among all the journalists of to-day.

In the years that followed the war, when the great body of patriotic Americans, all pressing forward on parallel lines toward the intensely desired object of reunion and freedom and reconstruction, had ceased their active efforts because their ends had been attained—when the momentum of that great patriotic movement had died away and our people broke up into little bodies, or squads and coteries, seeking different and minor objects and entering into conflict and contest with each other, the great newspaper which Mr. Dana controls set itself at once in opposition to many an old friend, to many a body of his countrymen who had regarded him with affection and treated him as a comrade; and the trenchant pen which he wielded smote sorely many a man in his prejudices and his errors, and many a bitter feeling has grown up, as it always must where a faithful public censor does his duty. But I cannot help thinking that when, in the last few years, all the people of our common country have seen that same powerful intellect turning aside from personal feeling, from factional irritation, from all minor considerations, have heard it sound

again as it sounded a third of a century ago—when hairs now white were brown, when men now active in the field were still unborn—when they have heard him sound again the clarion note of one America for Americans and ever for Americans, the high refrain of patriotism—that all the American world thinks kindly and gratefully of our great assistant to our great War Secretary, the great Assistant Secretary of War.



meet the best of fellows in the world, and you get your name on that list.

The Lotos Club stands unique among all organizations for club life in the United States. It has no creed, it has no dogma, it has no politics; it stands simply for the hospitality of good-fellowship and the catholicity of brains. It makes no difference what may be the race or religion, the language or the color of the man or woman who can fill that bill, he is liable to receive an invitation to dine with the Lotos Club. And if, as I look over the twenty-three years of my membership, I could recall, or anybody could recall and write, the famous men who have been here and the nights which they have made famous, the speeches which they made and the speeches which were made at them, and afterward the gatherings, above or below, where the artist, or the general, or the actor, or the author revealed himself, that story would add another volume, and the most brilliant, to the "Noctes Ambrosianæ."

From the stage we have had here Irving and Barrett and Booth. From the novelists we have had Wilkie Collins and many others; from the historians there have been James Anthony Froude and others; from the poets, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Sir Edwin Arnold; from journalists, Charles A. Dana, Whitelaw Reid, and Murat Halstead; from the army we have had General Grant; from every department of life we have had a great many. Here has been Canon Kingsley, and here has been Conan Doyle, and here has been Mark Twain, and here has been George Augustus Sala, and here have been those men who in the past twenty-five years

have made the history of the most marvelous quarter of a century in the history of the world.

When Gilbert and Sullivan came here the whole country was wild about English light opera. The lyric never received such attention. Gilbert and Sullivan's audiences not only occupied the stage, but they invaded the choirs. They carried absolutely hopeless dissipation into the country churches. "Pinafore" was hammered at us on the piano before breakfast; it was banged at us by the bands on the street; it tortured us on the hand-organ on every corner; it was hummed at church, and by some fiend or other everywhere. It spared neither sex nor condition of life. Yet, gentlemen, there is n't a man in this audience to-night who could whistle a bar of "Pinafore," because we have advanced beyond "Pinafore," beyond Offenbach, so that there is a universality of appreciation in this city and in America of the best efforts of the greatest composers of the world, which was absolutely unknown twenty years ago. And so the world keeps growing better—the American world—more broad, more cultured, more cosmopolitan all the time.

I remember, soon after Kingsley was here, a visit to one of the places in England, on the coast, made famous in one of his novels—a grand old Norman castle. The dame, a woman of great hospitality, entertained us, and the conversation ran upon the beauty of the situation and the salubrity of the place. The old dame said: "Yes, yes, that is all true; but there is this against it, that when we lie awake here at night and hear the waves beat against the walls of this castle we feel that there is nothing in the world but the Atlantic

Ocean between us and those dreadful American savages."

But as we have advanced so that we can look at the bad and differentiate without trouble or passion, we have in a measure lost enthusiasm. And I lament this loss of enthusiasm. It is the property of civilization and the property of culture to suppress enthusiasm as bad form. A man may feel, but he must n't shout. It 's bad form to shout. I remember seeing the Seventh Regiment go down Broadway when it was marching at the first call of President Lincoln for the protection of the Capitol at Washington. I remember the tens of thousands who crowded the sidewalks and the side streets, and who filled the windows and balconies, every one of whom was in full sympathy with and apprehended what was to be done. They were all of them unfamiliar with war and its horrors, and were having the first taste of it. In every little crowd there was a mother or a sister or a brother or a father who had some one in that regiment, and at the sight of a little flag, a little wave of the handkerchief, or the slightest recognition of the regiment, there would be a tremendous burst of feeling that made one feel in the throbbing and in the pulsations of his heart that it was scarcely possible to longer live or breathe. To have known one such moment and survived it is worth ten years of ordinary life.

I remember, as a boy, the wild hurrah which met the name of Henry Clay. I remember—most of you remember—being carried away upon the waves of tumultuous emotion which swept against the imperturbable figure of General Grant. And yet we are in the midst

of a presidential year, and there is no enthusiasm. The Democrats have n't any, and the Republicans have little. It is a time when politicians become statesmen and statesmen become exaggerated in the ordinary apprehension; and yet when people ought to be frescoing some great idol they are analyzing him. When they ought to be getting up on their hind legs and yelling themselves hoarse for some leader they are doubting his intention, and are turning upon him the wonderful cathode ray.

Now, what is the matter? Has the passion died out? Has enthusiasm disappeared from the American people? Is there no possibility of arousing it by man or by call so that it will have sufficient sustaining power to outlast a campaign? This world-wide sympathy which comes from the morning paper, bringing us in touch by electric communication with all the world, somehow or other diminishes before night the enthusiasm with which we start out in the morning. It knocks us endwise before the sun goes down by denying in the evening paper the things that raised our hair in the morning.

I remember that Governor Seymour, one of the most kind, one of the most courtly, and one of the most genial and charming gentlemen who ever appeared in public life—I remember that he was Governor of the State, while I, as a sort of boy, was Secretary of State. He was renominated as governor, and I, belonging to the opposite political party, was all the time on his track, speaking after him every night. In my wild enthusiasm I decorated him in a way that would make me blush so that I would be flayed alive by the mere

proposition to-day. When I met him after he was defeated I thought he would n't speak to me. But every one in politics knows better. For politics is a kaleidoscope; sometimes you are at one end and sometimes at the other. He came up to me with great cordiality and said: "Mr. Depew, you have made a fine canvass."

I think you could have put me at that time in one of these pint bottles.

"You have got on remarkably at your age," he continued, "but there is nothing in it. For thirty years I have watched the men go down Broadway, and around the marble pillar up State street to the Capitol, who at the moment occupied the attention of the State and seemed destined to immortality; and they have all been driven out of politics by being abandoned or neglected by their party, and have lost touch with the professions or of their locality, and have died in poverty."

Once he said to me: "I remember, as a boy, that in the War of 1812 there were three men who did something on the frontier, and it so impressed the State that the government of the State sent a commission up, and their remains had to come down by slow processions, and it was a magnificent and phenomenal funeral pageant from the frontier. They were met by the legislature and all that there was of the sovereignty of the Empire State. In order to emphasize their fame they were buried in the grounds of the Capitol. But to-day there is no man living who can tell who they were, what they did, or where they are buried." I told that story to the superintendent when they started building the new Capitol. He dug all over the ground and found their bones, but, unfortunately, upon them they

failed to inscribe their names or to tell what they did.

I was born in the country, where it was possible to enthuse, and I believe in enthusiasm as I believe in thunder and lightning for clearing the atmosphere. I believe we want occasionally a sort of Peter the Hermit excitement, which would arouse the people to do something or other by which they would escape from this commercial spirit which is the cause of it all, where there would be that patriotism which sinks selfishness.

When I visited Galena to deliver the address in General Grant's State, I went to the house where Grant worked when he was in the leather-maker's business. It was an old wooden house. As a seller of leather General Grant was worth only six hundred dollars, and it is doubtful if he was worth that. But when he was General of the Army of the United States and spending three million dollars a day he was worth the life of the Republic.

I saw the remains of that pile of logs, totally without comfort, in which Lincoln originated; and he, failing in everything in the practical affairs of life as far as distinction was concerned, in the magnificent enthusiasm by which nations test themselves and become great, he could put his name to a document which did what statesmen had despaired of, that had destroyed congresses, that had ruined reputations, that had been the nightmare of a century—and become immortal by freeing four millions of human beings.

There is something about the enthusiasm of a great people, in its majesty and its superb development, which takes the man of the hour and lifts him, because

of the very enthusiasm behind him, into something grander and better and greater than he would ever be by himself, because he represents the power and the majesty of the multitudes behind.

Now, I notice another thing which has happened in all these years, and that is that now it is utterly impossible for press or people to treat crises or individuals seriously. All we care for as a people is to get some fun out of it. It does n't make any difference how solemn the statesman—the more solemn he is, the more fun we get out of him. It does n't make any difference how grave the crisis, whether in politics, in the church, or in the state, we get some fun out of it. And we are using that process—it is the only process which we have discovered—to bring down the heroes of the past so that we can get a horizontal view of them. I was buying an apple two or three days ago from a street vender, and just then a military figure walked by in a linen duster and carrying a grip-sack. I said to the apple-vender: "There 's ex-President Hayes!" "Never mind him, Mr. Depew; the apple which you have selected is not as good as this; this has no flaws in it."

We take our greatest idols and bring them down sometimes to get a horizontal view, and sometimes to hit a statesman of the hour. Down in Washington the Populist senator, full of the majesty of his position, submits his grave face to the barber's heart, and as he looks at the old darky, he says to him: "Uncle, you must have met with a great many of the men of the past. My predecessors in the Senate, many of them, have occupied the same chair which I now fill."

"Yas, boss, that 's so; a good many of 'em. You somewhat resemble Daniel Webster yourself, boss."

The Populist senator raises himself up, and, throwing the cloth off from around his neck, says: "What part of my head is it, uncle? Is it my brow, or what?"

"No, boss; 't ain't nuffin like that. It 's your bref."

And yet fun has its uses. General Garfield made this remark to me just after he was elected: "Chauncey Depew, let me beg of you never to perpetrate a joke, never be guilty of criticism, never tell a story. The public of America does not regard a man as serious who does any of these things, and that I am here today is because I have so excluded from my mind the necessity of telling a story that I cannot appreciate a joke when I hear one." Yet, gentlemen, I would rather do something which contributes to the gaiety of nations than be the solemn President of the United States.

My friends, you have given me this celebration on Washington's birthday. Why Washington's birthday? The highly complimentary and deliciously phrased sentiments of your president do not satisfy my inner conscience. I have been studying Washington, delivering orations on Washington, and trying to climb up to some place where I could see Washington with a telescope, and I don't know any quality of Washington's that is mine except this, that in a measure both of us have had some connection with the transportation business. You may not recognize that because you are not in the transportation business; but I do, because the delightful old gossip and charming old Parson Weems says in his story of Washington that in Washington's

early life he was connected with the then infantile transportation system which has grown to have a controlling power. He says that "Washington took a hack at the cherry-tree." The beauty of that is its age; but it does not precede Washington's tree.

Gentlemen, for the first time in the history of our State, Washington and Lincoln both have a holiday in February. If we can look seriously on Washington's birthday, and, on an occasion like this, at both of them, what a magnificent contrast, and yet what perfect unity they present! Washington, the aristocrat; Washington, the slaveholder; Washington, the proprietor of a vast domain of magnificent acres; and Lincoln, born in the midst of the humblest conditions. Washington was by birth, by association, by education, by lineage, and by possessions the conservative man of his time and the conservator of property. He could, of course, when the occasion demanded and when he believed the rights and liberties of the country were at stake—he could pledge his life, his honor, his fortune for the salvation of the rights and the liberties of his country; and when it came to the freedom of the Republic, and when it came to putting new institutions into process, he planted in them such conservations and preservations for property and for personal liberty against revolution as exist in no other system in the world.

Lincoln was born in a log cabin of one room with an earthen floor, among the poor whites of the South, where the conditions were such that they paralyzed hope, ambition, and work; but, being just where he was, if he had been born under such conditions in a foreign land, even with his ambitions, his indomitable

energy, his magnificent brain power, and his superb faculty of reaching and appealing to the people, he would have seen that above him was the crust of social and political conditions which would permit no man of his class to rise except that crust were broken into pieces and ground to powder by social revolution. And for this purpose Lincoln would have been a socialist or an anarchist. And yet, under the institutions which aristocracy founded, this man of the people, born under such conditions, reached the same place from that cabin that George Washington reached from his palatial mansion and his baronial acres on the Potomac. And Abraham Lincoln gave to the preservation of his country the same magnificent energy, the same superb patriotism, the same genius that George Washington did for the foundation of the same institutions. One at the social property extreme, the other at the social poverty extreme—these two men, more than any others in the world, illustrate the magnificent opportunities, the superb inspiration, and the undying hopefulness of American liberty! What one, coming from the top, did for the foundation of the Republic, the other, coming from the bottom, did for the construction of the States and the salvation of the Republic. Their story, their lives, their opposition, and their union illustrate that in America there is no place, no time for anarchists, no place, no time for socialism, but always a place and everywhere a time for energy, for pluck, for ambition, and for brains.

Gentlemen, I greet you here to-night in the good-fellowship of this hour; I greet you here to-night in the glorious associations and patriotic memories of

this day. I greet you here to-night in that union and communion within these walls where a man is reckoned not for what he has, but for what he is. I am delighted to greet you to-night, and it is my wish that you may all have long life, health, and happiness, that you may enjoy many of these ambrosial nights in the future, and that the Lotos Club may be immortal.

SETH LOW

AT THE DINNER TO CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, FEBRUARY 22, 1896

I HAVE had the pleasure of being present in the Lotos Club at dinners given on previous occasions, generally to distinguished foreigners. I am glad to be present to-night at a dinner given to one who is as easily distinguished as an American. I know that Mr. Depew can be all things to all men. I don't mean that in the period when he was stumping the State with Governor Seymour he was the originator of the statement that you have heard from a politician of a certain time and place who said to his audience: "Gentlemen, those are my sentiments, but if they don't suit you they can be changed."

On the contrary, I understand that in England Mr. Depew is continually mistaken for Gladstone; that when he was in Germany and Von Moltke was alive, Depew and Von Moltke were interchangeable names; and that in France he could hardly be told from Thiers. But there is one capital in Europe in which Mr. Depew has always been himself, and that is at Constantinople. He has never conducted himself there, believe me, in such a way as to be mistaken for Abdul Aziz. In other words, in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations, he is an American.

Of course no reference to Depew would be complete or tolerably satisfactory that did not refer to his good humor—good humor in every sense of the word; good humor which he permits the American people to enjoy with him. Because he does, we thank him.

Well, to know a man thoroughly, gentlemen, sometimes it is necessary to go through college with him. I owe it to one of his classmates, Wayne MacVeagh, that I have been permitted to analyze, as he expresses it, our idol. I have it upon the authority of Wayne MacVeagh that he used to invite Mr. Depew down into Pennsylvania "to save the nation, Mr. Smith." At least it was true of the Pennsylvania end that no one could withstand the logic of his anecdotes or the humor of his eloquence.

But that is not all. The universality of Mr. Depew's humor is as notable as its genuineness. On the Bowery I understand that it earned for him the name of "Peach"; and in England—if I mistake not, I have it from his own lips—he was assured by two Englishmen separately, within a week of the time when he had got off one of his best jokes, that they thought they saw the point.

This is no small encomium. It was, you remember, an Oxford professor who showed his American friends through the neighborhood of Oxford, until they came to a sign-post that gave directions for travel in this way and in that. At the bottom of the post were these words: "If you can't read, ask the blacksmith across the way." Well, the Americans not unnaturally laughed at the legend, and their English guide asked what they were laughing at.

They said: "Don't you see anything funny on that board?"

"Why, no," said the professor.

They said: "Look again."

So he looked again, and then he began to laugh, too.

"Now do you see?" said they.

"Oh, yes," he said; "the blacksmith might be out."

As this is the anniversary of Washington's birthday, I want to say just a single word of Washington and his time that is suggested by the contrast between those times and these. As I look back upon the achievements of Washington and his fellow patriots, they seem to be in no sense, in no way, more remarkable than in this, that they based an entirely new departure upon the experiences that men had in all ages and in all places. If you read the pages of the "Federalist" you will see how they drew their arguments from the experiences of Greece, of Rome, of Switzerland, of England, and of France. Everywhere they went back into history for principles upon which they were to build the new nation; but they did not slavishly imitate the precedents which they studied. They took the principles, and with those principles they breathed the breath of life into a new thing. That was the result, I have sometimes thought, of this circumstance: that they were still living in an age of the world when most of the daily experiences of life were what they had been for many centuries. The methods of communication were substantially the same: they had the boat, the sailing ship, the horse, and they walked on foot. They had not become accustomed to change as you and I have. Therefore, they had a reverence for experi-

ence that it is very hard for us to have to-day. On the other hand, in the midst of these old and customary experiences of life they found themselves in a new country, where the appeal to their inventiveness and to their ingenuity and sense and power of adaptation was constant. And out of these two circumstances I think—their faith in the experience of men and their readiness to adapt old experience to new problems—we got the Constitution, which has been described as the most wonderful thing that ever was struck out of the mind of man at one moment. Now, in our time we have become accustomed to change. Take such a thing as the X-ray. How easily we accept it! It does n't seem to us to-day any more singular that wood should be glass to some sort of rays than that glass should be glass to those rays to which we are accustomed. In other ages the man who invented such things would have been burned at the stake for witchcraft. In other words, progressiveness is a thing which the American people have in full abundance. But what I think we ought to be very careful to hold on to is that old reverence for experience upon which the founders of this Republic so strongly built. That is the salutation, gentlemen, that I wanted to make to you, drawn from the circumstance that this dinner has been given on Washington's birthday—to ask you to do what you can to imbue the minds of the Americans you know with that reverence for experience which never can be disregarded without the most disastrous results.

ROSWELL P. FLOWER

AT THE DINNER TO CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, FEBRUARY 22, 1896

WHEN I was a boy in the country, the year before Mr. Depew joined this club, he was on the ticket for lieutenant-governor with Francis Kernan. This was in 1872. He made good speeches then, and he has been making them ever since. He told a story then that I remember well, for I listened to every word he said. He was running against John A. Dix at that time, and he said in that audience that he had known John A. Dix for a great many years, that he knew his history well, that he came over on the *Mayflower*, that he asked to be elected justice of the peace the moment he landed, and that he had been in office ever since. A man in that audience who thought he knew cried out, "You lie!" Depew stopped for about a minute; then he said: "I have been three weeks on the stump, speaking in larger places than Watertown, and I never heard that fact disputed before."

At that time Depew had the Democrats with him, and I know that he has a good many of them with him now. I remember some few years ago, after Depew had got something—or rather when he was looking for something, I forget which it was—he said to me confidentially: "Governor, I never went wrong but twice

in my life. Once, when I was a boy, I used to have little bits of pantaloons—little bits of things, you know—that it did n't make any difference which side was in front or which side was behind. Well, one day my mother put them on wrong side first, and I found myself running away from school instead of going there. But I will never do it again. I am going to whoop 'er up every time for the straight ticket."

I wish that Chauncey Depew could be made President of the United States. I wish he had been nominated in 1884. The people of this country, in my judgment, want more business in the executive chair. They want a man not wedded to a tariff so high that you can't get over it, or so low that everything can get over it. He would give you the right kind of a tariff. Our platforms were just alike in 1884 and just alike in 1888. Only the men who got in power revised the tariff on different lines. They divided it on the line on which the old Dakota farmer built his blizzard fences: he built them four feet high and six feet thick, so that when the tornado came and the blank thing went over it was two feet higher than it was before.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON

AT THE DINNER IN HIS HONOR, APRIL 4, 1896

WHILE I may have had some floating idea in my mind that my professional services had been recognized, I had no idea that I was such a good man until your president made his remarks. In the "School for Scandal," if I remember rightly, the lawyer says, after having done an honorable action: "Ladies and gentlemen: I hope you will not mention this matter." And *Sir Peter* says: "Why, man, are you ashamed of having done an honorable action?" "No," said the lawyer, "but I live by the badness of my character, and if it were once known that I had done an honorable thing it might ruin my reputation."

Now, you have heard the compliments that have been hurled at me to-night, and have seen all these beautiful little souvenirs that have appeared before me. I hope that as you are members of this club you won't let it go any further, for if I don't do some dreadful deed shortly my friends will begin to suspect me.

It is natural that I should be very much moved at a reception like this given to me in the city of New York. You will possibly be surprised when I tell you that my first theatrical appearance in New York took place nearly sixty years ago. In looking over Ireland's history of the stage I find that "one Master Joseph

Jefferson," who I presume was myself, in the year 1837 appeared for the benefit of one Master Titus; that the said Joseph Jefferson was then seven or eight years of age, and the beneficiary about ten. We were announced, I find, to appear in a terrific broadsword combat. You will find it all as I tell you. I would n't dare to mention such a thing if it could not be proved by the records. It is hardly to be believed that the inhabitants at that time would have permitted such an exhibition. I was dressed as a Spanish pirate, possibly a privateer, in honor of the beneficiary; and naturally, he being dressed as an American sailor, I was to be overcome by him. I had no political opinions in this matter, it was purely professional; but as I lay upon the stage the American sailor placed his foot upon my breast, waved the Star Spangled Banner aloft, and the curtain came down with great applause. You would scarcely believe it, but I remember it perfectly, and I believe the beneficiary, if he happens to be alive, would remember it too, for it is traditional that I came near cutting off the toe of little Titus in the conflict.

It may seem a little vulgar to talk shop; but no. Oliver Wendell Holmes told me once that a man ought always to talk shop. He said he did n't like to take medicine, but he always liked to talk about it, and that he himself always talked shop, and he begged me on that occasion to talk shop. And that is the reason, possibly, why I have taken the liberty to talk shop to you, because it is the only thing that I know.

After this terrific combat that I speak of there came several other experiences which I remember.

My father was something of an itinerant, and we

wandered toward the West, where we found ourselves sometimes walking from one town to another—not for exercise, I assure you. We found ourselves in the town of Springfield, Illinois, and stranded. There were no telegraphs, and no railroads by which we could get home. There we were, about to open, and, unfortunately, a religious revival was taking place in the town. A prohibitory license fee was placed upon our performance, and we were helpless. A lawyer came forward and offered his services to see if he could n't have the license fee remitted. He put the case before the council, charging nothing for his services, and by his wit and humor the license fee was removed and we were allowed to go on. That lawyer afterward became a very interesting figure in this country, and held a very important position. He now lies buried outside Springfield, under a monument recording the life and virtues of Abraham Lincoln.

And so time went on, and I found myself then, I think, in the city of New Orleans, and it was on the day of some patriotic occasion, either the battle of New Orleans or the birthday of Washington, and the manager, half patriotic and half commercial, arranged that on that occasion the "Star Spangled Banner" should be sung by the company. I was of the company, and was deputed to open the program. I was a boy at that time and had a pretty good voice, and used to lead the choruses in the operas as they came along. I was deputed to sing the first verse. I never felt so nervous in my life—not even to-night. I had studied it and studied it until I knew it backward, and I 'm afraid that 's the way I sang it.

I came forward in that audience, a mass of human

faces, and I was blind with nervousness. I could see nothing but this great wall of human faces before me. My mother was waiting in a wing, with great hopes of her son. I went forward to commence the first verse, and I began: "O say, can you see—" and there I stuck. I tried it again: "O say, can you see—" I stuck again. I don't know whether they could see, but I certainly could not. I hope none of you will ever be hissed from the stage, but on that occasion I was literally hissed off the stage. The stage manager, who was a German, yelled, "Go on, Yoe!" "But "Yoe" could n't go on, and so "Yoe" went off. I staggered to the wing, threw myself in my mother's arms, and we cried it out together. I am fairly patriotic and love my country, but on this occasion I cursed our national anthem from the bottom of my heart.

Again, as time goes on, I find myself here among you, bidding farewell, with my friend, our fellow-member, the dear and beloved Billy Florence, whom you all remember. We were to appear for the last time in English comedy, and he came to me and said: "Don't you think, as we shall naturally be expected to make a speech to-night, that we should prepare something?" I told him that I thought it was a very wise precaution. So we prepared a little extemporaneous wit. I was to make some remark, and he was to reply to it as if he had never heard of it before; I was to reply to what he said, etcetera. We believed in this preparation, and we had everything ready. The actors were at the wings ready to listen to what we had to say. Well, the curtain came down, and the audience did n't call us out at all!

You see how important preparation is on such an

occasion. So my life has gone on step by step until the present moment, when I find myself surrounded by many whom I know and many who must know me. I find myself here, honored by one of New York's great clubs; and I need not tell you that as I appeared in this city over sixty years ago, when, as you are aware, my appearance was not of a startlingly dramatic nature, it is quite likely that some of your fathers and grandfathers, possibly your great-grandfathers or their friends, may have witnessed me when I was a child upon the stage. To be here now, after sixty years, gentlemen, in health and strength, honored by this club and able to address you,—to address, possibly, the descendants of those ancestors,—is a privilege for which I am, and for which I ought to be, most earnestly and sincerely grateful.

PARKE GODWIN

AT THE DINNER TO JOSEPH JEFFERSON, APRIL 4, 1896

THERE was once a Frenchman who wrote a book of maxims, and one of them was that we always have a secret feeling of contempt for the man who makes us laugh. That is only part true. I have no doubt that a conceited Frenchman who could not himself make anybody laugh would have a feeling of contempt for those who do. I have no doubt that a pursy bigot who is so full of self-righteousness that he can entertain no other notion but one of himself would be opposed to laughing lest the laugh be turned against himself. I have no doubt that a lean, haggard fanatic who believes that millions upon millions of years ago it was decreed that everybody should be miserable, and ought to be, would consider a laugh a great sin and entirely unorthodox. I have no doubt that a certain type of politician, say a senator of the United States, who is generally a bag of wind or a bag of gold, and who might be devoted to what the economists call the unearned increment, might be opposed to a laugh, because he knows that laughing is catching and that, if he should begin, the whole world would be cachinnating at his bombastic pomposity.

But for the majority the reverse is the truth. We have no contempt for those who amuse us; on the con-

trary, we admire and love them. We even go further than that; we perhaps go to the other extreme, and absolutely forgive them their shortcomings simply because they do make us laugh. There was *Nick Bottom*, who was not a paragon of human morality; yet, is n't he a source of everlasting delight? There was *Sir Toby Belch;* I should n't recommend him as an exemplar of modern virtues; he had his peccadilloes; yet I hope he will be loved forever. Take perhaps the biggest fool that ever appeared upon the surface of the earth, *Don Quixote.* We all love him; we think he was a fine old gentleman, a noble-hearted man. Take the case of *Sir John Falstaff. Sir John* was not a saint, although he did say that he had lost his voice in early youth by singing anthems, and Shakespeare called him the worst liar that ever lived. We might say he was a monstrous form of unveracity. He took purses on the highway; he picked pockets; he robbed the gallows by the wayside. The *Prince of Wales* once said of him that he was "a great, blubbering mass of adipose; a great mass of iniquity." Yet, if the question were put to you I do not think there is anybody you would be less willing to spare than poor old *John.* Take the case of *Rip Van Winkle. Rip* was not, on the whole, a good Christian. He might have been a good Dutchman. He had the habit sometimes of saying, when he was inclined to crook his elbow, "This time don't count." On the whole, he was a lazy, good-for-nothing wretch, *Rip* was. But, after all, is n't it right that we should like and excuse these people that amuse us? that we should so often go a point beyond moral propriety and for-

give them all their shortcomings? This life of ours is not so superlatively happy a life that we can dispense with these things. Most of us do not ride every day in gilded chariots; we do not lie every night on beds of down; we have troubles and diseases. In this world, too, where we live under a series of religions, born in semi-barbaric ages, where we live in a society which has its thorns, and which perhaps for many of us is like one of those nettle swamps where in former times our brothers used to send the horse thieves, I say that we are not altogether superlatively happy. We have our bad moments; and the fellow who can relieve us and put a sparkle in the eye, a smile on the lip, in spite of all, is a man to be admired and a man to be loved.

Even in its cursory form this ability to excite the risibles is an admirable one. But when we think of it in its higher forms; when we think of it in the light of Aristophanes, who for two thousand years has been the delight of learned men of all nations; when we think of Cervantes, who for three hundred years has given the highest and the most exquisite pleasure to all mankind; when we think of Molière, who through all the darkness and reverses of France has yet been able to shed a smile over her history; when we think of our own Shakespeare, who for three hundred years past has given to all the nations of the earth their supremest happiness, I say that we ought to admire, we ought to esteem, we ought to love the laughers.

Think for a moment. This faculty of appreciating the ludicrous, this faculty of laughing at the odd, the grotesque, the humorous, and the witty, is one of the

highest faculties, one of the richest endowments that have been given to our human nature. Suppose that we were all born without it, like the grizzly bear—what a melancholy set we should be! Suppose we were all of us Scotchmen, who, Macaulay said, could take a joke only when it was inserted by a surgical instrument; suppose that we were confined in our diet to red herring and sauerkraut, and a fellow should come to us and offer us once in our lives a dinner such as the Lotos Club offers to its guests, would not that man be worthy of our admiration and of monuments erected in the principal cities to his honor?

Now all this, gentlemen, is but a long prelude to a very short speech. The short speech is this, that we have before us to-night one of those rare creatures who seem to have been sent into the world to amuse and improve their fellow-men. He was born unlike other children. Instead of uttering a cry, he uttered a laugh. As he has told us to-night, before the short clothes were off he "Jumped Jim Crow" and played for the amusement of his fellows; and from that time for sixty years, by his originality, by his versatility, by his simplicity, by his naturalness, and by his universal charm, he has contributed to the sweetest, the highest, the noblest enjoyment of his fellow-men. I may say that in all the islands of the sea that are on the other side of the globe, if it were announced that Joe Jefferson were coming, people would put on their best looks of expectation, and when he was gone they would put on their brightest smiles of gratitude for having been entertained by him. And do you know the secret of this whole influence over men? It is expressed in one word, and that word is "heart." It is the heart.

It was my good fortune, two or three summers ago, to drop down upon him at Buzzard's Bay. The place is called Buzzard's Bay because there are no buzzards there. As I stepped from the railroad car I said to the station-master: "Will you inform me where Mr. Joseph Jefferson lives?" He said: "Do you know Joe Jefferson?" I said: "Yes, I am very well acquainted with him." "Is that so?" said he. "He 's a good un, ain't he?"

As I was walking along the street to find Mr. Jefferson's place I met a fisherman. He said: "Why, are you acquainted with Joe Jefferson? I have often fished with Joe and Mr. Cleveland. Joe generally catches the most fish. The fish seem to think that an actor is better to know than a President."

Well, I found Joe that summer day—I call him Joe because Joe means "my dear," "my love," or something like that—I found him sitting like Marius amid the ruins of Carthage, but in a different mood. His house had been burned, and he was contemplating how such a thing could happen so early in the spring. I think that he had some theory about spontaneous combustion. My own theory was this, that he had uttered some of his old jokes in the latter part of the autumn, which had frozen up during the winter, and as the heat of the spring came on had thawed out and exploded. He came to meet me, and we went toward his temporary house. As we approached I saw two or three heads coming toward us, and they scampered up to Mr. Jefferson and climbed up his legs and his arms, and I think they would have climbed up on his head or crawled into his ears for the sake of getting nearer to that dear old grandsire.

We are drawn to this man not only by his art, but by his heart. You will pardon me for one or two more remarks. I have had a sad thought. When Mr. Jefferson said that he had been sixty years on the stage I thought that perhaps he would be drawing near his time. There is a very unpleasant necessity that is imposed upon most of us, and that is the necessity of disappearing. We don't want to go, but we are obliged to go. It occurred to me to ask myself where he is going to. And that question was put in my mind by my remembrance of an old anecdote which was told a long time ago of Lester Wallack and John Brougham. They got into a wordy combat and they sparred a good deal, and Lester Wallack said a good many sharp things good-naturedly, which rather shut up John. Suddenly John said: "I had such a dream the other night!"

"What was it, John?" said Lester.

"I dreamed that I died, and of course I made my way to the gates of heaven as quick as I could in order to get a front seat. Who should I see ahead of me but Lester Wallack. The gates flew open, and he went in. The gates were shut when I got there, and I knocked and knocked, and for some time there was no answer. Finally I knocked harder, and then St. Peter came out, looking pretty glum. He said to me: "Who are you?"

"I am John Brougham, the actor."

He said: "Go down to the other place; no actors admitted here."

"How 's that?" said I. "I just saw Lester Wallack go in here."

"Oh, yes, certainly, Lester Wallack; but he 's no actor," replied Peter.

I am therefore very much concerned about our friend Mr. Jefferson, for he is an actor. I am sure of only one thing, that wherever he does go, he will carry that gentle, generous heart of his, and he will be welcomed by all men and all women of gentle, genial, and generous natures.

HENRY VAN DYKE

AT THE DINNER TO JOSEPH JEFFERSON, APRIL 4, 1896

THE venerable speaker who preceded me has told us that all religions originated in barbarous ages. It may be said in answer that one of these religions (to which I confess adherence) has been the leading light of civilization for eighteen centuries. And in coming to do honor to Mr. Joseph Jefferson to-night I have felt no need of leaving that religion behind me.

There was once a Methodist convention out in Chicago, and one of the preachers in attendance took a walk between the sessions. He met a cowboy who was feeling pretty well and who clapped him on the shoulder and said: "Hello, stranger! Come and have a drink."

"I don't drink," said the clergyman.

"Then come and have a cigar," said the cowboy.

"I don't smoke," replied the minister.

The cattleman looked him over, and said: "What 's the matter with you, anyway? Have n't you got any fun in you?" "Not a bit," said the preacher. "Well," said the cowboy, "I 'm going to find out," and he gripped him. So they had a lively little tussle, and the preacher dusted the pavement with the cowboy, and then sat him up against the fence. He looked up in mild surprise and said:

"What do you want to lie like that for? You are chock full of fun."

Now, I wish I were chock full of fun; I would pour it out to-night. I am glad to be here because this is not a genealogical affair. New York has gone crazy lately over such things. We have got societies of 1812; societies of the Revolutionary War; colonial societies of all kinds; the only thing lacking is an Adam and Eve society to complete the list. We may almost say that our dinners in New York this winter have all been in honor of our ancestors. But to-night we are mighty glad that we are here not to do honor to one who is dead, but who is alive, and very much alive.

Who does n't know Joseph Jefferson? An old lady, when asked if she knew him, said: "Joseph Jefferson? Why, yes; I have seen him in all his caricatures."

Mr. Jefferson is a speaker himself, and I wonder how he likes being obliged to sit still and have others speak for him, and to him, and about him. He knows how often a speaker's words run away with his meaning, and as he sits smiling at us I am sure he has a secret sense of uncertainty as to what is coming next. I suppose he feels very much like that child—perhaps you have heard the story. This little girl came to her mother and said: "Ma, Johnny and I just had a mad cow chase us, and we were saved by prayer."

"How was that?" inquired the mother.

"We were running across the field, and this cow came after us just as fast as ever she could come. I said to Johnny that he must pray. Johnny said all he could think of was what papa always says before breakfast, and he said that: 'For what we are about to receive,

the Lord make us truly thankful,' and then the cow went away."

I do not know just where to strike into this subject to-night. Mr. Jefferson is a master of the seven liberal arts—the art of painting, the art of agriculture—(Turning to Mr. Jefferson: Oh, I have been up in Paradise Valley, and I know your record as a farmer. Up there you are often confused with Thomas Jefferson.) Mr. Jefferson is a master of painting and agriculture and oratory and literature and fishing and singing and acting, we all know; but the greatest thing is that he is a master of the art of living—the art of living cheerfully and cleanly and happily and helpfully to humanity.

It is said, by those who know, that the stage is a difficult place to lead that kind of life. I do not know. I am willing to take the testimony of men who say it. But Mr. Jefferson is a proof that "some things can be done as well as others," and that a man can lead a very fine and noble life in the actor's profession. When a man does that, all the more honor and praise and gratitude are due him for showing us how the rôle of genuine manhood should be played *con amore.*

O well for him who finds a friend,
  Or makes a friend where'er he come;
Who loves the world from end to end,
  And wanders on from home to home.

Sixty years ago, sir, you came to this city, and you tell us they called you then "Master Joseph Jefferson." We still call you "*Master* Joseph Jefferson."

JOHN A. TAYLOR

AT THE DINNER TO JOSEPH JEFFERSON, APRIL 4, 1896

IT is, to my mind, gentlemen, a creditable thing to our civilization that a body of men such as this should come together to honor a man such as our distinguished guest is—a man who is not too far above us to be above the common plane of our social life, and yet is far enough above us to command our confidence and esteem.

I think we are accustomed to think, gentlemen, that occasions like this have nothing more about them than the pleasure of the hour. I think it is a common estimate that men put upon us that social clubs like this are composed largely of men who are superficial in their treatment of the affairs of life, and who only want to enjoy themselves. Gentlemen, if our entire civilization were wiped out to-night except as it is represented at this banquet-table here by all forms of writing and printing, and all the inventions were themselves to be done away with, I think that here in this room these men who are laughing and eating and drinking about these tables, and who are looking into the faces of the men who are speaking here, have in them the capacity and the power and the ability to reorganize a civilization and marshal their forces at the

head of the State, and to re-create all that the nineteenth century has given of wisdom or social sagacity.

You have in the past invited to this festal table many distinguished guests—so many and so distinguished that no author, or soldier, or statesman has come to be so well known and so favorably received in our country that he has not taken on an added dignity to find at some climax of his career his forehead crowned with the laurels of this club. Yet you have never invited us to drain our glasses to one of all that distinguished host of men to whom our hearts have gone out in more spontaneous response than to him whose auspicious future we pledge to-night.

For more than two human generations he has been holding before us those matchless pictures of human fellowship which, behind the different characters of the play-bill, have been, after all, but poor and flimsy devices through which he has opened up to us the beautiful avenues of his own generous heart, and has bidden us all to saunter down the pleasant paths which lead to his own gracious presence. For who of us has ever been so blinded by the pinched and wizened face of *Caleb Plummer* that we have not seen behind it the glowing personality of our guest? Or that we have not seen behind the frayed buckskin of *Rip Van Winkle* that great fund of kindly human nature so characteristic of Mr. Jefferson?

So that of all the thousands of people who have been lifted up and illuminated by the generous heart and the genius of our guest, there is not one sitting here at this table to-night who would hesitate to reach his palm across to Mr. Jefferson and expect that genial

response which is born of a liberal fund of kindly human nature. And so it is that we all find in this man those qualities which knit him closely to each of our hearts and make us all feel that we are not alone honoring genius, but that we are honoring a part of our common humanity. And do you say that so to carry one's self for fifty years is not to signalize this among his kind? It certainly bespeaks the best human attribute. The path to military distinction is strewn with the horrors of the battle-field; the way to forensic virtues is lined with the sufferings of defeat; the sacred office of the church even is shrouded with tears and groans; but the great actor who holds himself loyally and unswervingly to those great fundamental principles which underlie and uplift humanity, who has in his own heart the best evidences of human conduct, who holds above the souls of men these shining examples, sets the pace for humanity at large, and is a material element which enters into the uplifting of the world.

And so it is that, sitting down to-night, Joe Jefferson, with your friends here at the table, above the welcome music of their words of praise and above the shouts of their applause, we are all glad to believe that you cheerfully recognize that the thing about you which we do most of all admire and love is not the matchless skill and art with which you have given us those portraits behind the footlights, but it is that everywhere, all the time, in your career you have given us no single picture there which we did n't know all the while could not for a moment be compared with what you are yourself.

SIMEON FORD

AT THE DINNER TO JOSEPH JEFFERSON, APRIL 4, 1896

MR. JEFFERSON has graphically described the horrors of stage fright, and he knows its symptoms, and if he will diagnose my case he won't need any X-rays to see that I have it in its most malignant form. It may seem strange that a man who knows enough to keep a hotel open does n't know enough to keep his face closed; but it is no fault of mine. Why, Mr. President, with all these orators sitting around, bursting with suppressed speeches—men with eloquence to burn, and who like to smell of smoke—why, I say, have you sprung me upon these innocent people?

I should like to say some graceful things about our honored guest which are boiling within me, but I have n't the power; I am not built that way; and, besides, I am afraid his hat will bind a little to-morrow as it is, and it would be a pity to have him at this late day get stuck on himself. It 's a dangerous thing, Mr. Jefferson, to get stuck on an actor.

I have followed Mr. Jefferson's career with interest from early boyhood (that is, from *my* boyhood). At first I watched him from above—from the family circle, where we had to take off our jackets so we could sit close. I watched him as *Rip Van Winkle* while my scalding tears fell upon the heads of the bloated aris-

tocrats beneath until they had to raise their umbrellas, and my merry, infectious laugh echoed and reverberated from those far heights until the guardian of the gallery swooped down and repressed my boyish enthusiasm with a club.

As I became more affluent I descended through the various strata of the theatre until now I have reached the $2.50 seats purchased on the sidewalks (which are said to be worthless), and some day yet I may get into a box (although I trust it won't be any such hot box as I am in now). And still my scalding tears fall over *Rip's* tribulations, but, alas! my merry, infectious laugh is not now sufficiently contagious to occasion alarm.

I relate all this not that it is of the slightest interest, but I want Mr. Jefferson to know that I have freely contributed to his support all these years, for he must realize that although I can't talk, money talks. I know enough to put up, if I don't know enough to shut up.

But I never thought to stretch my legs under the same mahogany with Mr. Jefferson (you notice how I have stretched 'em), and as I stand here, six feet in my stockings (for I do wear stockings, although my looks may belie it!), I can feel myself swelling with pride—it may not be visible to the naked eye, but I am swelling—so that I almost fear I shall be laid up to-morrow with what Artemus Ward used to call "a severe attack of embonpoint."

And yet I don't know why I should n't sit at table with him, for there are some things in common between the actor and the landlord, and yet more which are

not in common. The actor and the landlord both take in the public, and both provide entertainment for man and beast. The landlord gives the people bed and board, while in the theatre they get no bed but sometimes get bored, though never, of course, when Mr. Jefferson is on the stage. The landlord gives his patrons the best the market affords (in his advertisements), while the actor has a certain delicacy about receiving from his audiences the products of the market—especially the vegetable products. Poor Bill Nye used to have a recipe for removing egg stains from the garments of lecturers and actors—but that is neither here nor there. The pathway of our guest has for many years been strewn with flowers, not fruit—and certainly not hen-fruit.

And finally, while it is the actor's privilege to prance upon the boards, it is the landlord's privilege to prance upon the boarders.

You remember where *Rip* inquires of the innkeeper, "Is this the village of Falling Water?" and the innkeeper replies, or would if he were up to date: "Yes, since Tom Platt took to regulating the heavens above and the earth beneath we have had water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink. And the Raines Bill descended and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house, and dear old Uncle Levi hardly knew which side of the fence to drop on in order to keep out of the wet; and now the clubs have to hang their liquor licenses on the outer walls, and the governors thereof cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war; and the free lunch has vanished like a tale that is told, and there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth; and the band plays on."

That sentence is a little involved, but it shows that I am highly educated.

What a character was that of *Rip!* If such a person should appear in real life to-day, with that clouded intellect and those Pefferian whiskers trimmed to every favoring gale, he 'd be sent to Congress as a silver senator in spite of everything.

Mr. President, I am keeping better men from speaking. I am glad to be here to pay this eloquent tribute to our distinguished guest. "May he live long and prosper"—a remark which is not original with me.

As a landlord I have had much to do with actors, and they have had to do with me, and some of them have done me. I am the proud possessor of perhaps the largest and most interesting collection of actors' trunks extant. If I were asked to describe a vacuum I would say, "A vacuum is the contents of an actor's trunk left with a landlord as collateral for unpaid board." If the cathode rays were to penetrate one of these trunks, when they got inside they would die of homesickness. I have n't one of Mr. Jefferson's trunks, however. I wish I had, and then I could say with Shakespeare's *Lucius:*

> "Draw you near
> To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk."

Gentlemen, on behalf of the landlords, to whom you all owe so much, I thank you for not throwing anything at me.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON

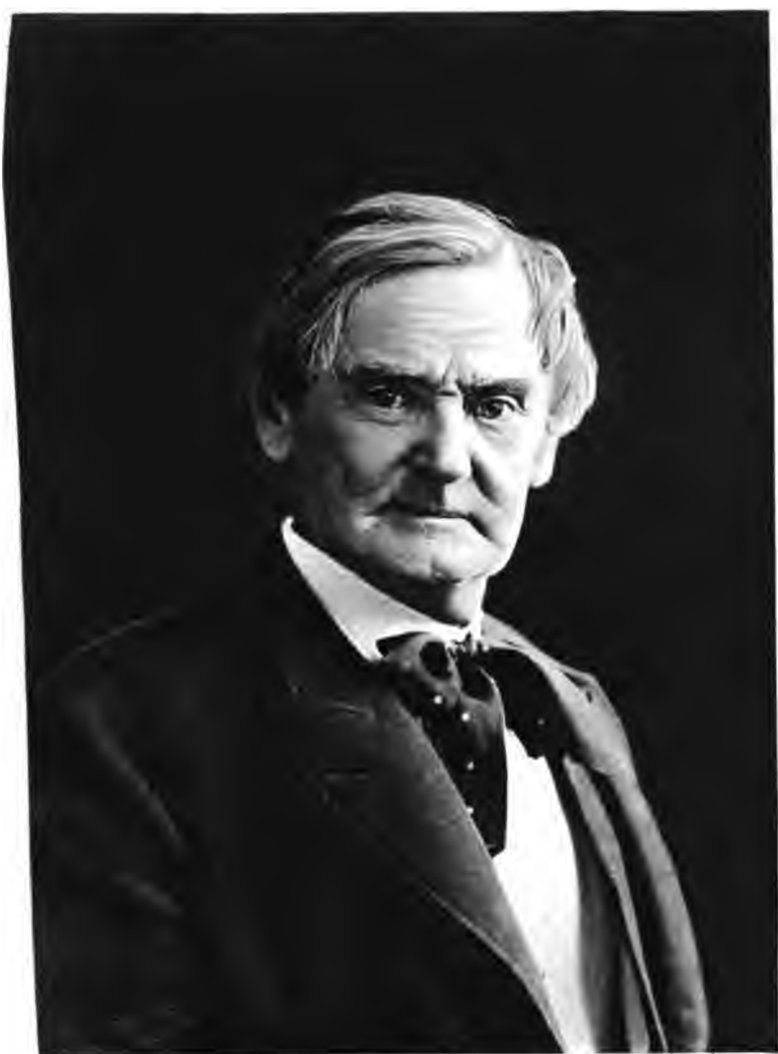
AT THE DINNER IN HIS HONOR, APRIL 4, 1896

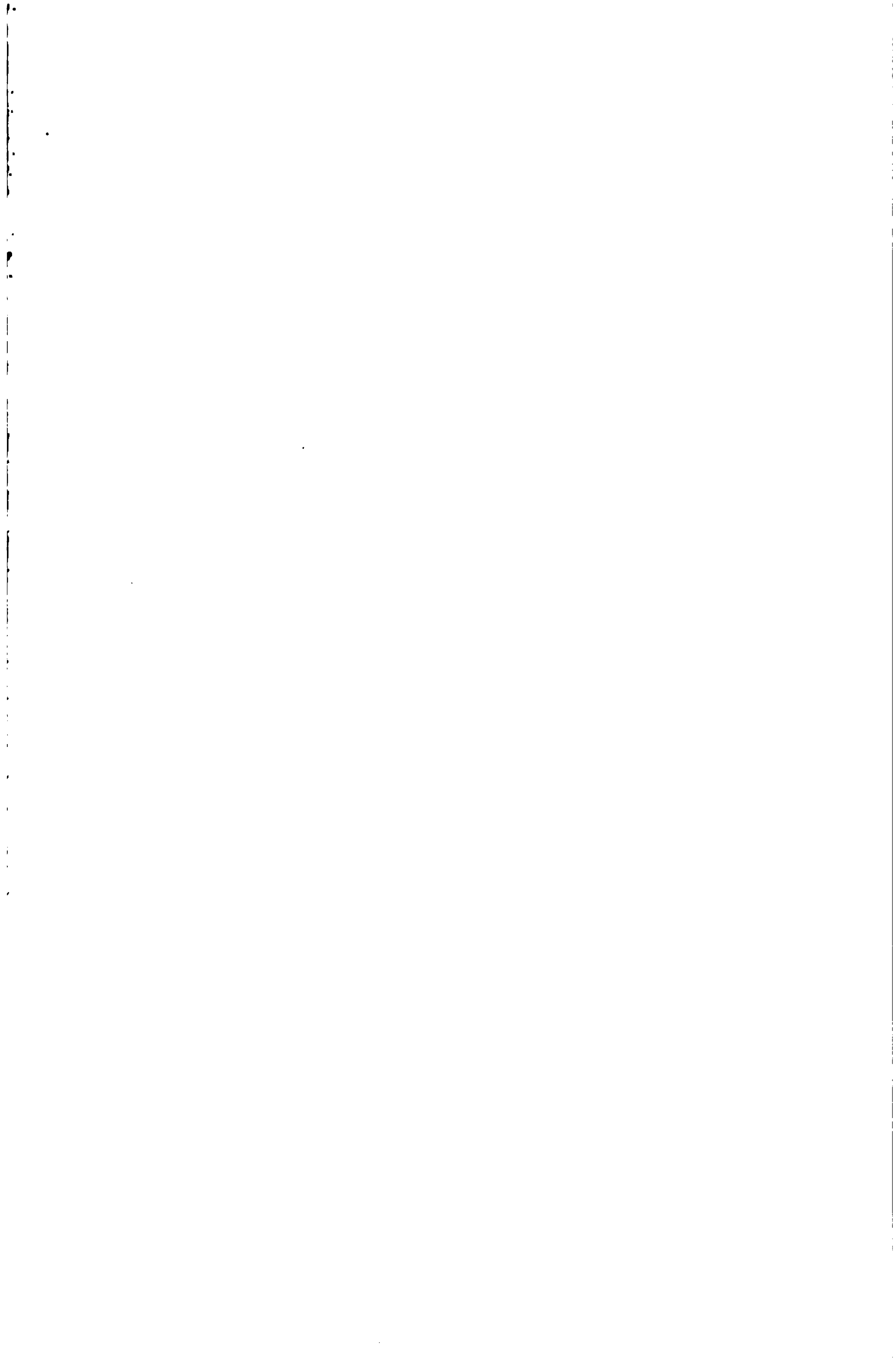
(Closing Speech.)

MY good friend Parke Godwin has been pleased to say that he thinks the explosion at my house was caused by the fact that I had let off some of my old jokes there and that the walls of the house were not strong enough to stand it. Why, gentlemen, if the retailing of my old jokes had an effect of that kind there would n't be one stone of the Lotos Club to-night left upon earth. I have here told all that I could think of.

Another playful allusion was made by Mr. Godwin as to where I should eventually go. It is rather early, possibly, to think of that; but, as *Bardolph* said of *Falstaff*, "Wherever I go, I hope he will be with me." He spoke of St. Peter and also of Lester Wallack and John Brougham, who, I believe, have met St. Peter, and who, I have no doubt, were freely admitted. A pathetic allusion was once made by an actor who was dying. He was one of the sweetest men I ever knew, and I was in the room just before he died. He really did say, when he was asked if he thought he had made his peace with his Maker, and whether he hoped for salvation and expected to enter the kingdom of heaven: "Oh, yes, I believe they admit the profession." Of

Joseph Jefferson





course it is a difficult thing to say which direction we may take. Byron says:

> "Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate:
> His keys were rusty, and the lock was dull,
> So little trouble had been given of late;
> Not that the place by any means was full,
> But since the Gallic era—'eighty-eight'—
> The devils had ta'en a longer, stronger pull,
> And 'a pull all together,' as they say
> At sea—which drew most souls another way."

So it is hard to tell which direction Mr. Godwin and I may take, but I hope we shall go together.

The reverend gentleman who complimented me so highly, and who said that to-morrow was his busy day, mentioned and rather singled me out as knowing how to live. Of course the important thing is to know how to die. We have heard that life is like a play; it matters not that it should be long, but that it should be well acted, and we should be sure to make a good exit. Now, then, I do not like, and I must protest against, being selected for this exclusively virtuous career. My profession is filled with many of the most honest and virtuous men and women I have met anywhere. It is not for me to defend it; and I know you will pardon me on this occasion, for, as I said, it is embarrassing to be singled out. I do not want to say with *Lear*, "Pour on, I will endure."

Now, gentlemen, in conclusion allow me to quote, or to requote, the quotation at the end of our souvenir to-night:

> "Here's to your health, and to your family's good health,
> May you live long and prosper!"

JOHN WATSON

(IAN MACLAREN)

AT THE DINNER IN HIS HONOR, DECEMBER 5, 1896

IT would be an affectation if I said that I was unaccustomed to public speaking, after inflicting myself upon so many American audiences during the last two months; but I trust that you will not think it an affectation, but the pure utterance of the heart, when I say that it is with much difficulty that I rise upon this occasion. You have, sir, been most kind, and not only eloquent, but far too generous in your references to my work, and I have to thank you all, gentlemen, for the great kindness with which you have received the president's remarks. It is surely something which a Scotch story-teller must remember unto the end of his days, that he received so large and so cordial a welcome at the hands of this club, devoted to many excellent objects, but, I believe, not least to the interests of literature and art and the drama and every means of culture.

Your president has referred to Bohemia, and has indicated that he thinks there will be struck up an alliance between Scotland and Bohemia—on first sight one of the most unlikely alliances that ever could be consummated. The president no doubt, however, has many things in his eye, and when we remember the

careless garb of a Bohemian and the kilt of Scotland; when we remember a Bohemian's tendency to live, if he can, in a good-natured way upon his neighbors, and the tendency of my respected ancestors to take any cattle that they could see; and when also we remember that a Bohemian's sins are all atoned for by his love of letters, and that all the hardness and uncouthness of Scotland may well deserve to be passed over because no country has ever loved knowledge or scholarship more than Scotland, I declare the president is predicting a most harmonious marriage.

Your hospitality is only crowning the great kindness which I have received during the past months—a kindness which I never expected and which I have never merited. Were one a lad of twenty-five, I declare it would be dangerous, for after the audiences that have been good enough to listen to me, and the favor I have received, also, at the hands of distinguished men of letters, whose welcome to one of the poorest recruits that the republic of letters could send has been most generous—I declare if I were twenty-five I might be confused about my position. One of my friends, full of didactic interest and anxious that I should maintain my proper place, invented the following slight conversation: An American, he says, recently entered his study—he is a clergyman, and therefore much given to morals—and asked him if he knew the man Maclaren. He said he did. "Well," said the American, "we consider that there are two men, Shakespeare and Maclaren." I then began to see the drift of the anecdote. "Well," said my Scotch friend, "we also in Scotland know them both, but we make a great difference be-

tween them." "Yes," said the American, "we place Maclaren higher; he is a deal more sentimentaler." I assured my friend that his effort was not in vain, and that if he had ever had any anxiety as regards the condition of my head, he might rest perfectly assured, for I knew my place.

Gentlemen, when one receives as much kindness as I have in America it does n't—if you will excuse an expression not quite within the range of literature—it does n't swell one's head. But it does something better: it swells one's heart.

Had I the opportunity, when I return home, of speaking to one of the great gods on our Mount Olympus, or to any man who has the genuine gift of letters and who has consecrated his life to that great cause, I would venture to point my moral, and what I would say to him would be this: If a man who enters the republic of letters late in life, and who is fully conscious of his imperfections and who has never counted on attaining to any great standard of art, through his slowness in beginning and through the exigencies of his position, can yet obtain the favorable ear of the public because he deals kindly with humanity, what will humanity not add to men richly endowed with genius and who have a grace to which no amateur writer can aspire?

That would be my moral; and I am convinced, Mr. President, that if those men whom we look up to and who sit in high places, whose witchery of style and magnificent genius we all respect, could withdraw themselves from the study of certain moods which we believe are fantastic, and certain sides of human-

ity confined only to literary coteries and to great cities, and could embrace the great, rich, simple, and unaffected humanity that is throughout all lands, the triumph they have won in the world of letters would be as nothing compared to the triumph they would win if, with all their culture, they laid their hand upon the heart of the common people.

During those months it is impossible that one should travel to and fro without having formed impressions; and it is pleasant to go back with such entirely friendly and kindly impressions of the nation whose best thought and feeling are represented in this room. One has had the privilege of having passed through a political campaign that will ever leave a trace in the memory. For one will start up in sleep in days to come, hearing in imagination the cry ringing through the car: "What 's the matter with William McKinley?" and sink back to rest with perfect confidence, lulled to sleep with the honest refrain, "He 's all right." Not that I mean that my allegiance to the cause represented by that eminent man was quite unshaken, for after having been eight hours in bed in Oberlin, Ohio, and being awakened on the night of election every fifteen minutes by enthusiastic cheers for sound money beneath my window, I at length made three resolutions: first—in which I hope you will sympathize with me without rebate—a desire to be naturalized immediately as a citizen of the United States; second, to try and pass a bill to enable me still to vote, though the poll was closed; and, third, as I was finally awakened, at six o'clock, by shouts for McKinley, I had a desire to go to the poll and vote for another person.

The undeniable vivacity of your people, which puts us poor Englishmen and Scotchmen quite to shame, was most excellently shown in that election. It was shown beyond anything that I ever could have imagined, and I understand now why American life so largely partakes of excitement, tempered by iced-water. One thing profoundly impressed me—I am speaking in perfect seriousness—and that was the courtesy of your people. Without any question—and I am not saying this for the saying's sake—your people are the most courteous people one could meet, whether he be traveling on the road or engaged in ordinary intercourse. Courtesy may be tried by various standards, and possibly the highest form of courtesy is respect to women. I have never seen anywhere, and certainly not among continental nations, who rather boast of their courtesy in this direction—I have never seen such a genuine, unaffected, and practical courtesy paid to the weaker and the gentler sex as I have seen in America.

Courtesy also can be tried by general agreeableness. During my tour—and owing to the arduous exercise of my friend Major Pond I have never stayed long in one place—I have traveled far and wide, and have n't always been able to ride in parlor cars. I have consequently seen much of the people, but with the exception of one single person, and she was an immigrant and, I have no doubt, a delightful woman, although somewhat indifferent as to her personal appearance—with the exception of that single individual, I have met no woman and no man in the cars with whom I would not be willing to sit in the same compartment or the

same seat of the car during a day's journey. That seems to me a remarkable thing, but it may seem to you nothing. To us, from a European standpoint, it means a great deal. It means the comfort of your people; it means the self-respect of your people; it means the manners of your people; it means many things on which I congratulate you as a nation. Of course there may be flaws in the marble, but with this high standard of manners there remains only one thing for you to do. I have no doubt you do not do it because you are afraid of Phariseeism if you become altogether perfect. But there are certain appliances provided, even in a parlor car, which might be removed.

I am also struck, Mr. President, by another form of courtesy which has greatly impressed me, and that is that with you all language is raised to the highest point, and your anxious desire is to place everything upon the most dignified platform. I have been introduced to an almost infinite number of men who fought in your great war in the rank of commanding officers, and to no lawyers who have not attained to the position of judge; and as for my own profession, which affords at home only a doctor here and there, it affords nothing else in America. This, also, I recognize as a great courtesy, and a wish to make life pass agreeably to everybody concerned. The rudeness, or let me say uncouthness, of the Englishman was never brought home to me more forcibly than when I recently approached one of your colored brethren in a hotel and asked him for the lift. "Lift, sah?" he said. "Oh, elevator, sah, you mean." Then I knew

where I was; and, in fact, that is entirely a parable which saves me further explanation. What we call "lift" generally throughout England is called "elevator" here; so we are raised here to a higher level.

And, sir, what has interested me deeply is that while you are contending with the difficulties which fall to the lot not only of a new and growing people, but of a nation into which is flowing the very refuse of Europe, there is throughout your people, and especially in the West—I notice in the East you do not always value the West at its highest—a great love of letters and of art. I have seen again and again in the houses of men who are, as they say in Europe, self-made men, who have risen suddenly to affluence, abundant evidence that their love is set not merely on the things that a man holds in his hand, but on the means of culture through which we see into the unseen and the beautiful. Some of the most lovely pictures of modern art can be found in the houses of those men. They do not have their pictures, gentlemen, merely as pieces of furniture, which they have bought for so much money: but the men who have them, as I can bear testimony, can appreciate the beauty of those pictures and are in no mean degree art critics themselves. On the other side I have been assured that if a bookseller has a rare book—one of those lovely volumes that we should all like to have, with a creamy and beautiful binding, and marked perhaps with the arms of a king or a pope—it is not in England that he finds a purchaser, but in America. And, Mr. President, I would congratulate you on the fact that to your high spirit and great enterprise you are also adding reverence for the past,

and especially that love of letters and art which is surely the height of perfection.

I would only add one other thing, and it is this, that while the good will between the old country and yours can be maintained, and is going to be maintained, by honorable self-respect, we are encouraged to cherish the hope that the two nations will be bound more and more closely together, until at last the day comes when from Washington and London may go forth a voice on a great international question of righteousness that no nation will dare to pass by. While that can be secured only by the agreement of eminent statesmen, yet surely, gentlemen, the coming and going of individuals treated after a most friendly fashion on this side, and, I trust, also not unkindly on the other side, will not only unite men of letters, but also our two great nations with silken cords that can never be broken.

Mr. President and gentlemen of the Lotos Club, I thank you for this great honor, which, in my quiet and retired life of the future, will never be forgotten.

WILLIAM WINTER

AT THE DINNER TO JOHN WATSON (IAN MACLAREN), DECEMBER 6, 1896 [1]

IT is a pleasure to know, from the assurance we have just received, that every man who rises upon the platform of the Lotos Club immediately becomes eloquent,—for I do not recall an occasion when the need of eloquence was more urgent. In this distinguished presence I should have been pleased to remain silent; to listen, not to speak. But since, in your kindness, you will have it otherwise, I must thank you as well as I can, and I do thank you, most sincerely, for the privilege of participating in your whole-hearted and lovely tribute to the great writer who is your guest to-night. All that I feel, as an humble and obscure votary of literature standing in the presence of one of its masters, could not be briefly spoken, but the little that it seems essential I should say can be said in a few words. My oratorical ministrations, as many of my present hearers are aware, have usually, and almost exclusively, been invoked upon occasions of farewell,—until I have come to feel like that serious Boston clergyman who declined to read the wedding service because he considered himself "reserved for funerals." A certain de-

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lightful humorist now present, however, has recorded for you the reassuring opinion of the grave-digger of Drumtochty, that there is no real pleasure in a marriage, because you never know how it will end; whereas there is no risk whatever in a burial. Under these circumstances you know what to expect. It is no part of my intention to infringe upon the facetious treatment of this occasion.

About eight years ago, when I visited for the first time [1888] the glorious city of Edinburgh, I had the singular good fortune to meet with a venerable gentleman—Captain W. Sandylands—then more than eighty, who, in his youth, had personally known Sir Walter Scott; and he described, minutely and with natural enthusiasm, the appearance of that great man, as he had often seen him, when walking in Prince's street, on his way to and from that Castle-street house which has become a shrine of devout pilgrimage from every quarter of the world. What a privilege it was to have looked upon that astonishing genius—that splendid image of chivalry and heroism! To have heard his voice! To have seen his greeting smile! To have clasped the hand that wrote "Ivanhoe" and "The Antiquary," "Old Mortality" and "The Lady of the Lake"! As I listened, I felt myself drawn nearer and ever nearer to the sacred presence of a great benefactor; to the presence of that wonderful man, who, next to Shakespeare, has, during all my life, been to me the most bountiful giver of cheer and strength and hope and happy hours. To you, my hearers, fortunate children of the Lotos flower, within the twenty-six years of your club life, has fallen the golden op-

portunity of personal communion with some of the foremost men, whether of action or of thought, who have arisen to guide and illumine the age—Froude, who so royally depicted the pageantry and pathos of the Past; Grant, who so superbly led the warrior legions of the Present; Charles Kingsley, with his deep and touching voice of humanity; Wilkie Collins, with his magic wand of mystery and his weird note of romance; Oliver Wendell Holmes, the modern Theocritus, the most comforting of philosophers; Mark Twain, true and tender heart and first humorist of the age; and Henry Irving, noble gentleman and prince of actors. Those bright names, and many more, will rise in your glad remembrance; and I know you will agree that, in every case, when the generous mind pays its homage to the worth of a great man, the impulse is not that of adulation, but that of gratitude. Such is the feeling of this hour, when now you are assembled to honor the author of the "Bonnie Brier Bush," the most exquisite literary artist, in the vein of mingled humor and pathos, who has risen in Scotland since the age when Sir Walter Scott,—out of the munificence of his fertile genius,—created Wamba the Jester, Cuddie Headrigg, Caleb Balderstone, Dugald Dalgetty, Dominie Sampson, and Jeannie Deans.

There are two principles of art, or canons of criticism, call them what you will, to which my allegiance is irrevocably plighted: that it is always best to show to mankind the things which are to be emulated, rather than the things which are to be shunned, and (since the moral element, whether as morality or immorality, is present in all things, perpetually obvious,

and always able to take care of itself) that no work of art should have an avowed moral. Those principles are conspicuously illustrated in the writings of Dr. Watson. Without didacticism they teach, and without effort they charm. Their strength is elemental; their stroke is no less swift than sure,—like the scimetar of Saladin, which, with one sudden waft of the strong and skilful hand, could shear in twain the scarf of silk or the cushion of down. Dr. Watson has himself told you that "we cannot analyze a spiritual fact." We all know that the spirit of his art is noble, and that its influence is tender and sweet. We all know that it has, again and again, suddenly, and at the same instant, brought the smile to our lips and the tears into our eyes. I cannot designate its secret. I suppose it to be the same inaccessible charm of truth that hallows the simple words of the dying *Lear:*

> "Pray you undo this button: Thank you, sir;"

the same ineffable pathos that is in the death speech of *Brutus:*

> "Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
> That have but labour'd to attain this hour;"

the same voice of patient grief that breathes in the touching farewell of *Cassius:*

> "Time is come round,
> And where I did begin there shall I end—
> My life is run his compass;"

the same woeful sense and utterance of human misery that thrills through the wonderful words of *Timon:*

> "My long sickness
> Of health and living now begins to mend,
> And nothing brings me all things;"

the same exquisite flow of feeling that is in the lilt of Burns, when he sings of the Jacobite cavalier:

> "He turned him right and round about
> Upon the Irish shore;
> And gave his bridle reins a shake
> With adieu for evermore, my dear,
> And adieu for evermore."

I remember that magic touch in some of the poems of Richard Henry Stoddard, and in some of the stories —the matchless American stories—of Bret Harte. I recognize it in the sad talk of poor old Bows, the fiddler, when, in the night, upon the bridge at Chatteris, he speaks to the infatuated Pendennis about the heartless and brainless actress to whom they both are devoted, and drops the stump of his cigar into the dark water below. I feel it in that solemn moment when, as the tolling bell of the Charterhouse chapel calls him for the last time to prayer, the finest gentleman in all fiction answers to his name and stands in the presence of the Master: and I say that there is but one step from the death-bed of Colonel Newcome to the death-bed of William Maclure.

Through all that is finest and most precious in literature, like the King's Yarn in the cables of the old

British navy, runs that lovely note of poetry and pathos. So, from age to age, the never-dying torch of genius is passed from hand to hand. When Robert Burns died, in 1796, it might have been thought that the authentic voice of poetry had been hushed forever; but, even then, a boy was playing on the banks of the Dee, whose song of passion and of grief would one day convulse the world; and the name of him was Byron. In that year of fatality, 1832, when Crabbe and Scott and Goethe died, and when the observer could not but remember that Keats and Shelley and Byron were also gone, it might again have been thought that genius had taken its final flight to Heaven; but, even then, among the pleasant plains of Lincolnshire, the young Tennyson was ripening for the glory that was to come. And now, when we look around us, and see, in England, such writers as Blackmore, Thomas Hardy, and Rudyard Kipling, and, in Scotland, such writers as John Watson, and Barrie, and William Black, and Crockett, I think that we may feel—much as we reverence the genius of Dickens and Thackeray and George Eliot, and much as we deplore their loss—that the time of acute mourning for those great leaders has come to an end.

Nor am I surprised that the present awakening of poetry, passion, and pathos in literature has come from Scotland. When, on a windy Sabbath day of cloud and sunshine, I have stood upon the old Calton hill, and, under a blue and black sky, seen the white smoke from a thousand chimneys drifting over the gray city of Edinburgh; when from the breezy, fragrant Braid Hills I have gazed out over the crystal

Forth, "whose islands on its bosom lie, like emeralds chased with gold"; when from the gloomy height of the Necropolis I have looked across to ancient Glasgow and the gaunt and grim Cathedral of Rob Roy; when I have seen Dumbarton rock burst through the mountainous mist and frown upon the sparkling Clyde; when, from the slopes of Ben Cruachan, I have watched the sunset shadows darkening in the dim valleys of Glen Strae; when, just before the dawn, I have paused beside the haunted Cona, and looked up at the cold stars watching over the black chasms of Glencoe; and when, at midnight, I have stood alone in the broken and ruined Cathedral of Iona, and heard only the ghostly fluttering of the rooks and the murmuring surges of the desolate sea, I have not wondered that Scotland has all the poetry, and that deep in the heart of every true Scotchman there is a chord that trembles not alone to the immortal melodies of Burns and Scott, but to the eternal harmonies of Nature and of God. There may be countries that are more romantic and more poetical. I have not seen them; and as I think of Scotland I echo the beautiful words of Burns:

"Still o'er the scene my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but th' impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear."

I propose this sentiment: Scotland, its glories, its memories, its beauties, and its loves: and I will close this address with some verses of mine, expressive of the feeling with which I parted from the most sacred of Scottish shrines:

FAREWELL TO IONA[1]

I

Shrined among their crystal seas —
Thus I saw the Hebrides:

All the land with verdure dight;
All the heavens flushed with light;

Purple jewels 'neath the tide;
Hill and meadow glorified;

Beasts at ease and birds in air;
Life and beauty everywhere!

Shrined amid their crystal seas —
Thus I saw the Hebrides.

II

Fading in the sunset smile —
Thus I left the Holy Isle;

Saw it slowly fade away,
Through the mist of parting day;

Saw its ruins, grim and old,
And its bastions, bathed in gold,

Rifted crag and snowy beach,
Where the sea-gulls swoop and screech,

[1] Copyright by the Macmillan Company, of New York.

Vanish, and the shadows fall,
To the lonely curlew's call.

Fading in the sunset smile —
Thus I left the Holy Isle.

III

As Columba, old and ill,
Mounted on the sacred hill,

Raising hands of faith and prayer,
Breathed his benediction there,—

Stricken with its solemn grace —
Thus my spirit blessed the place:

O'er it while the ages range,
Time be blind and work no change!

On its plenty be increase!
On its homes perpetual peace!

While around its lonely shore
Wild winds rave and breakers roar,

Round its blazing hearths be blent
Virtue, comfort, and content!

On its beauty, passing all,
Ne'er may blight nor shadow fall!

Ne'er may vandal foot intrude
On its sacred solitude!

May its ancient fame remain
Glorious, and without a stain;

And the hope that ne'er departs,
Live within its loving hearts!

IV

Slowly fades the sunset light,
Slowly round me falls the night:

Gone the Isle, and distant far
All its loves and glories are;

Yet forever, in my mind,
Still will sigh the wand'ring wind,

And the music of the seas,
Mid the lonely Hebrides.

HORACE PORTER

AT THE DINNER IN HIS HONOR, JANUARY 9, 1897

THERE is sometimes doubt as to whether there is more pleasure regarding a dinner in realization or in anticipation. Some think that it is better not to give the man the dinner and have people going about saying, "Why don't they give him a dinner?" than to have the dinner given to him and then have people going about saying, "Why did you give him a dinner?" But having tasted the enjoyment thus far this evening, I shall always cast my vote in favor of realization and against anticipation.

You have made things easy for me to-night, supplied me with everything, made it just as easy for me as it was made easy for a man in Texas. I found, when I was visiting there two months ago, a fellow was going around who said: "I 've struck a big thing here." People said to him: "What 's the matter with you?" "Why," said he, "I was sent down here by a temperance society from Kansas as a reporter to distribute tracts; every time I give a Texas man a tract he looks it over, hauls out a six-shooter from one hip pocket and a quart bottle of whisky from the other and says: 'You drink some of that P. D. Q. or my gun will go off.' I have n't had to pay for a drop of liquor since I 've been distributing these tracts."

Your president has treated me very handsomely to-night. The only moment in which I did n't like him was when he cast his eyes toward me and seemed to say, in the language of Menenius: "Therefore I 'll watch him till he be dined to my request, and then I 'll set upon him."

I am always glad to listen to our distinguished president, for I know him for his great brilliancy after dinner and his thorough knowledge of the needs of this club. His zeal in the work and his affection for the association have enabled him to do more than any other man in elevating it to its present exalted position in the great family of New York clubs.

He has just filled me full of his encomiums. The only fear is that I cannot get away with them all. Some of them might leak out, and I should be in the condition of Mark Twain when he made his celebrated visit to Niagara and walked in under the falls. He said that he got scared and called to his guide, and in opening his mouth to do so he thought he took in about three fourths of that famous cataract. Then he remarked: "For me it was an anxious and a perilous moment. I knew if I should spring a leak I 'd be lost."

My embarrassment to-night lies in the fact that you have not given me a toast. When my friend Dr. Van Dyke is going to preach he must have a text. Why should n't we have a toast? Before I get through you will probably be saying, as Johnson said to Boswell: "You seem to have nobody to talk about except yourself and me, and I 'm sick of both."

The easiest thing for me would be to spring on

you one of my old campaign speeches. I know them all by heart, and could, of course, introduce slight changes to bring the thing up to date to suit the occasion. But I might get into the condition of a Scotchman who was riding on the road that runs from Perth to Inverness. He had his ticket in his mouth, chewing it. A friend said to him: "Sandy, you are getting mighty extravagant; that ticket cost you twelve and sixpence." "Nay, mon," replied Sandy. "It is a limited ticket, and I 'm only sucking off the date."

You have dined all the great men of this country and from abroad. About the only man you did n't get hold of was Li Hung Chang. I wanted him to come here. If you had got him down into the coal-hole and opened an opium joint down there, he would have been robbed of his yellow jacket and his peacock feathers earlier in the season than is usual. Not finding him at the Lotos Club, I went to see him at his hotel. I asked him for a photograph for my little girl, and he got the photograph out and got his paint-pot and his pencil, holding it as a drummer holds a drumstick, and he worked along from right to left, up and down, until he covered it all over with hieroglyphics. He said—I took his word for it—that on the left-hand side was a list of his titles, and on the other side a list of the public positions he had held. I took it home, looking as if I had torn something off the end of a tea-chest. My little girl looked it over curiously. I said to her: "Here, there 's what you wanted. If you can't read it, probably you can play it on the piano."

But I have reason to feel grateful to this club. When I came here, a stranger among you, you took me

in and shortly afterward you elected me second vice-president of the club. The only reason for this was that there was no provision in the by-laws for a third vice-president. But what I really like about the Lotos Club is the good-fellowship that always prevails here. Here we always have the true comrade's touch of the elbow and the shoulder to shoulder contact. "Here," in the language of the redoubtable Richard Chevalier, "is the spot that proves most acceptable to the choice few." Here men meet on common ground, without regard to nationality, creed, or avocation. Why, here the moose-slayer of the North meets the alligator-pursuer of the South; here the man who spends his days in tobogganing meets the man who spends his nights in coon-hunting; here the Atlantic-coaster, with a stereotyped look on his face, meets the stalwart man from the mighty West, who has just crawled out of a cyclone cage; here the pursuer and the pursued sit down together in that form of original sin put up in quart bottles with labels on them.

And now I want to say here in this presence to-night that in all the welcomes you have given to me from time to time in this club, the good fellowship extended to me has touched my heart in its inmost depths, and I want here to make my most profound acknowledgment and to express my deepest sense of gratitude and appreciation. I shall carry these recollections with me as one of the pleasantest memories of life, as long as life lasts; and when the span of life is approaching its end, when we find our bended forms crouching within the shadow of the falling columns of life's decay, I know that I, for one, shall find myself

indulging in those reveries which are the joyous twilight of the soul. And when, in the Yuletide season, sitting by the hearth fire, I shall watch the droppings of the grains of sand in Time's great hour-glass and count all the brilliant memories of the past, I shall see reflected in the flame of the Yule log all the faces that have ever looked into mine here. It will recall the men with whom I have communed heart to heart and soul to soul. Some of them may have their bosoms pressed beneath the sods of distant valleys; some of them may be in the ocean's depths; some gathered to the family tomb; others remaining, not yet having joined the other living commonly called the dead: but all their faces will pass in review there, and I know I shall find myself whispering: "I cannot but remember such things were, and were most precious to me."

HENRY VAN DYKE

AT THE DINNER TO HORACE PORTER, JANUARY 9, 1897

IT seems a little singular that a man of peace should be called upon to speak at a dinner which is given to a man of war. I will confess that I do not feel like a stranger in this most hospitable and friendly and open-hearted of New York clubs—the Lotos. I remember the kindly welcome which you gave me here a year ago, when I had the honor of coming to pay the respects of the clergy to such an actor as Mr. Joseph Jefferson. And yet, when I look on this title-page, with its blazonry of bayonets and drums and cannon, and when I read the somewhat unpronounceable list of General Porter's early works, I find myself in the position of a predecessor in the clerical profession on the occasion of a memorable excursion, when the whale did the fishing and Jonah said, "I can't help feeling a little out of place."

My honorable friend General Porter alluded to the fact that gentlemen of my profession always speak from a text. That was the old way, General. At present they sometimes speak from a moral example, and sometimes from an awful warning. It must be confessed that the men of peace do sometimes show a most unaccountable liking for war. I remember a story

which was not told by Dr. Watson when he was here in this country—a Scotch story. In Scotland, you know, among the Highlanders it is quite customary for the dogs to go to church with their masters. Well, the minister of a certain church had a very fine and large and well-instructed collie, which was quite able to maintain any position that he thought it proper to assume in debate with heretical dogs. He was willing to concede the orthodoxy of most dogs on ordinary occasions; but on one occasion the wrong dog came into the church, and the minister's dog thought it proper to settle immediately the question of that dog's orthodoxy. The minister endured it as long as he could, until he thought it was n't going quite the right way; then he said to the owner of the other dog: "Donald, ta' the two tykes to the rear of the kirk. But I 'd have ye to understand, ma freends, that, ootside o' the sacred precincts of the sanctuary, ma doggie can whup any doggie in Scotland."

There was a friend of mine who always told me I had made the mistake of my life in not going into the cavalry service. This friend was a writer of fiction, and his opinion was not based upon my powers as a cavalryman, but purely upon his observation of my practice as a preacher.

And yet, Mr. President, I may as well own up at once that there is no man in the world for whom I have a higher admiration or respect than I have for a brave, true, loyal, honest, clean soldier, such as General Porter—a man who has proved his courage on the field of battle, and his temperance by not drawing a pension, and his versatility by bringing back prob-

ably a larger stock of war stories than any other man now in the United States. Now, there are, you know, three kinds of stories in the world—fish stories, war stories, and true stories. I never hear General Porter break loose without being reminded of my guide in the northern part of Maine. He told me a story once about a moose. I said: "That 's a splendid story." "That 's nothin'!" said he; "you ought to hear old Bill Masterman tell moose-stories—some of 'em true, too."

I think we should not forget, in doing honor to General Porter, that he has not only proved that a true and right-thinking and conscientious and God-fearing man can be a good and brave soldier, but he has also proved that a brave soldier can turn around and become the very best kind of a citizen.

I sympathize very fully with what General Ruger has said to-night about the army and about the position which it ought to hold in the esteem and the love of all citizens of the Republic. A great republic like ours must be in a position where she will be able to defend the right when questions of right arise between nations—*must* be in such a position. But I think at the same time that no standing army that we could possibly raise, or equip, or support would be of as great value to this country in defense of its own rights and in the defense of right among the nations, as a true martial spirit among all its citizens—a spirit which holds itself ready to serve at every high and noble call of duty for the sake of the flag and the country, and the country's honor; a spirit which is fostered and developed by the drill and discipline of voluntary militia

service among our young men—a spirit which found a peaceful expression, not long since, in that great and memorable procession, orderly, obedient, and splendid, which passed for one whole day through the streets of this metropolis under the marshalship of General Horace Porter.

CHARLES EMORY SMITH

AT THE DINNER TO HORACE PORTER, JANUARY 9, 1897

IT is true that I come from the City of Brotherly Love. Coming from that unsophisticated, virtuous, and innocent region, I nevertheless have approached these precincts without any misgivings; for, knowing the high character of this club, I have felt assured, notwithstanding what I have recently read, that in coming here to-night I should not, with the figure of Porter, meet also a study of Egyptology. And if I had felt any misgivings on the subject I should have been reassured when I entered the room and found among the first that I met and greeted the distinguished Police Commissioner of New York, whom you had taken the precaution to have present from the beginning of the entertainment.

I have indeed, as your president has suggested, enjoyed on former occasions the hospitality of the Lotos Club. It is abundant. Charles Lamb had a friend of whom he said: "He had the habit of taking gin and water, goblet on goblet. He sent down the first goblet on a tour of observation, and then he sent down the second to see where the first had gone. After that he sent down the third to keep company with the second; then he sent down the fourth to let them know down there that the fifth was coming, and he next

sent the fifth to proclaim that it was very far from being the last."

The hospitality of the Lotos Club is as boundless as the thirst of Charles Lamb's friend. Its public spirit never flags; it is the foremost to give its tribute to literature, to art, to science and the drama, to leadership in every realm. I know I am only saying what has doubtless often been said here, and much better said, but as I am not one of you, as I am not even a New-Yorker, as I come from an interior city, but am an American citizen, solicitous of the good name of my country and the impression which it makes upon those who come within its borders, I want to say that I am proud of the Lotos Club and what it does for our national reputation. It does, as I know from the observation of years, more than any other organization in this land to show to science in every realm the sunny side, the appreciative recognition, and the graceful homage of true American intellectual life. The foreigner of distinction who comes to our shores finds the first proffered hand and the first public voice of welcome here; and it is fortunate for our national reputation that those who do so much to make the public opinion of the world receive their first impressions within these beautiful, homelike walls and amid these bright and—I am sure you will permit me to say, as I look into your eyes and observe your spirit to-night—amid these gay and genial spirits assembled here. And this Clov—I mean Lotos Club—you see I cannot conceal that I come from Philadelphia. But the clover leaf is one thing and the lotos leaf is another thing. Every star has its own glory, and there is no star like the star

of the Lotos Club. This club is as quick to appreciate and recognize American genius as foreign genius. When Dr. Clark of Rhode Island was elected bishop and was paying his last pastoral calls before entering upon his bishopric, he visited, among others, a lady of his congregation, a good housewife, who was distinguished for the size of her family. After he had stayed awhile the good doctor rose to go, and the lady said to him: "But, doctor, you have n't seen my last baby, have you?" "No, madam," answered the doctor, "and I never expect to." And this club, Mr. President, with its hospitality to genius and leadership, will never see the last worthy in the memorable row of those who wear the lotos garlands, unless succeeding years shall become sterile and no longer bring out leaders and masters in the various realms.

I am glad to be here to join in this tribute to General Porter. I am glad to come from Philadelphia for that express purpose. He has gone to Philadelphia on more than one occasion to render great and honorable service, and I am glad to give him a certificate of character, if not from his last place, at least from one of them. And I don't mean to say anything to his face that I would not dare to say behind his back. He has won his great place in public leadership and public esteem by the union of brilliancy and sense and by rare and extraordinary capacity for doing everything well. You call him Porter, but he has the life and vivacity and sparkle of champagne. He came originally from Pennsylvania, but he has never been slow. On the contrary, he has been fast enough—I use the word in no technical New York sense—to keep in ad-

vance of the stirring life of this great metropolis. You think of him and recognize him as the prince of after-dinner speakers, and he has given you to-night a magnificent display of the scintillation of wit and the poetic description and the apt story, always inexhaustible. But those of you who have heard him on more serious occasions know that he has also the power of philosophical and analytical and critical, nay, more, of impassioned eloquence which commands the highest admiration.

Your guest was the student of General Grant. He came forward under that glorious flag, and he has achieved a success brilliant, comprehensive, extraordinary; and in such works as the erection of that great tomb, after others had thrown aside the task, he has illustrated that indomitable energy, that perseverance, that power of organization, and that genius of leadership which distinguish him and which you are here to-night to recognize. And underlying it all is that true and steadfast quality of manhood which has always characterized him. He is eloquent; he is powerful; but you remember that saying of the old master: "The weight and value of a sentiment depend upon whether there is a man behind it." And in all the utterances of this man, so modest and unobtrusive as to himself, so generous and hearty in his recognition of merit in everybody else, you have always seen revealed the truest and best traits of manhood.

STEWART L. WOODFORD

AT THE DINNER TO HORACE PORTER, JANUARY 9, 1897

AFTER these many brilliant speeches my words shall be very few. We are met to do honor to my old army comrade, to our friend Horace Porter. I first heard of Horace Porter when I went to the Department of the South. While in service there as chief of staff I heard of an ordnance officer who was regarded by every man in that department as singularly prolific of brilliant achievements in engineering, and as one of the finest artillery officers that the Department of the South had known. I first saw Horace Porter when the war had closed and he was acting as secretary to General Grant. I soon came to know how thoroughly Ulysses S. Grant trusted in his judgment, relied upon his integrity, and believed in his assured future.

It has been suggested by our friend Mr. Hewitt that General Porter has not received all the recognition that is due to him from New York. In political preferment, no; in social recognition, yes. In profound and thorough acknowledgment and appreciation of his worth as a man and citizen, Horace Porter to-day is one of the honored names of this great city of New York. You and I owe to him a debt that we shall recognize in years to come, and which we ought to recognize while he is with us. After our old hero, succumbing to the last

enemy, had been buried at Riverside, and after New York had lingered and delayed in providing a fit monument, the credit and gratitude are due to Horace Porter, more than to one and all of the men of New York, that the remains of Ulysses S. Grant are to be buried by the Hudson in a mausoleum that shall be worthy of the great captain, and that shall stand forever as an object lesson in patriotism. And when the next springtime shall come and that tomb is completed and the ashes of our great hero shall be transferred to their final resting-place; when the flag of every nation in the world shall come into our harbor to dip its salute to his memory; when in peaceful unison the guns of the world on that next birthday shall speak their tribute to the memory of Ulysses S. Grant, it will be under General Porter's direction, as President of our Monument Association, that the transfer will be made. And if at such an hour the spirit of the dead can come back from its place of final blessedness, I believe that no thought will stir in that spirit of our dead soldier more grateful than this: "My old aide-de-camp and my old secretary to-day gives me burial here by the Hudson, in the heart of our people." Grant, with us, will thus pay recognition to our friend whom we greet to-night.

WILLIAM WINTER

AT THE DINNER IN HIS HONOR, APRIL 24, 1897[1]

THE meaning and the elements of this charming spectacle,—the lights, the flowers, the music, the gentle, eager, friendly faces, the kind and generous words which have been so graciously spoken, the cordial sympathy and welcome with which those words have been received, the many denotements, unequivocal and decisive, of personal good will,—are as touching to the heart as they are lovely to the senses, and a fond and proud remembrance of this beautiful scene will abide with me as long as anything in my life is remembered.

On previous occasions when I have been privileged to participate in festivals of the Lotos Club it has been my glad province to unite in homage to others: on the present occasion I am to thank you,—and I do thank you, most heartily,—for a tribute of friendship to myself. Gratitude is easy; but an adequate expression of it, under the circumstances which exist, is well-nigh impossible. The Moslems have a fanciful belief that the souls of the Faithful, just before they enter into Paradise, must walk, barefooted, across a bridge of red-hot iron. That ordeal not inaptly typifies the

[1] Copyright, 1898, by William Winter.

experience of the honored guest who, at a feast like this, is bidden to consider his merits, must hear the commendation of his deeds, and must utter his thanks for the bounty of praise. My first impulse would be to declare that I have done nothing to merit this honor: but, without qualification, to disclaim all desert would be to impugn your judgment and discredit your kindness. The great and wise Dr. Johnson, I remember, did not scruple to accept the praises of his sovereign. "When the King had said it," he afterward remarked, "it was to be so." My literary life,—dating from the publication of my first book, in Boston, in 1854,—has extended over a period of forty-three years, thirty-seven of which have been passed, in active labor, in this community. Since 1865 I have been the accredited and responsible representative of "The New-York Tribune" in the department of the Drama. In the dramatic field, and also in the fields of Poetry, Essay, Biography, and Travel, I have put forth my endeavors, striving to add something of permanent value to the literature of my native land. No one knows so well as I do my failures and my defects. But,—I have tried to follow the right course; I have done my best; and now, in the review of that long period of labor, if you, my friends, find anything that is worthy of approval, anything that seems, in your eyes, to justify such a testimonial as this, it would ill become me to repel an approbation which it is honorable to possess, and which I have labored and hoped to deserve. When the King has said it, it is to be so!

While, however, I gratefully accept and deeply value the honor that you have bestowed, I feel that you

have intended something much more important and significant than a compliment to me. You have desired to effect a rally of stage veterans and of the friends of the stage, and, at a time of theatrical depression, when the fortunes of the actor seem dubious and perplexed, to evince, once more, your practical admiration for the great art of acting, your high esteem for the stage as a means of social welfare, and your sympathy with every intellectual force that is arrayed for its support. The drift of your thought, therefore, naturally, is toward a consideration of the relation between the theater and society, together with the province of those writers by whom that relation is habitually discussed. It is a wide subject, and one upon which there are many and sharply contrasted views. For my own part, I have always believed—of all the arts—that they are divinely commissioned to lead humanity, and not to follow it, and that it is the supreme duty of a writer to advocate, and to exercise, a noble influence, rather than much to concern himself with the delivery of expert opinions upon individual achievement. The right principle is expressed in the quaint words of Emerson:

> "I hold it a little matter
> Whether your jewel be of pure water,
> A rose diamond or a white,
> But whether it dazzle me with light."

The essential thing is the inspiration that is fluent from a great personality. The passport to momentous and permanent victory, whether on the stage or off, is

the salutary and ennobling strength of splendid character. It is not enough that you possess ability; your ability must mean something to others, and the world must be exalted by it.

Many images crowd upon the mind at such a moment as this, and many names are remembered which it would be good to mention and pleasant to hear. My thoughts go back to my young acquaintance with such stage advocates as Epes Sargent and Edwin Percy Whipple, Henry Giles and William W. Clapp, Wallace Thaxter and Charles T. Congdon, Francis A. Durivage, Charles Fairbanks, Curtis Guild, and James Oakes (the friend of Forrest); and, as I think of them, I recall a time when Catherine Farren was the *Juliet* of my dreams, and Julia Dean the goddess of every youth's idolatry, and when the green curtain (in those days it was always green) never rose except upon a land of enchantment, and the roses were always bright by the calm Bendemeer. Much might be said of those old times, and much might be said of the critical art, as it was exemplified by those old writers. But this is not the moment for either a memoir or an essay; and, after all, experience may sometimes utter in a sentence the lesson of a life. As I have said elsewhere,—to understand human nature; to absorb and coördinate the literature of the drama; to see the mental, moral, and spiritual aspect of the stage, and likewise to see the popular aspect of it; to write for a public of miscellaneous readers, and at the same time to respect the feelings and interpret the ambitions of actors; to praise with discretion and yet with force; to censure without asperity; to think quickly and speak

quickly, and yet avoid error; to oppose sordid selfishness, which forever strives to degrade every high ideal; to give not alone knowledge, study, and technical skill, but the best powers of the mind and the deepest feelings of the heart to the embellishment of the art of others, and to do that with an art of your own,—this it is to accomplish the work of the dramatic reviewer. It is a work of serious moment and incessant difficulty. But it has its bright side; for, as years speed on and life grows bleak and lonesome, it is the Stage that gives relief from paltry conventionality; it is the Stage, with its sunshine of humor and its glory of imagination, that wiles us away from our defeated ambitions, our waning fortunes, and the broken idols of our vanishing youth. In the long process of social development,—at least within the last three hundred years,—no other single force has borne a more conspicuous or a more potential part. "The reason of things," said Dr. South, "lies in a small compass, if a man could but find it out." The reason of the Drama has never been a mystery. All life has, for its ultimate object, a spiritual triumph. The Divine Spirit works in humanity by many subtle ways. It is man's instinctive, intuitive imitation of nature that creates artificial objects of beauty. Those, in turn, react upon the human mind and deepen and heighten its sense of the beautiful. It is man's interpretation of humanity that has revealed to him his Divine Father and his spiritual destiny. All things work together for that result,—the dramatic art deeply and directly, because, when rightly administered, it is the pure mirror of all that is glorious in character and all that is noble and

gentle in the conduct of life; showing ever the excellence to be emulated and the glory to be gained, soothing our cares, dispelling our troubles, and casting the glamour of romantic grace upon all the commonplaces of the world. What happy dreams it has inspired! What grand ideals it has imparted! With what gentle friendships it has blessed and beautified our lives!

Moralists upon the Drama are fond of dwelling on its alleged decline from certain "palmy days" of the past,—a vague period which no one distinctly remembers or defines, and which still recedes, the more diligently it is pursued, "in the dark backward and abysm of time." One difference between the Past and the Present is that the stage which once lived in a camp now lives in a palace. Another difference is that eminent talents which once were concentrated are now diffused. The standard of taste has fluctuated. At the beginning of the century it appears to have been more fastidious and more intellectual than it is now, but not more so than it has two or three times been, within the intervening period. In my boyhood the great tragic genius of the stage was the elder Booth, whom I saw as *Pescara,* during his last engagement in Boston, in 1851,—and a magnificent image he was, of appalling power and terror. The popular sovereign, however, was Edwin Forrest, and for many years his influence survived, affecting the style of such compeers as Eddy, Neafie, Scott, Proctor, Kirby, and Marshall, and more or less molding that of the romantic Edwin Adams, the intellectual Lawrence Barrett, and the gentle, generous, affectionate, stalwart John Mc-

Cullough, "the noblest Roman of them all." In comedy the prevalent tradition was that of Finn,—whom I never saw, but of whom I constantly heard,—but the actual prince was the elder Wallack; and very soon after he had sparkled into splendid popularity the rosy gods of mirth released such messengers of happiness as Warren and Gilbert, Burton and Blake, Hackett and Fisher, Placide and Owens, and the buoyant John Brougham, whose memory is still cherished in all our hearts. A little later,—the more intellectual taste in tragedy gaining a sudden preëminence, from the reaction against Forrest,—the spiritual beauty and the wild and thrilling genius of Edwin Booth enchanted the public mind and captured an absolute sovereignty of the serious stage; while, in comedy, the glittering figure of Lester Wallack bore to the front rank, and reared more splendidly than ever before, the standard of Wilks, and Lewis, and Elliston, which had been preserved and transmitted by Charles Kemble, the elder Wallack, and both the chieftains of the house of Matthews. Meanwhile Murdock, Vandenhoff, E. L. Davenport, and the younger James Wallack maintained, in royal state, the fine classic tradition of Kemble, Cooper, Macready, and Young; the grandeur of Sarah Siddons lived again in Charlotte Cushman; and, in the realm of imaginative, romantic, human drama, a more exquisite artist of humor and of tears than ever yet had risen on our stage—an artist who is to Acting what Reynolds was to Painting and what Hood was to Poetry—carried natural portraiture to ideal perfection, and made illustrious the name of Joseph Jefferson.

The stage, in itself, is not degenerate. The old fires

are not yet dead. The world moves onward, and "the palmy days" move onward with the world. At this moment the public taste is fickle and the public morality infirm; but this moment is reactionary, and of course it will not last. The stage has been degraded; the press has been polluted; the church has been shaken; the whole fabric of society has been threatened. The assaults of materialism, blighting faith and discrediting romance, have had a temporary triumph. The dangerous delusion that there is a divinity in the untaught multitude has everywhere promoted disorder, violence, and vulgarity. So, from time to time, the dregs endeavor to reach the top. But all this fever and turmoil will pass; and, in those saner times which are at hand, the Stage, as we know it and love it,—the stage of Wignell and Dunlap, the stage of Keach and Barry, the stage of Wallack, and Booth, and Henry Irving, and Augustin Daly, the stage that, in our day, has been adorned by Rachel, Ristori, Seebach, Janauschek, and Modjeska, and by Adelaide Neilson and Mary Anderson (twin stars of loveliness, the one all passion and sorrow, the other all innocence, light, and joy!), the stage that possesses the wild, poetic beauty and rare, elusive, celestial spirit of Ellen Terry, and the enchanting womanhood and blithe, gleeful, tender human charm of Ada Rehan, the stage that is consecrated to intellect, genius and beauty,—will again assert its splendid power, and will again rejoice in all the honors, and manifest all the inherent virtues, of the stage of our forefathers, in the best of their golden days.

But I detain you too long from voices more eloquent

than mine, and thoughts more worthy. There is little more to be said. My career as an active writer about the stage may, perhaps, be drawing to a close. It has covered the period of more than one generation; it has been freighted with exacting responsibility; it has been inexpressibly laborious; and its conclusion would cause me no regret. I have no enmities, and if ever in my life I have wounded any heart, I have done so without intention, and I hope that my error may be forgiven. For the rest, I should exactly express my feelings, if I might venture to use the words of Landor:

> "I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;
> Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art;
> I warmed both hands against the fire of life:
> It sinks, and I am ready to depart."

Let me close this response with some lines that I have written, remembering other days and other faces, now hidden behind the veil, and remembering that for me also the curtain may soon fall:

MEMORY.[1]

I

A tangled garden, bleak and dry
And silent 'neath a dark'ning sky,
Is all that barren Age retains
Of costly Youth's superb domains.
Mute in its bosom, cold and lone,
A dial watches, on a stone;

[1] Copyright by the Macmillan Company, of New York.

The vines are sere, the haggard boughs
In dusky torpor dream and drowse;
The paths are deep with yellow leaves,
In which the wind of evening grieves;
And up and down, and to and fro,
One pale gray shadow wanders slow.

II

When now the fading sunset gleams
Across the glimm'ring waste of dreams;
When now the shadows eastward fall,
And twilight hears the curlew's call;
When blighted now the lily shows,
And no more bloom is on the rose;
What phantom of the dying day
Shall gild the wanderer's sombre way —
What new illusion of delight —
What magic, ushering in the night?
For, deep beneath the proudest will
The heart must have its solace still.

III

Ah, many a hope too sweet to last
Is in that garden of the Past,
And many a flower that once was fair
Lies cold and dead and wither'd there;
Youth's promise, trusted Friendship's bliss,
Fame's laurel, Love's enraptured kiss,
Beauty and strength — the spirit's wings —
And the glad sense of natural things,
And times that smile, and times that weep —
All shrouded in the cells of sleep;
While o'er them careless zephyrs pass,
And sunbeams, in the rustling grass.

IV

So ends it all: but never yet
Could the true heart of love forget,
And grander sway was never known
Than his who reigns on Memory's throne!
Though grim the threat and dark the frown
With which the pall of night comes down,
Though all the scene be drear and wild,
Life once was precious, once it smiled,
And in his dream he lives again
With ev'ry joy that crowned it then,
And no remorse of time can dim
The splendor of the Past for him!

V

The sea that round his childhood played
Still makes the music once it made,
And still in Fancy's chambers sing
The breezes of eternal Spring;
While, thronging Youth's resplendent track,
The princes and the queens come back,
And everywhere the dreary mould
Breaks into Nature's green and gold!
It is not night — or, if it be,
So let the night descend for me,
When Mem'ry's radiant dream shall cease,
Slow lapsing into perfect peace.

15

ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS

(ANTHONY HOPE)

AT THE DINNER IN HIS HONOR, OCTOBER 23, 1897

I AM too well aware of the history of your club and of the distinction of the guests whom you have entertained before not to rise on this occasion with perhaps more than the usual—shall I say trepidation or discomfort?—which possesses an after-dinner speaker. I have received here to-night an appreciation which would be wholly delightful if I were not persistently haunted with the idea that it is too excessively indulgent.

As I crossed the Atlantic Ocean, feeling less at ease than I usually do on land, an intelligent sailor came up to me and told me that we were in the Gulf Stream. The consolation was slight, because the Gulf Stream seemed to me as turbulent as any other part of the ocean. But it has occurred to me since that he spoke, as it were, in a metaphor, and that what he really referred to was the gulf stream that flows between here and England; the gulf stream of sympathy which unites the two countries, and which, unlike the merely physical and uncomfortable stream, flows both ways—from us to you, and from you to us. It is, indeed, in a way, strange for an Englishman to make his first visit to this country. I was asked by a cynical

friend, before I started, why I was going, and he referred not obscurely to the hopes I entertained of paying my expenses.

The ancient epigram forbids us to say that it is necessary to live; but I am still among those who consider that it is desirable. I agree with the clergyman in my own country who said that the Scriptures teach that the laborer is worthy of his hire, but that, for his part, he thought it ought to be paid free of income tax.

But that was not the sort, not exclusively the sort, of American gold which was in my mind; and if it had been when I started, I should before now have found out my mistake. Better than that is the gold of your cordial reception, of your unstinted hospitality, of your appreciation, which still sits on my heart as too much undeserved.

But to come here is indeed, in the old phrase, the experience of a lifetime. It has been my fate—I don't know whether you will be surprised about it—to be asked quite three or four times already what were my impressions of America. When in quarantine I was asked first, and my only impression then was that I should never get here. I was asked again at the landing, when my sole feeling was that I was very glad to get here.

The question I have not yet answered. It is difficult to answer. One comes to a country that is unfamiliar, and yet not strange; that is new, and yet recalls every moment the things that are old; that is familiar, and yet is distinct with a separate, individual, and proud nationality.

And as with your nationality, so, if I may say so,

it seems to me with your literature. It has its roots where our literature has; but new and patriotic as I am, I must admit that a brighter sun has shone upon it, copious rain has nourished it, it has its own fruit and its own flavor, and thus it enhances and glorifies the English language, in which both itself and our literature, on the other side of the Atlantic, are expressed.

It is far from my desire to speak to you long tonight, but it is impossible for me to sit down without at least trying to say to you how very deeply I feel the generosity and the kindness of this greeting, and to say also how I have felt for years back the kindness and the readiness with which the public of America greets us English writers.

W. BOURKE COCKRAN

AT THE DINNER TO ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS (ANTHONY HOPE), OCTOBER 23, 1897

I AM profoundly grateful to the Lotos Club for giving me an opportunity to participate in its welcome to the guest of the evening. Among the many obligations which I owe to the late Charles A. Dana I count one of the chief my introduction to Mr. Anthony Hope, through the medium of the "Prisoner of Zenda." Since that happy hour I have devoured every product of his pen with eager avidity—but with an appetite whetted, not sated. That introduction opened to me a field of such pure delight that, highly as I value a personal acquaintance to which I have been since admitted, I cannot help identifying him still by the name under which he first captured my admiration and earned my gratitude. I hope, therefore, that he will forgive me if I refer to him now by the name which his genius has made illustrious, rather than by that which has been made respectable by the virtues of his ancestors.

As Mr. Hope's works have been a source of universal delight, I am glad, Mr. Chairman, that you have not assigned to any of us a particular toast this evening. Indeed, there is but one to which any of us could speak. Whatever oratorical purposes we might

have formed, in rising to our feet one sentiment would inevitably dominate all others. However the speeches might differ in verbal expression, the burden of each would be a wish for still wider success in the field of literature to Anthony Hope. And in wishing him a wider success we are wishing a wider sphere of intellectual enjoyment to each one of us. We are doing more. We are wishing a distinct advance to English literature. Standing, as he does, in the forefront of literary excellence, to wish him wider success is to wish that the standard of literary perfection be lifted higher, and that literary ambition be advanced to nobler aims.

It is no disparagement of other writers to say that since the hand of Dickens fell helpless by his side no one has wielded a pen of such power as Anthony Hope. Many authors are producing works which charm us by varied forms of merit, but none of them has imparted to pages of equal pathos a sentiment so lofty, a wit so keen, a humor so subtle, a literary style so simple and so elegant. Since Dr. Johnson wrote the lives of the poets literary discussions nearly always lead to a comparison between the works of different authors. I am not sure whether this is a fixed rule of criticism, or an unconscious but irresistible tendency of the critical mind: whatever it be matters little, for Hope's work is so distinctively original that there is no other with which it can be compared. I have, indeed, heard it said that his position in the literature of this period resembles the place which Charles Dickens occupied in the literature of another generation. But if there be a resemblance between Dickens

W. Bourke Cockran

and Hope it is limited to their popularity; it does not and cannot extend to the style or quality of their works.

If we compare the works of Hope and those of Dickens or any other author we will not find points of resemblance, but points of contrast between them. Dickens's plots were always simple, his sentiment was sometimes exaggerated. Hope's sentiment is always natural; his plots are sometimes fantastic and perhaps extravagant, but their daring originality is the crowning triumph of his genius. Thackeray achieved and still maintains his unquestioned primacy solely through a brilliancy of style which holds the interest enthralled through several volumes, although the incidents described in them are so slight that they scarcely deserve the name of a plot. Hope, on the other hand, captivates our interest and our admiration, while he reconciles us to plots daring almost to extravagance by minute attention to detail and remarkable skill in composition. But Hope differs preëminently from both Dickens and Thackeray in one quality, peculiar to all his work, which we who have met him to-night can fully appreciate, and that is a singular modesty which completely effaces the author.

Dickens, whatever may be thought of his style or his sentiment, was unquestionably triumphant in producing characters so eccentric, so striking, yet so natural, that they have come to be regarded as personal acquaintances by millions of human beings, but Dickens's work is marred by digressions which in no way aid his narrative, but leave us under the impression that he was seeking to show how well he could

write. Thackeray had this habit even in more marked degree, although with him it was a charm, not a blemish, so perfectly did he succeed in giving his reader the impression that if he paused to talk with him it was because he liked him. Hope's work does not contain a superfluous sentence or one which anybody could suspect of having been inserted merely for the purpose of ornamentation. Not once is there an attempt at display, even by that trick, so common to authors, of undertaking to describe natural scenery or to amplify by moral reflections the movements of characters. Every word contributes to the progress of the narrative, and it is always the best word for that purpose. Never for a single instant is the personality of the writer obtruded upon the attention of the reader.

To measure the praise which one writer deserves it is not necessary to belittle other authors. Dickens and Thackeray each occupies a field and dominates it, to the exclusion of all rivals. Anthony Hope, with a style different from both, has a charm which is peculiarly his own. In one respect his art is carried to a perfection that neither of them ever reached. No writer of the century has been able so completely to capture our judgments and bind them to the chariot wheels of his imagination as it speeds through the wildest realms of fancy. Even Swift, bending our senses to the empire of his genius, forcing us by veri-similitude of detail to accept as inhabitants of this terrestrial globe the Lilliputians and the Brobdingnagians, the philosophers of Laputa and the equine moralists of the Houyhnhnms, was not more triumphant than Anthony Hope in building a twelfth-century romance among the social and

material conditions of the nineteenth century without once offending our sense of proportion.

The "Prisoner of Zenda" moves among incidents as stirring as those which attended Ivanhoe's return to England, but one work is built purely on imagination, while the other rests on a solid foundation of history. Scott's narrative is aided by customs, habits of thought, means of locomotion, and weapons of warfare peculiar to a period when every man's safety, progress, and success depended almost entirely upon his own prowess and qualities. Hope succeeds in carrying his hero through scenes as thrilling and exciting, displaying even in more marked degree the results of individual strength and the resources of individual courage, within sight of the railway train, the telegraph, and other appliances of modern civilization which, while they extend enormously the power of men in coöperation, narrow decisively the field of individual adventure. When fleetness of foot or excellence in horsemanship could carry a man to safety from all pursuit of private vengeance or public justice, when skill and the sword enabled one man to hold numbers at bay, it was easy for imaginative writers to endow an individual with qualities which made him capable of withstanding the hostility of a monarch or the fury of a multitude. But in an age when no fleetness of horse or human feet can outspeed a telegraphic message, when the personal strength of a giant counts as nothing against a platoon of police that could be called to subdue him in an instant by telephone, the field of the author is sensibly narrowed. The materials at his command are no longer the unusual conditions pro-

duced through possession by some men of unusual qualities. He must now hold our interest by skill in arranging and dealing with commonplace events to which many men contribute. Here I think is where Anthony Hope has shown a power without parallel in literature. Other modern writers, it is true, have succeeded in lending an air of plausibility to impossible narratives, but only by dealing with materials beyond the comprehension of the average reader. Edmund About tells of the man with the broken ear and of the mishaps which befell the notary's nose without shocking our natural perceptions; but these stories are laid in the field of scientific discovery where few can follow him, and where, therefore, his statements of fact are free from challenge. Hope never deals with events beyond the comprehension of the simplest, yet he holds our interest and compels our acquiescence in wildly improbable incidents by the pure force of his genius.

But it is not alone in reconciling the judgment of the sober to fantastic conceptions that Mr. Hope excels. He performs a far nobler part in literature and renders a far better service to humanity. No writer who has ever contributed works of fiction to the world has wielded a purer pen. No man has ever treated love with more delicacy, or woman with more reverence.

No one will dispute this statement who has read the two last chapters of the "Prisoner of Zenda" and realized that noble conception of passion purified by duty, of love ennobled by loyalty. What can surpass in power and pathos, in tenderness and lofty sentiment that parting scene between Rassendyll and

Flavia, when the woman stoops for one moment to kiss with tenderest emotion the lover at her feet, but in another minute the queen dismisses for all time the man whose love might not be accepted without treason to her duty. And the exquisite poetry of their subsequent intercourse! What could be more poetic than their fidelity to a tie holier than any tainted with earthly passion, expressed by an exchange of roses every year? Such a love, refined in sorrow and self-renunciation, suggests the spiritual rather than the material life—approaching the earth, if at all, only to dip its wings in the stream of memory, repelling any suggestion of a possibility that it could ever descend to the muddy depths of licentious indulgence.

The literary works which we admire are the standard of our own morals and our own tastes. The author whom we crown with praise embodies our literary judgment and the standard of our own civilization. No man could read any of the works which our guest has contributed to the civilization of the world without feeling that here was an author who could be witty without being gross; who could display abundant humor without the slightest violation of decency. I have often wondered why it is that virtue is generally left to the defense of the serious, the sober, and even the dull, while vice seems always able to enlist in its service the subtle, dangerous, and effective weapon of wit. Surely vice painted, bedizened, and preposterous should furnish a better field for the shafts of satire and ridicule than virtue, lofty, sincere, and essentially natural! I venture to say that the warmth of this welcome to Anthony Hope is largely due to our

belief that in him the simpler virtues have found a champion who can wield in their defense a blade as keen as any that has ever been prostituted to the service of vice—a genius who can describe every phase of human life without exalting the basest, who can awaken interest and hold it without any sacrifice of cleanliness.

At the risk of being thought tedious, I must mention a striking instance of this power to describe graphically the operation of the passions without the slightest suggestion of grossness. Do you remember the rescue of the Princess Osra by that militant bishop who, however he may have handled the crozier, wielded the sword with tremendous efficiency; and do you remember how comprehensively and how skilfully the temptation which assailed him as he bore her in his arms to safety was suggested rather than told by a brief reference to the additional penance imposed on him at his next confession. I know of no description in literature so graphic and so complete, yet so exquisitely delicate.

Mr. Chairman, as we read these works, these contributions to the literature of our age, the question often arises, "What place in the civilization of the world does the novelist hold?" Is a work of fiction to be treated as the mere pastime of an idle hour—to be read, as our friend declared, while a train bumps over the anvil rails of an American railway, to be discarded when the engine rolls into the station. Oh, no, Mr. Chairman, the creations of the author are important features of our whole lives. Which of us is not richer and better for knowing Colonel Newcome and Henry

Esmond? How many living acquaintances have given us the same pleasure as Pendennis, or Mr. Pickwick; afforded us as much merriment as Captain Costigan or Sam Weller; awakened as much sympathy as Little Nell or Nancy Sykes; aroused as much admiration as Rassendyll or Flavia; provoked as much interest as Father Stafford, with his perplexities, or that "Man of Mark" whom we can't help liking in spite of his very questionable morals, or that workman who as prime minister of a British colony failed to realize his hopes of improving the social conditions of his fellows, but who became "Half a Hero" through his very failure? Who would not sacrifice most of his material positions rather than have these creations of the novelist blotted from his memory?

Mr. Chairman, it is a mistake to suppose that the ideal is less durable than the material. Indeed, I believe there is nothing permanent in the world except the ideal. Palaces, with their occupants, be they kings, princes, or lackeys, all crumble to dust; fortresses fall before the remorseless strokes of time; laws and their administrators pass away; even creeds and altars totter to decay, but ideals live forever. He who pens a true and lofty sentiment liberates a force which will operate in the minds of men long ages hence, when the author himself may have been forgotten and every monument of his generation may have perished.

This welcome extended to Anthony Hope is a tribute of gratitude from men whom he has served and enriched. We rejoice at this opportunity to examine this lamp which has shed a generous light over our pathway, to approach this fountain which has thrown many

refreshing streams over the dry fields of our daily existence. As we grasp the hand of the author who has contributed so much to the joy of our lives, and as we touch glasses with him we cherish high hopes that during many additional years of fruitful labor he will win wider glory by the production of new works which will still further extend and ennoble the intellectual wealth of mankind.

JOHN S. WISE

AT THE DINNER TO ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS (ANTHONY HOPE), OCTOBER 23, 1897

I THINK I cannot add to what has been said concerning Mr. Hope, but I will give him a little foresight of what he may expect in his travels in America. I am sure that he will find all through this country that he is no stranger. In my visits to England the thing that impressed me most was how much I felt at home. Standing in the shadow of Nelson's monument, in the mists which often surround it, and looking at his splendid figure on the summit and the sleeping lions about its base, or standing in Westminster Abbey amid the tombs of England's great men or in St. Paul's, it is utterly impossible for a man of English extraction to feel that he is anywhere but in the home of his fathers.

I hope and believe an Englishman visiting America feels more or less the same way. It is more or less a surprise to him, no doubt, because he does not realize, until he comes here, how well preserved have been many of the traditions of England, or the feelings of Americans toward the people from whom they sprung. Among the people I have met there I have been much struck with the fact that, in spite of what we read in the newspapers about antagonisms, the average Englishman regards the American as a brother, or at least

as a cousin. It is true that now and then we meet a gentleman who is not so friendly. I recollect that once I took a train at Taunton, and a passenger read aloud an extract from a newspaper saying that we had had a severe storm in New York, adding: "This is a very nawsty day! I presume that this is the same storm that they have had in New York." "I presume so," replied his companion, a red-faced old English gentleman. "Everything nawsty comes from America."

Now, my experience is that they really do not think so badly of us, after all. When they come over here they see a great deal more that they approve than they expected to before they came. Among my earliest recollections of Englishmen I recall those of one of the most remarkable of her literary men. It was Thackeray. I was a very small boy, and I had never in all my life seen a man who was so red and full, apparently, of food and drink, or who "sweated his spectacles" like William Makepeace Thackeray. No doubt the American small boy was equally a revelation to him. I did not hesitate to inquire about all of his characters, and how he had learned so much about the Virginians, never having been there before.

It has been a pleasure to welcome our friend from across the ocean. There is no other nation of our magnitude to which Britons can come and feel that they are still within the atmosphere of their own homes. Yet my friend is only at the beginning of his task. His companion and manager told me to-night that he contemplated visiting old Virginia. I am glad to hear it. He will find there a people more like his own than any others on this continent—a people who have retained the traditions of old England, the names, the

characteristics, and are less mixed with foreign blood than anywhere else in America. They will be interested in him also. They are a reading people. They are a people who do not intend to let him come among them as a stranger, because he is no stranger.

He will go westward, and still be interested in what he finds. He must, however, bear in mind the experience of Lord Coleridge when he was here some years ago. Our people are extremely hospitable, even at the risk of bad consequences. Coleridge was given a dinner which was levied on by the sheriff for a debt of the host after the guests were assembled, and could not be eaten until the invited guests paid for the meal. And he must also bear in mind that he will meet people here who are a little confused in their knowledge of historical facts. A girl rushed up to Lord Coleridge and, grasping him by the hand, said how pleased she was to meet the author of "The Ancient Mariner"! Don't be surprised, therefore, if some one slaps you on the back and tells you of his or her delight at being able to look into the face of the man who bade the world farewell when Kosciusko fell, or mistakes you for the gentleman who aided Drake and Frobisher in destroying the Spanish Armada. Some of our people do not keep tab on the centuries, or correctly place the Hopes and the Hawkinses who have lived in England.

Yet all of these things will furnish the material for new literary ventures, for surprising literary situations, not less wonderful than those imaginary situations which have already made you famous. It is easier for a man to be a literary character in America than in England, because we have truths here which are stranger than your fictions.

ELIHU ROOT

AT THE DINNER TO ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS (ANTHONY HOPE), OCTOBER 23, 1897

IT is always delightful to share in your hospitality, always an honor to take part in the well-timed and well-chosen compliments which you pay to the men who are worthy of consideration and regard. And it is especially so now, when one comes from the turmoil and all-absorbing interests of a political controversy into an island where it is always afternoon, and where, but for the ever-present enthusiasm of our young friend who makes up for being an after-dinner speaker at political meetings by being a political speaker after dinner, we should all be able to pass from low realities to high ideals, to turn from King George to devotion to *Prince Rudolph,* and to stay behind to take part with the singers of hymns of praise. Nevertheless, sir, I feel now, rising to my feet without the opportunity for elaborate preparation which is sometimes apparent in after-dinner speaking—

MR. DEPEW: Cockran, he means you.

MR. COCKRAN: I should n't be surprised.

MR. ROOT—I feel much as did a friend of mine who was at dinner with you one evening. Making his way homeward with some difficulty, he came in contact with a tree—the only tree in the street. He fell backward

a step, then returned to the effort, and met the tree again. This time he sat upon the sidewalk, put both hands to his head, and cried: "Lost! lost! lost in an impenetrable forest!"

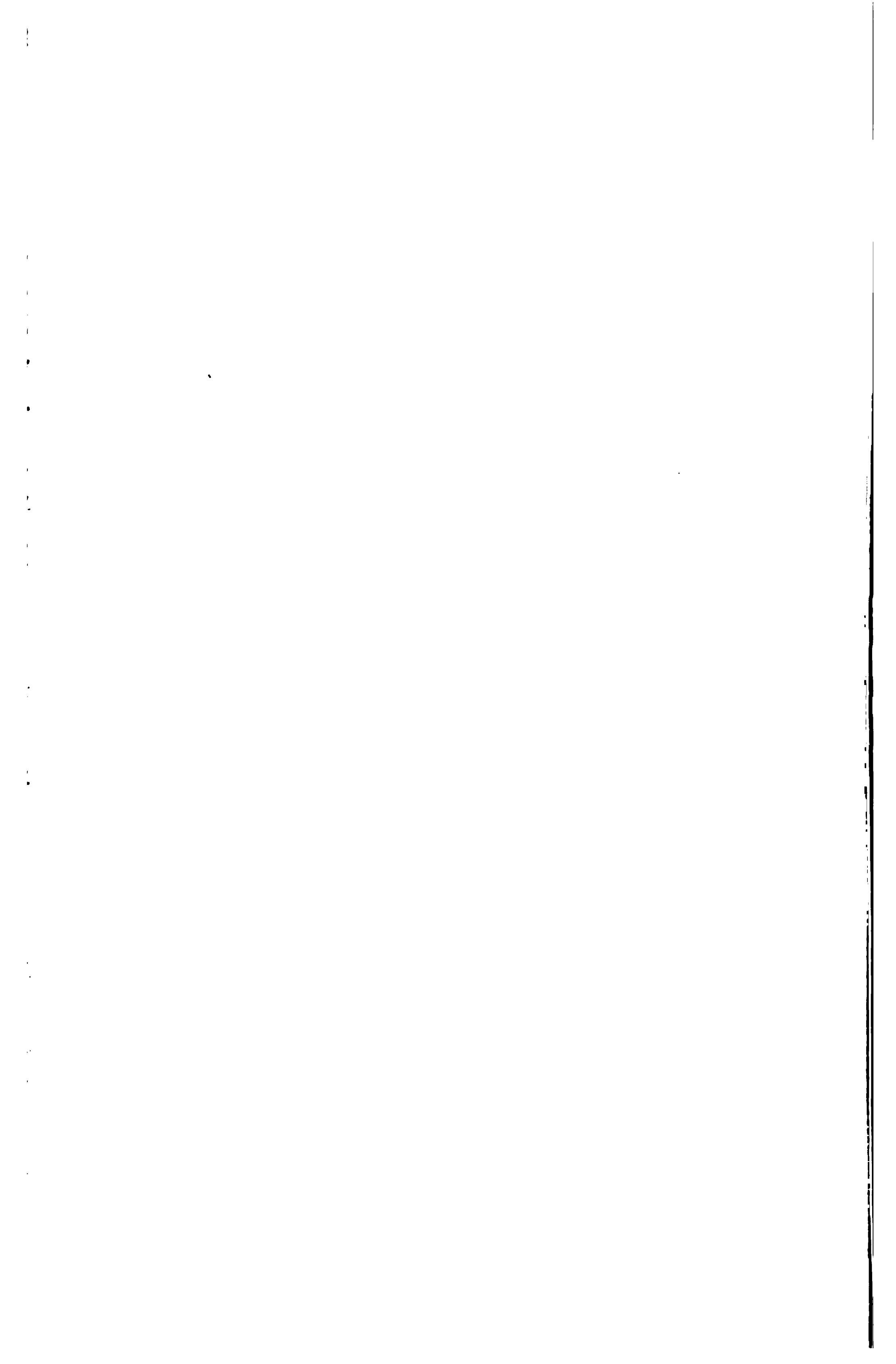
How, sir, after all that has been said so eloquently and so well, with such wit and humor, such pathos and such point, such delightful discrimination and just judgment, shall I find a single word to add to the appreciation which our guest may take away of the feeling of the American people toward him? But one thing I may say, and that is a thing which no frequency of repetition can make stale or old. I can say to him that we are grateful and appreciative; that though his face is strange to us, except as we have seen it upon the pictured page, though his direct personality is among us for the first time, we have very affectionate relations with his family. We love the men whom he has brought into the world, whom he has cherished and sent out—men who, springing from the brain of this generation, are worthy to stand by the side of our own masters and men of genius. We have a warm feeling toward him because he has brought to us these creatures of imagination and impressed upon our minds and hearts every feature of every character, not by talking to us about them, but by letting us live with them in their lives. We had grown tired of the books which developed character by letting us see it developed in the act.

I do not know that I can give any better idea of what seems to me the goal that every writer might well wish to attain more than any other than to say that every man has but few friends, whether among men or among

books. It is not within the capacity of human nature to love many men. We have many acquaintances, many friends, but whether it be among the millions of the city or in the hamlet, there are but few real friends. So it is with books. Each man has but a few books which he really loves, but few to which he turns at night when the house is still, when the workaday world is behind him, and a night of leisure, with its possibilities of enjoyment by the fireside, is before him; when, with the lamp at his shoulder and the fire burning on the hearth, he turns to the old friends that soothe his soul, that uplift his spirit, that smooth out the lines of his face, that bring back to him the sweetest and the noblest times of life, the sweetest and noblest aspirations of his youth. There are but a few friends that come to a man then, and they are the few volumes he takes down from his shelf and greets with the warmth of friendship.

Mr. Hope has entered into that charmed circle, has found a place more firm, more certain, and more enduring in that circle of the heart among more Americans than any man who has ever written during your lifetime and mine. And when he moves among us in the street, at the banquet-table, or looks down upon his audiences from the desk, his heart will warm toward America because he may know that he sees about him a multitude of faces of those to whom he comes when the great and busy world has passed away, and when the noblest sentiments and the tenderest feelings bring men back to their youth again.

Charles H. Van Brunt



CHARLES H. VAN BRUNT

AT THE DINNER IN HIS HONOR, DECEMBER 4, 1897

(Upon his re-election as a Justice of the Supreme Court.)

THE hospitable and instructive spirit of this club is so great that the members cannot allow a single opportunity to pass without availing themselves of it for the purpose of exercising what they consider to be their peculiar vocation. And so when my learned friend Mr. Justice O'Brien was elevated to the Supreme Court he was entertained at dinner here, and he was informed what was expected of him in his new position. And how he profited by the advice which he received upon that occasion is evidenced by the admirable manner in which he has filled the position which he now occupies. And I hope that four years hence the club will think it their duty to their fellow-member further to instruct him as to the manner in which he should conduct himself during his new term, which he will then be about to commence.

I feel the more assured that the club will not allow that opportunity to pass by unimproved because I am here this evening. I have come here in an humble, receptive spirit, having determined to avail myself of all the good things that might be set before me, whether in the shape of food, drink, or advice; and I expect before I leave to be thoroughly informed as to how I

should improve in my judicial conduct. I leave Brother Carter here to solve the problem which has always troubled the judiciary, and that is how to decide the controversies which may come before them in favor of one party without disgusting the other.

The words of your president, which have been entirely too enthusiastic in view of the subject upon which they treated, have made me believe that even a judicial career does not pass unobserved in our vast and busy community. And I feel, and shall feel, greatly encouraged by the memories of this evening, and will endeavor to make my record during the new term which is about to commence better than that which has been made during the term about to end.

JOSEPH H. CHOATE

AT THE DINNER TO PRESIDING JUSTICE VAN BRUNT, DECEMBER 4, 1897

I REALLY do not know how much flattery Judge Van Brunt can swallow. If indeed it could be reduced to liquid form, he himself would not permit me to prescribe the limit which he could imbibe. But when it is hurled at his head in such solid masses, I think that even his stalwart frame might well shrink from any further shower of the same kind.

And so it has occurred to me that I might take a different tack, and point out possibly some points of view in which this universal shower of praise might meet its proper qualifications. Therefore, under the protection of the hospitable roof of the Lotos Club, I frankly confess that I have always been afraid of Judge Van Brunt. And I really believe that that is a sentiment in which you, Mr. President, and all my brethren of the bar, from the youngest to the oldest, would readily concur. I find, too, that the holy awe in which he is held is shared by his associates in the Appellate Division; and I know that it is the common sentiment of that countless horde of judges of the Supreme Court who reign at the old court-house. Judge Gray has shown us that even the Court of Appeals is afraid of him too; they are afraid to tamper with his law.

Now let me tell you some of the points of view in which I have been afraid of him. Until to-night I have been afraid of his absolute command and knowledge of the law; but it has been reserved for the Lotos Club to relieve us forevermore of fear on that ground. This club has happily bound up and distributed for us the combined fruit and result of his life's work. [Holding up one of the souvenirs of the dinner, a hollow, book-shaped case marked "Van Brunt's Decisions," the speaker continued:] I hold in my hand, as does each of you, Van Brunt's decisions—all of them; the sum and substance of all that he has ever known or done. And when I open it, why, it occurs to me that I know all there is there myself. The merest tyro at the law knows as much as is bound up in this volume. It was a great philosopher who said: "One thing I know—that I know nothing." And always, after that was made clear, he passed for one of the brightest and wisest of mankind.

Then I have always been afraid of his austere countenance. Often as I have risen, with trembling knees, to speak before him, I have wished that something might mitigate the austerity of that face. And yet I have felt, you have felt, all have felt, I think, that he possesses one quality that has not been referred to here to-night—a warm and sympathetic and tender heart. He is not half so severe as he looks. If I might borrow and alter a stanza of one of the matchless verses of William Cowper, I would say, and I think that you would all agree with me:

"He hides a smiling Providence
Behind a frowning face."

Then another thing I have been very much afraid of ever since, as a mere stripling, I first rose to address him in the first term at which he sat in the Court of Common Pleas, and that is his keen insight. It always seemed to me that when his eye was fixed upon me he saw right through me; and as I sometimes have in my arsenal when I go to court a good deal that I would like to conceal or disguise, I have always felt that all my disguises were stripped off in his commanding presence.

And then I have been afraid of another thing—his extreme fairness and sense of justice. It is, half the time, one of the functions of our profession—Brother Carter knows it and practises it as well as myself—to mislead the court if we can. Well, now, in an experience of twenty-seven years before Judge Van Brunt, I never have succeeded in misleading him once.

Gentlemen, if we want thoroughly to realize how much we value Judge Van Brunt, we must only imagine what our feelings would be if, upon political exigencies that may arise about the first of January, he should be taken from us. It is true that by almost the unanimous voice of his fellow-citizens he has been reëlected a justice of the Supreme Court. He has not been elected presiding justice of the Appellate Division of the First Department. Suppose that, in the wisdom of the governor, in the peculiar shuffle system of that great game of judicial cards which he has to play every little while, these presiding justices of the Appellate Division should be reassigned? I have often thought how we should feel if the governor, in his wisdom, on the first of January should announce that

Judge Van Brunt had been assigned to hold court in the Appellate Division among the wolves and bears of Chautauqua County, or somewhere up there. I have often thought how it might affect us in the city of New York, and also what they would think of it up there. Really it would be a new experience for any of the rural brethren; and if he should take his seat in one of those numerical departments beyond the first, I really believe that the stampede of people in the country toward the city would be intensified tenfold.

Well, your chairman has very kindly referred to the Constitutional Convention, in which I had some part, which created these Appellate Divisions. Now, I am free to say that one of the fond dreams—perhaps it was only a dream—that the convention had was that if we could create in each of these departments an appellate court that was almost as good, if not quite as good, as the Court of Appeals, suitors would be satisfied and go no further. It has not yet been realized, and for this reason: up to this point the Court of Appeals has had but little to do with the decisions of the Appellate Division of the First Department. But that my dream will yet prove true I think is largely indicated by this fact, and I think Judge Gray will bear me out when I say that, having only just now, in the regular course of his calendar, reached the review of the decisions of the Appellate Division of the First Department, out of some sixteen appeals that they have heard, fifteen have received the affirmance of the Court of Appeals.

Another thing I have been afraid of when I have ap-

peared before Judge Van Brunt is the calm intensity and severity with which, against all alike, he enforces the rules. It sometimes appears to me to be almost impossible for me, and always impossible for my brother Carter, to say what we have to say in an hour. Times have changed in the forty years since Judge Van Brunt, over the way on the south side of Wall street, was a clerk in Judge Leonard's office, and I was a clerk with Butler, Evarts, and Southmayd. I had previously gone through a clerkship in the office of my brother Carter. I sat beneath his wings, and I followed his footsteps as closely as I could, and was determined to keep as near the heels of that leader of the bar as possible. I went to hear him discourse in the courts, and to hear such men as George Wood and Daniel Lord and Francis B. Cutting entertain the courts before which they appeared for a whole day together. Now we are all tied down on this bed of Procrustes and limited to an hour; and I must say that I believe justice is better administered by bringing the lawyers and the parties right to the point, and, if they have anything to say, requiring them to say it, and when they have said it to stop and assist the administration of justice, the rules with respect to which Judge Van Brunt so well understands and so forcibly administers.

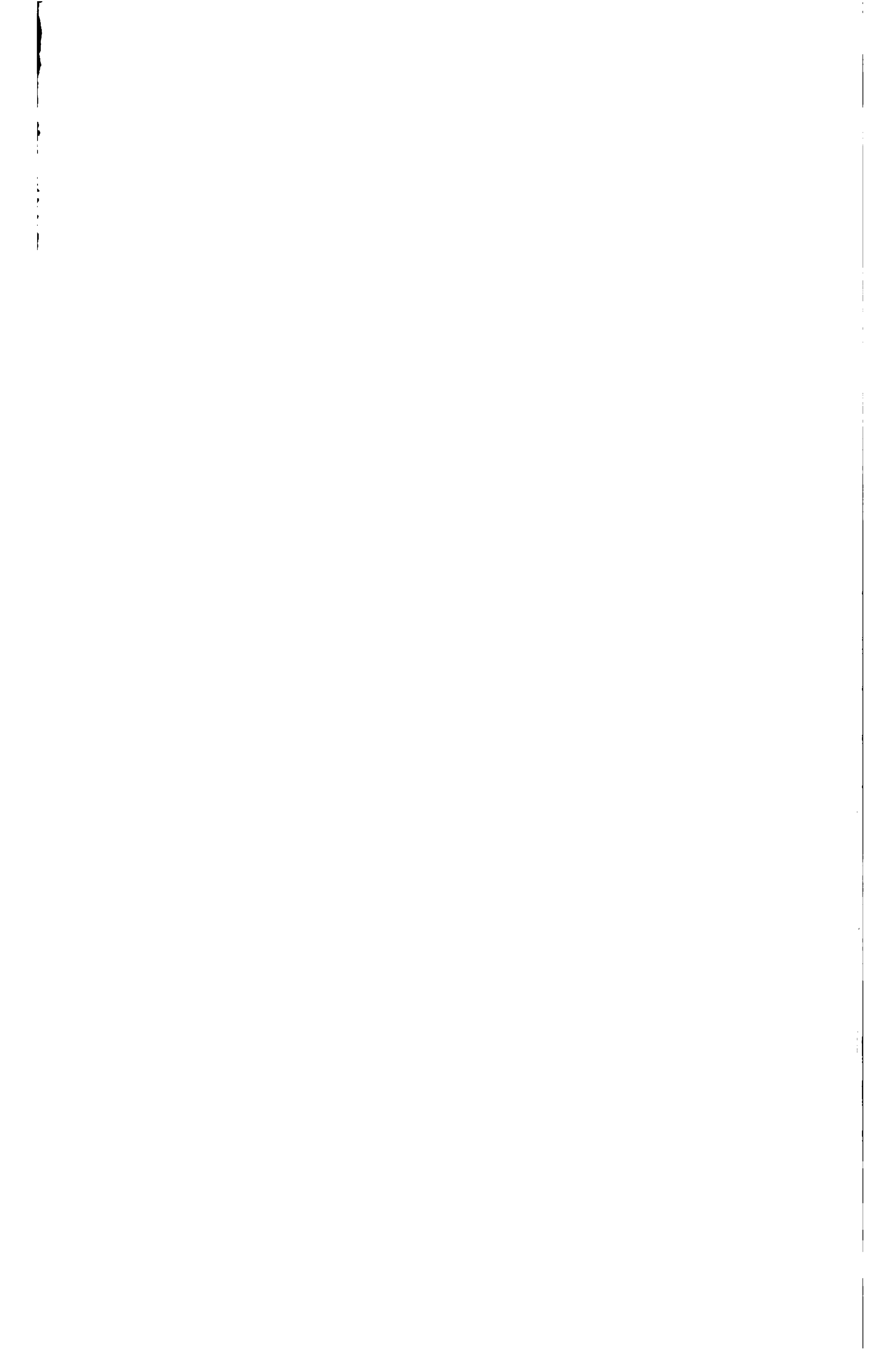
Now, gentlemen, I do not like to say anything in praise of a man to his face. What can I add to what has already been said? My brother Carter has asked him how he bears the responsibility of deciding a case in favor of one party without disgusting the other. Well, he has never disgusted me, because I follow the

theory, in the practice of the law, that I have no responsibility for the decision of the court. What does it matter to me whether I win or lose a case, provided I win or lose it rightly? It is the calamity, if it is anybody's calamity, of the client for having so poor a case or the jury for being so stupid or the Appellate Division for having so slight an appreciation of those overwhelming reasons that I am in the habit of presenting.

Well, gentlemen, I hope he may live through the years of service for which he has been elected, and then return to practice at the bar and join the rest of us, who will be ready warmly to greet him.

There is a sentiment which I know he will join with me in proposing, and which before I sit down I should like to offer on the part of so many of the profession in this city and State as are here to-night. The State of New York, the judiciary of New York, the bar of the State are about to suffer a grievous and irreparable loss. After twenty-seven years of public service, covering the whole period of the existence of the present Court of Appeals, its present chief judge, Charles Andrews, is to retire under the age limit imposed by the edict of the Constitution. I believe he has held out an example to every lawyer in the State of New York. He will carry into his retirement the affection and the esteem of all of us; and I should like—I wish he were here himself to receive the tribute—to offer as a sentiment, the health of Charles Andrews, Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals.

Morgan J. O'Brien



MORGAN J. O'BRIEN

AT THE DINNER TO PRESIDING JUSTICE VAN BRUNT, DECEMBER 4, 1897

I HAVE been a member here sufficiently long to realize the responsibility that is cast upon any gentleman who is called upon to respond to any sentiment that is proposed at this board, and I feel a good deal like the boy who unexpectedly fell into a cold stream. He concluded that the very best thing he could do was to swim for the shore.

Some allusion has been made here to-night to the public career of Judge Van Brunt. Fortunate is that man who has lived to see his reputation as a judge and his position on the bench commemorated by deserved and appropriate honors, by a tribute which is the greatest any judge can expect—to be nominated and elected by all political parties and factions.

But there are one or two things about this dinner which may seem to Judge Patterson and myself most agreeable and a little personal. You will notice that this great tribute came to him after he had served twenty-seven years. We are all willing to serve twenty-seven years, and take the chances of getting that indorsement, but it seems to me that it would be the proper thing for the gentlemen who are here to so shape public affairs that judges who endeavor honestly

and faithfully to perform their duties shall be retained in office twenty-seven years, and then invited to the Lotos Club to receive, as they deserve, praise or condemnation.

Now, I can add nothing, except in one slight respect, to what has been so well said concerning Judge Van Brunt. As presiding justice of the court it is unnecessary for me to tell you of the close and intimate personal relations into which every member of the court is brought with him. We are situated as are members of a family. Ours is a judicial family, and you cannot realize, unless you get that family idea in your minds, how important is the personnel of those with whom you associate. There is not a man in the court who is not wishing and longing to see Judge Van Brunt designated again as the presiding justice, and there is not one who would willingly occupy his place. Therefore as one of his associates, I desire to say that by the same fairness, by that same candor, and that same frankness which have endeared him to the bar, he has won the respect and affection of every one of his associates.

FRANK R. LAWRENCE

AT THE DINNER TO LORD HERSCHELL, NOVEMBER 5, 1898

(In introducing the guest of the evening.)

AS we assemble at the beginning of another season it is my privilege to greet you once more. When last we sat about these tables none of us could have imagined the events which the next few months were to bring forth. Our country had for many years been at peace with all the world. War came suddenly and with little warning, and the sensations it brought were new to the present generation. Happily, it has been short, and we hope that its shadow has passed from us for many long years to come.

History has been made very rapidly this year. But yesterday we had no thought of expansion, of aggrandizement, of foreign conquest. To-day we have taken into our dominion fertile possessions that are near at home, and are wondering whether and how we can assimilate into our political system millions of human beings of unknown races at the Antipodes.

The events of the year must give to every American a feeling of pride and of happiness as we reflect how soon the problems of the war were met and mastered, and when we recall the valiant deeds of our soldiers and sailors upon land and sea.

But there is no more happy recollection in connec-

tion with our recent history, and none, I hope, which will longer endure, than that of the friendship which at a critical time was shown by the great mother nation toward us, whom Kipling has called the "Youngest People." May that friendship always be reciprocal, and may it be accepted by mankind as an evidence that though the ocean separates, it does not divide the two great branches of the English-speaking race; that they are one in purpose and aspiration, and that whenever the bonds of human freedom are to be enlarged or the wrongs of an oppressed nation are to be righted England and America will stand as one.

But it seems that there are questions—differences, if you please—between the two countries, and those questions are of great and far-reaching importance, too. Yet many of us know of them only in a very imperfect way. But for to-night let us rejoice and be glad that there are such questions, for it is to their existence that we owe the presence of the distinguished guest in whose honor we assemble.

We hope that the proceedings of the Joint High Commission which is to settle those questions may in all respects be successful; and it has been rightly characterized as an evidence of the close friendship which exists between the two countries that England has sent to preside over the deliberations of that body one of the most illustrious of her sons.

Lord Herschell has been best and longest known here, and I think he would wish it to be so, in connection with the profession in which he has attained the highest eminence; and I do not think that any of the learned judges who sit about this table will say that I

go too far when I assure him that many of his judgments pronounced as Lord Chancellor, in the House of Lords and in the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, have long been considered as weighty and as persuasive in this country as they are authoritative in his native land.

We greet and welcome his lordship right heartily. May his present mission be crowned with all success; may Great Britain and the United States furnish to the world another illustration of the fact that all differences between nations are capable of friendly solution. May the two countries always stand side by side in pursuing every high purpose; may they be, in the words of one of England's greatest poets,

> "Yoked in all exercise of noble end;"

and may nothing ever occur to impair the friendship which so happily exists between them at the present time.

LORD HERSCHELL

AT THE DINNER IN HIS HONOR, NOVEMBER 5, 1898

I THANK you with all my heart for the manner in which you have received the proposal for my health which has been made to you by your president. I wish that I could make a speech worthy of your kindness, worthy of such an occasion. The circumstances, however, are not propitious. Plain living and high thinking, together with the hospitality of my friends in New York, naturally render speech-making impossible.

I have been led to inquire why it is that I am honored by such an invitation as this. I was informed that the club consisted largely of literary men, of artists, musicians, dramatists, and lawyers, and naturally I began to ask how it came about that a club composed of such elements would do me the honor of making me their guest. To literature, in the proper sense of the term, I can make no claim. I saw an account the other day of my life, in which the writer said that I had made but one venture into the region of literature, and the result was such as to induce a feeling of satisfaction that I had ventured no further. This was rather hard, because my venture consisted only of an address, the subsequent revision and publication of which was somebody else's work, not my own.

You remember, doubtless, that Mr. Disraeli said that

his critics were those who had failed in literature and art—a most unjust description of critics as a body, but no doubt perfectly correct as regards some members of the class. And it has always been a consolation to me to think that it may have been one of such critics who described my literary attempt.

So I put literature aside and turned to art. Well, I never made any attempt to draw anything since I was a boy. I am bound to say that what I drew then was strictly of the impressionist school. I believe that my work conveyed an idea of what I intended to describe, but it looked almost everything to the imagination. I am not quite sure that the time will not arrive when my drawings will be considered high works of art, because there are certain schools of art nowadays of which all you can say is that you have a kind of dim, misty, vague idea of what the artist intended to convey; he has thrown too much upon you the responsibility of figuring it out.

I will put aside art and turn to music. Well, I have performed in a very indifferent fashion at times upon a violoncello, but I am very sure that no artist of that instrument would regard me as his fellow.

Gentlemen, I am aware that upon an occasion of this sort, when I am perhaps not expected to indulge in the greatest of reflections, something lighter and more entertaining will not be disagreeable. But, unfortunately, this is a quality which I am assured is not in my possession. Some years ago I received a cutting from a provincial journal containing a very elaborate account of my life and career, and the writer ended up by saying that, unfortunately, there was one

drawback to any real greatness, and that was that I was entirely devoid of the sense of humor. He was himself an unconscious humorist of the highest order, because he sent me a copy of the newspaper cutting with the request that I would inform him whether I thought it, on the whole, a just appreciation of my qualities.

I am absolutely convinced that the criticism must be a just one, because I always believe everything that I read in the newspapers, except perhaps at election time.

I have dismissed the various artistic qualities which might have justified this invitation, and I am aware that there is one bond between myself and your president and some members of this club, and that is the love for and practice of the profession of law. My heart always warms to lawyers. But at the same time I am not sure that the members of the various artistic and literary professions regard lawyers with absolute and unqualified satisfaction. We could not altogether do without them, and at the same time I am afraid, with all my love for lawyers, that they are regarded as a disagreeable necessity.

I have come to the conclusion that the real reason why I am your guest to-night is that I am here as an Englishman, a representative of my country. I am rather alarmed at having used the language that I have. There may be some here perhaps who imagine that Scotland will say that in describing myself as English I have forgotten both Scotland and Ireland, and Wales may make her complaint. However, I think that I can justify my use of the term. I admit

that it is a great misfortune that we have no all-embracing term to describe those who are members of the United Kingdom, the same as the Germans have. We have no all-embracing word, yet I know that the word Englishman may suffice for this reason: that at least all are English-speaking men, all English-men.

Yet again, however, I pause because I reflect that if I thus describe Englishmen I embrace many more than the inhabitants of the United Kingdom, of the British Empire, and, in that sense, all whom I am addressing to-night are Englishmen also. And this surely is significant of one, at least, of the very strongest bonds of union between us—our common language, which means a common literature. The works in which we glory, you glory in also. The greatest of authors that the mother country ever produced were produced before the time when you became a nation, and are yours as much as ours; and at that time, too, flourished some of the greatest artists. I need only name Reynolds and Gainsborough and Romney, in whom you may glory as much as ourselves. And so I might deal with other regions of art. The English school of music came into existence when you had a right to call it yours as much as we had to claim it as ours.

Allusion has been made to the state of feeling which at present, happily,—most happily,—exists between your country and my own. Nothing, I can assure you, is to me a greater personal joy. There have been times, no doubt, when we have n't thought as well of each other—perhaps we have n't always taken the most charitable view of one another's actions. There was once a lord in the western part of England who

sent for one of his clergy, about whom he had heard reports as to some goings-on, and he said: "Mr. So-and-So, I regret to hear these stories about you. It is a matter of great concern to me." "Oh," replied the clergyman, "surely your lordship does not believe them." "Well," observed the latter, "I have heard them repeated so often that I am almost forced to think that there must be some truth in them." "Oh, my lord," responded the clergyman, "I have heard all sorts of stories about you, but I always say to myself that the devil is n't as black as he is painted."

I join most heartily with your president in the belief that nothing could augur better for the future of the world and for the happiness of humanity than the closest union between the two English-speaking peoples. We have so much in common. Wherever our flag floats and wherever your flag floats, they cover so many institutions that we alike revere and love. It indicates in your case as in ours the reign of law, the supremacy of law, and the equality of the law under it. And I believe that this can be said of the United States and of Great Britain as it can be said probably of no other nation under heaven.

And our institutions have a common origin. I need only point to the question of the relationship existing between the two countries, which seems to me a very speculative question, and one which it may be interesting to many to discuss; but it is certain that whatever there may be, the original Constitution of the inhabitants of the United States, which declared that the institutions should be theirs as citizens of the United States, had its growth and origin in the mother

country. And whether the people be now Anglo-Saxons, the institutions are of Anglo-Saxon origin. Wherever we may go, whatever may be the future destiny of the two peoples, this is absolutely certain—sooner or later, in the near future or in the distant vista, there will be planted there these institutions under which we have lived and flourished and thrived, and under which we hope our children and those who come after them may do the same.

It has always been my dearest desire to promote a good understanding, a good feeling between the people of my country and the people of the United States. I do not believe I have ever actually said one word at critical moments that would embitter their relations, because I have always believed in their union—I am not speaking of paper alliances or of anything of that description, but of something much deeper and more enduring—I have always believed in their union for the good of the people. I have always looked forward to the time when, united, they might achieve something for humanity. I therefore need hardly say with what satisfaction it is that I have been called upon to take part in the deliberations in which I am now engaged. If I should have any share, however humble, in promoting good relations between the two countries, then I shall have done, in my opinion, the highest work that is open to any man living upon earth—that of promoting concord and harmony when concord and harmony between the nations may be good for the world.

W. BOURKE COCKRAN

AT THE DINNER TO LORD HERSCHELL, NOVEMBER 5, 1896

THIS institution has afforded me in the past many pleasant evenings. To-night it has greatly increased the weight of my obligations. To meet an illustrious jurist who has achieved the highest distinction in a profession which plays an important part in our own national life—who has been chief of that magistracy which is the fountain of our own jurisprudence—is to enjoy a pleasure rare even among the hospitalities for which the Lotos Club is famous. When we welcome Lord Herschell to this banquet we express not merely our admiration for the qualities which have lifted him to the woolsack and which have won him an honorable place in the long line of English chancellors, but we pay a tribute of respect to the judiciary from whose wisdom sprang that common law which, transplanted to this country, we may well claim has here found a congenial soil to nourish its roots, as well as a wider field to shade with its ever-growing branches.

We may not all concur in Lord Herschell's opinion that this government is modeled upon the government of Great Britain, but there is one inheritance from England which every one regards as of priceless value to this people, and that is respect and reverence for the judiciary. Some of us may question the policy of

English statesmen, many of us may not approve the acts of English cabinets, most of us may doubt the wisdom of extending English authority over reluctant peoples, but we are all unanimous in our admiration for English judges. And this respect for the judiciary which we have inherited from the English people might, without exaggeration, be described as the most valuable of our possessions, for it has proved the vital principle of constitutional government in this country. We are proud of our Constitution, and justly so; but that Constitution, whose fruits have been so beneficent as almost to suggest that its source was the inspiration of Heaven rather than the wisdom of man, contains nothing that is original. Every principle which it embodies is as old as human thought; every one of its provisions for the security of individual rights has been copied from other charters of freedom. Yet it stands secure, effective, and powerful, while nearly every other government built on a written constitution has perished in confusion and disaster. The history of human progress is the history of attempts to establish democratic institutions. The upward pathway of the race is strewn with the ruins of constitutions conceived in lofty ideals of human capacity, but wrecked under the stress of human passions. Our Constitution has been made secure and effective not by the formulation of new principles, but by committing it to the protection of an independent judiciary established as a distinct department of our government, whose sheltering ægis can be invoked by the humblest citizen if his rights be threatened, no matter what may be the source from which the threat proceeds. This is the

original feature of our government—the one distinctive American contribution to the civilization of the world.

When Lord Herschell returns to his own country, and again surveys that magistracy whose origin is lost in the mists of antiquity, whose history is a long record of service in the cause of liberty, which, since the days of Gascoigne, has never hesitated to maintain the integrity of justice against the aggressions of king or prince, which has been untiring in finding ways to evade oppressive laws and fruitful of inventions for protecting the rights of the subject, his reverence for its achievements will be increased, his confidence in its future will be strengthened as he reflects that far beyond the sea he has seen another and a younger judiciary springing from the same root, maintaining the same jurisprudence, and rising to an authority which no English judge ever exercised and which a few years ago few English judges could have conceived. He will realize that this younger judiciary from a subordinate has become a coördinate, aye, the dominant branch of a mighty government, the controlling element fixing the extent of its own authority and prescribing limits of power to every other department, exercising its functions with such courage and wisdom that here no executive officer, however powerful, no legislative body, however numerous its members, nor all of them combined, can disturb one hair on the citizen's head or one garment on his back. As a judge he must rejoice to see here a court without soldiers or weapons able to deliver the humblest citizen from the custody of ten times ten thousand soldiers, unless his detention can

be justified, not by the order of the commander—even though he be the President, and commander-in-chief of all the armies and navies of the United States—but by the law of the land. And even if the law-making power itself attempted by legislative enactments to invade the domain of individual rights, to confiscate a citizen's property, to restrain his liberty, to endanger his limb or to imperil his life, that court would nullify it, and reduce it to a mere impotent declaration of an unconstitutional purpose. And, above all, he must be gratified to see that this extraordinary and salutary power is not granted by an express constitutional provision, but,—asserted by the courts as a necessary feature of constitutional government, and acclaimed by public opinion as the supreme invention of wisdom for the protection of human rights,—it has become the chief pillar of our governmental fabric, resting securely and immovably on the confidence of the people in the virtue of the judiciary, established by a century of illustrious service, confirmed and broadened by the experience of every day in our national existence.

Mr. Lawrence has said this evening with perfect truth that during the past year it has been the custom at banquets and other festive gatherings to pay attention almost exclusively to men of the sword. Nations have been too busy crowning the soldiers who have extended their frontiers to bestow much thought on the magistrates who maintain peace within their borders. While this tendency is undeniable, I confess I can't quite understand it. I cannot accept the rather common belief that the soldier and the lawyer are hostile elements

of human life. I regard them not as conflicting but as kindred forces, and I believe the progress of civilization is the fruit of their joint coöperation. Wherever the soldier leads, there the lawyer follows. The only permanent result that has ever flown from a victory in battle has been the establishment of new institutions—that is to say, a new system of laws. All the great struggles of the world, whether they be the decisive battles fought between nations or the cases decided every day in our courts between suitors, whether they are recorded by historians as wars between nations, or by reporters as litigations between individuals, they have all been conflicts between different systems of law. The soldier marching to battle carries a system of jurisprudence in his knapsack, and the lawyer pleading for his client embodies in his brief a contention for some legal principle of general application. The soldier who wins a decisive victory overthrows certain institutions of government; the lawyer, from their ruins, constructs a new political system. The struggle of the soldier lasts for a day, the labor of the lawyer extends through generations. What remains of the greatest military campaigns except the impressions which they have left on civil institutions? What is left of the victories won by Roman generals, of the provinces which they conquered, the countries they despoiled, the cities they beautified, the palaces they built, the wealth they amassed? The very ruins of Roman magnificence have perished, but the Roman civil law still exercises a great influence over the civilized world. What remains of Napoleon's empire, except the code that bears his name? What is left of all the

struggles recorded in English history, from the battle of Hastings to the Revolution of 1688, of the castles defended and stormed during the civil wars, of the great houses established on the ruins of dynasties, and the murder of kings, except the ancient common law? Nations rise and flourish, decay and fall; their kings and their cabinets, their warriors and their nobles, their cities and their fortresses all pass away; the very dust to which they crumble is scattered on the wings of the wind, but a system of law once established remains a source of authority among men long after its founders have departed and the language of its framers has perished.

I have heard it said that because the volume of litigation is shrinking, and because this country has just been engaging in war with a foreign power, the consequence of the lawyer is declining, while that of the soldier is increasing. In my judgment, neither the lawyer nor the soldier has declined in consequence. Each has cultivated his original field so effectively that little opportunity is left for further labor. But that fact, far from rendering either superfluous, opens a new and wider field of usefulness to both. The American soldier, who has never drawn a sword except in defense of liberty, has shown by an unbroken record of success that justice is invincible. Never has this been proved so decisively as during this very year, when we saw a great nation deliberately pour out its blood and its treasure with lavish hand, not to repel invasion of its own territory or avenge insult to its own dignity or prevent injury to its own interests, but to prevent the perpetration of injustice by a foreign op-

pressor on a weak and helpless people beyond our doors. If the American soldier remain faithful to the championship of justice, as I believe he will; if this government now declines to accept any indemnity or recompense for its sacrifices, other than the triumph of the cause for which they were made; if it prove by forbearance in victory that its strength in war was exercised not to extend the boundaries of its own dominion, but to extend the dominion of justice throughout the world, then I believe that henceforth no government can undertake to make war for a baser reason, and the peace of the world will hereafter depend not upon the caprice of rulers, the ambition of statesmen, or the greed of mercenaries, but upon the judgment of civilization. Under the stimulating example of what the American soldier has achieved, the valor he has displayed, his efficiency in repelling invasion, in suppressing rebellion, and now in overthrowing despotism even on foreign soil, I believe the world will come to regard standing armies as unnecessary burdens. Military service will no longer be the function of paid mercenaries, but the honorable duty of every citizen. The soldier will not decline but grow in importance and repute when every soldier will be a citizen and every citizen a soldier; when war will be impossible unless waged for a cause which the conscience of a nation must approve.

And the lawyer, too, will hereafter play a nobler and greater part in the evolution of government. Lawyers and judges have performed their part so well, they have made the principles of jurisprudence so nearly perfect, that it is difficult now for honest men to dispute which way lies the path of justice in any

transaction of life. As the kingdom of justice advances the field of dispute necessarily narrows. The same causes which operate to preserve peace between nations operate to restrict private litigation in the courts. Men are learning to understand the waste, the folly, and the wickedness of contest, and the profit, the glory, the godliness of peace and industrial coöperation. But while the prospect of private retainers may grow fainter, new, profitable and honorable fields of usefulness are opening before the footsteps of the lawyer. He will obtain larger fees and perform a better service to his client and to the community by assisting in the management of great industrial enterprises, guiding them through the shoals and narrows of commercial activity so as to avoid disputes and disturbances; directing to fruitful enterprises all the energies formerly wasted in litigation and contention; preserving peace between employer and employee, stimulating the productivity of both labor and capital, increasing the commodities available for human comfort—thus widening the prosperity of the whole community. But the lawyer's highest service and largest opportunity will be in laboring always to maintain the independence and increase the efficiency of the judiciary which, as I have already said, has developed in this country into the controlling element of government, the vital force of constitutional freedom.

New questions of grave importance to the whole social fabric are rising to prominence with which nations everywhere must deal if civilization is to live. These questions touch not the relations of countries, but of individuals to each other. They do not involve the

division of the earth's surface among different nations, but the division of the earth's product among the different elements contributing to its creation. I believe these questions will be settled here, because here we have a judiciary which has made every difficulty that ever arose in the pathway of this Republic a stepping-stone to higher conditions. With these questions legislative bodies cannot deal, for they cannot be settled by the mere enactment of new laws. They must be settled on the basis of natural justice, justice so clearly defined and so obvious that no honest man can doubt it. Natural justice is not of to-day or of yesterday—it is eternal. It does not rise from the experience of man, but descends from heaven itself. It cannot be established, but it can be discovered by human wisdom, and surely if the sound principles of morality governing these questions are to be formulated correctly it must be by the courts which have always been the sanctuary of justice and by the judges who have always been its faithful priests.

In all that I have said I hope our guest will detect no note of national boastfulness, but rather an expression of confidence in the security of that civilization based on the common law which is the priceless possession of both countries. We cannot praise the American judiciary without paying tribute to the English judiciary; we cannot cherish the stream and overlook the fountain.

We have heard many words of wisdom from Lord Herschell to-night—some of weighty import concerning an alliance between the two peoples. All the alliance that can ever exist between the two countries

exists to-day. Every decision of the courts on either side of the ocean and every law passed by the legislatures of both countries tending to maintain order against lawlessness, reason against violence, the supremacy of the civil over the military power, are features of an alliance which has always subsisted and which no written treaty could either strengthen or disturb. And the benefits of this alliance are not confined to these two countries. Its uninterrupted operation must result in such prosperity as will show all the nations of the earth the true pathway to enduring peace and measureless prosperity. May this alliance, based on a common jurisprudence, continue forever effective to widen the ramparts of freedom and to strengthen the bulwarks of order by extending the reign of justice and the principles of the common law over all the nations of the earth.

SETH LOW

AT THE DINNER TO LORD HERSCHELL, NOVEMBER 5, 1896

I TRUST that I may be permitted to caution the distinguished guest of the evening against a wrong inference that he may have been tempted to draw from one of the details of this banquet. I observed that when the Roman punch was brought into the room the English flag was on one side of it and the American flag on the other. I hope our guest did not infer that that was an indication of any coolness between our two countries. If he did, I think we must give to him the true interpretation of the symbol as illustrated by an anecdote I heard last summer of a distinguished justice of the Supreme Court of Connecticut. It was noticed at a certain dinner that he allowed himself to be helped to ice cream three or four times, and some one remarked to his friend at the table, "The judge seems to be very fond of ice cream." "Yes," said the friend, "it warms him up." I have no doubt that the Roman punch was furnished to us this evening with that friendly intent, and my interpretation of the symbolism of it on this occasion is still further vindicated by the fact that it has already disappeared. So whatever coolness there may have been is a matter of the past.

Like his Lordship, I am no musician; but this I

know. If a tuning-fork be struck, and there be within the sound of it another fork tuned to the same key, though they be far apart and apparently unrelated, there will come from the second instrument an answering note. It seemed to me, during the last summer, that there came from our cousins across the sea that answering note which showed that their hearts and ours were beating as one. And I like to think, when it is the other fork that is struck, that the same true answer, the answer of a kindred spirit, will go back to them.

I am really perplexed as to how I can get into sympathetic relation with the guest of the evening upon the subject of the law. I am not a lawyer-orator, as Mr. Root is. I remember that I did go to the law school for a single year. Meeting my preceptor a few years later in the City Hall Park, he expressed his regret that I did not come back for the second year to take the degree. I said that I should have been glad to do so, but circumstances forbade. Yet I thought I had learned one thing during the year I did pass in the law school under his instruction which would be of value to me as long as I lived. He asked what that was, and I said I had learned just enough of the law to understand the importance of keeping out of it.

There is perhaps in the law a good enough bond of sympathy between many of our fellow-citizens and the guest of the evening; but that scarcely furnishes to me a common meeting-ground with one who has occupied the lofty position of Lord Chancellor of England. And yet I may perhaps properly claim to extend to him my greetings as the titular head of one of the law

schools of the city. I am, indeed, the President of the Faculty of the Columbia school of law; but I hope that my learned friends here to-night will not for that reason question the orthodoxy of the school when I assure them that the president needs to know only two things—namely, what *he* does n't know, and who knows it. That thought has always been a consolation to me. I endeavor to conduct my relations with the teaching of the law at Columbia University upon that basis; otherwise I am afraid that the common law of England might become in the transition the uncommon law of the State of New York.

Reference has been made to the Dreyfus trial, and you may be interested in an incident that my relation with many branches of learning has brought to my attention, bearing on that question. I was talking with the French gentleman who is at the head of our department of the Romance languages. In most respects he is an entirely acceptable teacher, though I am obliged to confess that he cannot pronounce his own language in a way that the president of the university can understand. I ventured to remark to him one day that the procedure at the Zola trial struck the American mind as very singular. "But," I said, with that breadth of sympathy which is natural in the president of a university, "I dare say that our own legal procedures seem just as strange to you?" He said: "They do. Some time ago Dumas wrote a play. He wanted to bring suit in America to protect his rights in this play. The papers were drawn and presented to him, that he might take the necessary steps. The first thing that struck his attention was the fact that he was called

upon to swear that he was the author of the play. 'Swear that I wrote that play?' said he. 'Every one knows that I wrote the play! I will not swear!'" And because he would not swear he could get no protection from our courts. I thought the illustration suggested happily the different points of view of the two peoples concerning the procedure of the law.

There is, however, one point of sympathy between the guest of the evening and myself on which I may be permitted to speak a single word with some confidence. He is the Chancellor of the University of London; and certainly as the President of Columbia University, the oldest educational institution of learning in the city of New York, I may give him greeting and not be ashamed. I think it most interesting and significant that as education has become democratized in England it has been found necessary to create in London a teaching university for the city. For many years the University of London existed simply as an examining center, but its examinations are not sufficient now to give to the people the rich food of the higher learning.

I think that that development, like kindred developments in the cities of this country, is full of hope. The cities draw into themselves the strongest men in every part of the world. They do so among the teachers of the land just as surely as in any other profession, and I think it is self-evident that the cities must not only take in, but they must give out; and just because they draw from all parts of the land the most virile and powerful intelligence, the obligation rests heavily upon them to repay the world by service of

the highest order, in universities and in every other field.

Therefore, on behalf of the oldest university of the second city of the world and the first city on this side of the Atlantic, I bid Lord Herschell a right royal and hearty welcome. The phraseology of old King's College, now Columbia College, comes naturally to my mind on this occasion—"I bid you a hearty and a royal welcome to the city of New York."

FRANK R. LAWRENCE

AT THE DINNER TO REAR-ADMIRAL SCHLEY, NOVEMBER 26, 1898

(In introducing the guest of the evening.)

WE assemble to-night in honor of one of the chief participants in the recent great drama of real life, where contending nations occupied the stage, with the destinies of an oppressed people as the stake, and where there awaited the vanquished captivity or death, and the victor honor and glory.

Our guest of to-night was no stranger to scenes of battle and danger such as those through which he has lately passed; for when scarcely more than a boy he commanded a vessel of war under Farragut, and had his career terminated thirty years ago, his name would have been remembered by a grateful country as one of its heroes.

Years ago an officer in the service of the United States, while engaged in a vain quest for the North Pole, was lost with a few companions far within the Arctic Circle. After long delay it was determined to send an expedition for his relief, and, the task being one which required unusual intrepidity combined with coolness of calculation, the direction of the little squadron was intrusted to the charge of a commander in the navy, Commander Winfield Scott Schley. The mission

was performed so well that, with scarcely a clue, those of whom they went in search were found, perishing of cold and hunger, and by the narrowest margin were rescued from death, and Greely and his companions were restored to life and home and friends.

I remember very well the banquet which was given to the officers of the relief expedition upon their return from the quest, and as it was my pleasant duty to perform on that occasion, at Delmonico's, the same agreeable task which falls upon me to-night, I remember particularly the speech of the principal guest of the evening. At that time the navy was at a very low ebb so far as public interest in it was concerned. The antiquated vessels which had seen service twenty or thirty years before were still in use, and it seemed almost impossible to secure the necessary legislation to bring about their replacement by new ones. I remember that the guest of that evening called attention to the fact that the United States stood at that time without a single modern vessel and without a single modern gun. He said, if after a lapse of fourteen or fifteen years I remember rightly, that as we were then circumstanced it would take at least three years to assemble the material and establish the plant from which modern guns could be made. He predicted, what few of us then believed, that, according to the universal experience of mankind, war within our time must come, and I remember that he urged upon his audience that night the supreme importance of being ready for war whenever it should arrive. While none of us who lis-

tened to that speech realized how likely it was that its prophecy would be fulfilled, we all felt confident that, if war must come, the gallant officer to whom we listened that night would be foremost among those who took part in it.

When hostilities began last spring I believe the people generally felt satisfaction in the appointment of Commodore Schley to one of the principal commands; and we all feel now, I know, that he is one of those to whom it is chiefly due that the war was short, that the war was decisive, that the objects for which it was begun were completely accomplished, and we hail him as one of the principal heroes of the war who have shed honor and glory and luster upon the American name.

It was my privilege to spend some time at Old Point Comfort last spring, while the Flying Squadron, under command of the then Commodore Schley, was lying in Hampton Roads, and preparing to put to sea, within sight of the spot where the first two ironclad vessels which ever engaged in battle, the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*, had met in memorable conflict thirty-five years before. When the order for departure came, the rapid change of the vessels from beauty to ugliness, from the hue of white-winged peace to that of grim-visaged war, was most impressive.

A lady who had observed the contented manner in which the commanding officer was conducting his preparations, suggested to him, in my hearing, that he surely must feel great anxiety for his own safety and for that of his men; to which he replied characteris-

tically in the trite old saying: "Madam, you can't make omelets if you don't break eggs."

I said to him, "Commodore, if you will go and destroy the Spanish fleet, when you come back we will give you a dinner at the Lotos Club." He replied, "Consider it a bargain." If it was a bargain, how admirably he performed his part of it is known to all the world.

It is not for me now to dwell upon the uncertain quest for the enemy, the long vigil in deadly tropical heat before the narrow mouth of Santiago harbor, or even upon the brilliant finish on the third of last July, when Schley's flagship was in the van, receiving more shots from the enemy than any other American vessel, and when the entire Spanish fleet was destroyed without loss or serious injury to a single vessel of our own. We feel that in all these events our guest of to-night so bore himself as to delight the American people; that to him, as much as to any man, is due the triumph of our arms and the gaining of a victory large enough, as he has said, for all of us—large enough for all who took part in it, large enough for the whole American people.

Gentlemen, the American sailor represents to us the spirit of adventure, the spirit which led Columbus to cross an unknown sea, the spirit which first led Francis Drake to sail around the globe, the spirit which sent Martin Frobisher and so many after him in search of a northwest passage, the spirit without which so many glorious chapters in the world's history must have remained unwritten and so much of the world's store of knowledge must have remained unknown.

I have very great pleasure in proposing the health of our guest. We greet him as one of the most brave, accomplished, and distinguished officers of a service in which the whole people feel the utmost pride—the American navy. I ask you, gentlemen, to rise and drink the health of Rear-Admiral Winfield Scott Schley.

WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY

AT THE DINNER IN HIS HONOR, NOVEMBER 26, 1898

THIS is not the first time that I have enjoyed the hospitality of your organization. I came here prepared for a most excellent dinner, and I brought with me a splendid appetite. Your president has been kind enough to paint for you a word portrait of me that I hardly think I deserve. I am really unable to recognize myself in the framing of words which he has so beautifully placed around it. I was simply a sharer in great events. I had the honor of assisting, merely, in bringing about a result which has been glorious for our country, and which has made the third of July a red-letter day in our modern history.

The matchless victory of the peerless Dewey in Manila on May 1, and that on July 3 off Santiago, supplemented by the beautiful work of our army in the field before Santiago, were but the culmination and the outcome of the preparation and equipment that had been organized by the Navy Department and its officials. How well our work was done the wrecks now lying upon the beach on the south side of Cuba tell the better story. It is a curious thing, however, in the circumstance of battles how little things frequently determine results. It had been determined by the fleet of Admiral Cervera to leave Santiago on the night of

July 2. By some one of the strange circumstances of telepathy, I felt that a critical moment was at hand, and had determined to connect the forward and the after engines of the ship. But so convinced was I that a movement was at hand that I feared to be caught in the operation, which would require nearly an hour. Hence, when the commanding officer assured me that better speed could be made with two engines and full boiler power, I concluded that we would take the risk. Much has to be risked in battle.

Now, it appeared that at the very hour when this question was occupying my own mind Cervera had intended to attempt his escape. But a curious circumstance occurred to the westward. The enemy had retreated over the high hills to the westward of Santiago. The army lines were closing so rapidly that there was little chance left, and they availed themselves of it. The insurgents took possession of the block-houses that had been evacuated, and burned them in succession to the number of six, which corresponded exactly with the number of ships forming the fleet of Cervera. He assumed at once that the insurgents were communicating the fact of his coming out that night, and he decided to postpone it until morning, in order to fool the Yankees. It was a fatal decision. That little fact contributed much to determine the result.

It ought to be said, also, that the discipline of our navy was so complete, and its officers and men were so constantly vigilant, that the first movement of the enemy was discovered simultaneously from every ship. The time chosen by Admiral Cervera was 9:30 in the morning, because he assumed that we would be at

quarters at that time—and we were. From the time that the first vessel carrying his flag, the *Maria Teresa*, appeared in the mouth of the harbor until the first gun was fired it was exactly three minutes. The ships came out in beautiful order; technically denominated, they were in column, at distance, under a high pressure of steam. Signal was made immediately to clear for action—for close action. It was followed at once by a general inward movement of the fleet. Fire was immediately opened, and such a bombardment as took place in the next fifteen minutes rarely falls to the experience of any one to behold. The batteries to the east and west of the harbor opened upon our vessels, the ships themselves fired with a rapidity that was only possible with modern rapid-fire guns, and the storm of projectiles that passed above us was simply terrific. I myself was standing on the bridge at the time, in order to get a better view of the situation and to determine what would be the method chosen of the only three possible, and to my great delight the movement was made westward, which was the most vulnerable.

All the ships advanced as closely as their speed would permit until the purpose of the enemy had been accurately determined to be that of flight rather than fight. I found myself in the *Brooklyn*, in a position where, if the turn had been made inward, fifteen minutes of very precious time would have been lost through masking the enemy against our own fire; whereas in turning outward they were uncovered and the fire was continuous, with the result that in twenty-nine minutes from the opening gun four of the enemy's vessels were practically destroyed, were on fire and retreating to

the beach, while two remained. The *Viscaya* and the *Colon* put their helms a-port and attempted to escape to the westward. They were pursued by all the vessels of the fleet except one or two, which remained behind to perform those offices of humanity, in saving life, which are common to civilized warfare.

For fifty-four minutes from the destruction of the *Teresa* there was a running fight with the *Oquendo*, in which that vessel suffered terribly. It was the first time in my life that I had ever seen shingles fly from a ship. Her men were driven from her batteries, the ship was pierced by over one hundred projectiles, her water-mains were cut, she was set on fire, and one shell alone killed and wounded eighty people. Just before she surrendered, which was at 11:05, she made a movement as if turning to seaward, when she received three projectiles almost simultaneously, one striking the belt and the other two perforating her soft parts above the belt. That was sufficient. Fire burst from her portholes, her hatches were taken off, and flame and smoke burst from those; she turned inshore a distance of perhaps half a mile, and I thought she was going to capsize. As soon, however, as she had hauled down her colors and had made for the beach to seek the best place to save her people, we saw that the *Colon* had been steaming up a little closer inshore. She was then out of range—except very long range—and I directed Captain Cook to go to dinner, because I thought that men who were to fight ought to be fed.

The *Oregon* and the *Brooklyn*, being faster than the other ships, had separated considerably from the fleet that was following up. I then sent word, directing

the *Oregon* to do the same, to the men below, the firemen and coal-heavers, that force of noble, silent, effective workers, upon whose efforts was to depend the fate of the *Colon*. I heard, coming up through the ventilators on the bridge, the song:

> "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave."

Those sterling fellows shoveled coal for all they were worth, and the engines took hold of the ship and she bounded forward like a greyhound. After thirty minutes of pretty good feeding we found that we had gained so much upon the *Colon* that I signaled Captain Clark of the *Oregon* to let go one of his railroad trains at her. He fired one of his thirteen-inch shells, and it landed just under the stern of the *Colon*. The *Brooklyn* then fired an eight-inch shell, which landed about an equal distance ahead of her. Clark wigwagged to me, "A little ahead," and I wigwagged back to him, "A little astern." Then there came a signal from the *Oregon* asking me if that was not an Italian ship that we saw. I answered no; I thought she wore other colors now. That was the pleasantry of the battle.

A third shot was fired from the thirteen-inch guns of the *Oregon*, which was three hundred to four hundred yards astern of me, a little further inshore. That shell passed fore and aft and over the *Colon*. The fourth shell, fired from the *Brooklyn*, an eight-inch shell, struck her on the quarter, and entered the cabin and wrecked everything. We were coming very rapidly into range, and, seeing that he was occupying very dangerous ground—he could not have escaped because

his course would have been south and in ten minutes more he would have had to fight—he fired a gun to leeward, hauled down his colors, and ran his ship ashore. We approached him very rapidly, and a boat from the *Brooklyn*, with Captain Cook, the flag captain, was sent on board to demand an unconditional surrender, which was granted.

Some time afterward the commander-in-chief came upon the scene, and the prize was turned over to him and a substantial report made of the circumstances. While we were engaged in an informal conversation about the features of the battle Commander Eaton appeared and reported that the Spanish battle-ship *Pelayo* was on the coast. Admiral Sampson turned to me and said: "Schley, take the *Oregon* and go eastward and finish up the job." I immediately went on board my ship and started to the eastward, and after I had been gone about an hour I saw a vessel just ahead of me which bore all the earmarks of a Spaniard, and I felt that she was treading upon very dangerous ground. My belief was further fortified later by the *Vixen* coming from the westward with the commander-in-chief's flag lieutenant on board. He came alongside and reported to me that the vessel which I saw was the *Pelayo;* that he had seen her. I told him to go to the westward and let the commander-in-chief know, and said I would go to the eastward and engage her. We felt after the action of that day that there was n't anything that bore the Spanish flag that would dare meet any vessel of ours. Finding ourselves rather nearer the coast than was favorable to manœuvering, I started about southeast for a few minutes, when the vessel

ahead changed her course to about southwest. Then we thought we had a fight sure; but as she uncovered and exposed herself I saw that she was a turreted ship and not a battle-ship such as the *Pelayo*. Our men—I think it was the rule in all the ships—were carefully educated to the appearance of all these Spanish vessels by having pictures of them posted in various places about the ships. While Captain Cook and myself were talking over the situation one of the men came up and said, "Commodore, that is not the *Pelayo;* it is the *Cardinal Cisneros.*" Well, that was easy. I said to Captain Cook, "Cook, that is not so hard a nut as I supposed; go for him at full speed."

It was difficult to distinguish the flag, the colors being red and white, instead of red and yellow, and running in the same direction as those of the Spanish flag. We approached to within twenty-five hundred yards, and I had just given the order to commence firing when I saw a signal go up on board the ship. I wondered what a Spaniard meant by signaling to us. Cook suggested that perhaps it was to find out what was the matter on the beach; and when we made it out, by the commercial code, it was the announcement that the vessel was the Austrian battle-ship *Maria Teresa*—a bad name for that day in that locality. We steamed up alongside, and the commanding officer came aboard and said he was in search of the commander-in-chief; that he wanted to go into Santiago to carry off a lot of German citizens who were in peril. I told him that I did n't believe he would be allowed to go in, but that when the commander-in-chief came up off Santiago in the morning he would per-

haps give him the authority he asked, and that if the commander-in-chief was not present I should certainly not do so. He said that he had noticed that something had gone on, but he did not know the result. I ran quickly over the result of the action for him. He said, "You say I must come up in the morning. Now, what do you think would be a safe distance for me to lie off Santiago to-night?" I said that I thought ten miles would be quite sufficient. He said, "I will double it and make it twenty, to be on the safe side." Well, he did go off the harbor to the southward about twenty miles, and there he remained until nine o'clock the next morning, when he appeared off the harbor, and, as I supposed, he was not permitted to enter, and was obliged to send a steam launch in.

That practically ended the operations of July 3. There were many other officers and many other men who did not have the opportunity of actual combat, but whose services deserve quite as much reward and quite as much mention, not only for their alertness, but for their exposure, very often in vessels that had no protection and in which a greater risk was run than in our case, where belted protection was afforded.

It ought to be said of the men of our navy that as gunners they are without peers. I came to the conclusion, after the result of that third of July had been worked out, that the fellow who wanted to fight us had better come over here with a lot of fellows who could shoot if he expected to be in our class. So far as my own connection with the battle was concerned, it was, as I have said, merely that of a sharer with others; and the praise which has been accorded to me

is much more satisfactorily enjoyed when I feel that even the smallest share is big enough to divide with my whole command.

War unquestionably shortens life, but no doubt broadens it in the same proportion. It has been said by a very celebrated authority that every generation of men should be able properly to defend the title to the spurs they have inherited. It is also said by the same authority: "If you point out to me a nation that has gone for two generations without war, I will point out to you one whose decadence has begun." War, of course, is one of the necessary evils. It is the medicine which the body politic has to take in very much the same way that the physician gives you medicine for the natural or corporeal body. It frequently purifies the blood, and teaches people to know each other as they can in no other way.

My connection with the operations in the West Indies terminated only on the fifth day of November at Porto Rico, where the President assigned me to duty as one of the commission. In sixty days from the day we landed there was not a Spanish uniform left in the island, and none nearer to us than Cuba. I found that the Spanish officer was a very cultivated gentleman, a very brave man, and that he was susceptible to argument and to fact just the same as anybody else. It was merely a little diplomatic parley, in which I think we were a little superior. Anyhow, we accomplished our purpose, and the flag of our country floats everywhere in Porto Rico, whose people are very gentle and whose capabilities are very great.

It will of course be a difficult thing to overturn the

prejudices of four hundred years. Nothing that I know of is so difficult to get rid of as prejudice; but I am quite sure that the moment the population seizes the fact that the rule of repression has been removed and the rule of confidence established, there will be as much happiness in the new state of things as it is possible to imagine. I feel that Porto Rico has immense possibilities, and I am sure, under our beneficent government and under our strong people, it will be a most important addition. Just what its place in our system is, or is to be, is not a question for me to determine; that is left to the wisdom of the Congress and the government. As naval officers, our only politics is devotion to country and the belief that our government is always right.

HENRY C. POTTER

(BISHOP OF NEW YORK)

AT THE DINNER TO REAR-ADMIRAL SCHLEY,
NOVEMBER 26, 1898

THE president of the club has remarked that this is the first time that he has welcomed me as a guest. Let me say that I have before been the guest of this organization. I never heard it described by that political term, but the memory of that occasion constrains me to say to you what I otherwise should not have said. I will venture to say that, more years ago than your young president will probably remember, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, whose portrait I see here on the wall, was president of the Lotos Club, and the club, according to its habit of entertaining distinguished foreigners, gave a dinner and afterward a reception to Mr. Charles Kingsley. I was not able to be present at the dinner, but came in afterward to the reception. As I ascended the steps leading to the hall of the club-room, which was then near Fourth Avenue, on the east side of Union Square, I was greeted by Mr. Reid, who said: "We are now having a speech by Mr. John G. Saxe, and we will call next upon you." I had just come to the city, and the gravity of the occasion bewildered me. Mr. Saxe was talking earnestly, and every now and then he illustrated his remarks by an anecdote. As soon as my

turn came I took up the thread of his discourse and recalled an anecdote which had been told me by Mr. George William Curtis. Mr. Curtis had been walking to and fro waiting for his train on the station platform of a town where he had lectured. An elderly female approached him and, peering into his face, said, "Will you check my trunk?" Mr. Curtis said, "Madam, the baggage-master will check your trunk." Looking at him again, she said, "Why, are n't you the baggage-master?" A cold chill ran down his spine at that unusual identity. As the train was late, after a little while he approached her and said, "Madam, will you mind telling me why you thought I was the baggage-master?" "Because," she replied, "you have got the big nose." I detected the full significance of it, and after a while I felt my way to Canon Kingsley's presence and saw his nose.

I have been able to see only one side of Admiral Schley's face. Nobody knows how much I admire Admiral Schley's distinguished features, and how much I recognize the distinguished service which he has performed. In referring to this I am at a still further disadvantage. Opposite to me—for what reason I know not—there has been placed a row of distinguished divines—Rev. Dr. Savage, Rev. Dr. Slicer, Rev. Dr. Ingersoll, and the pastor of "The Sun," the Rev. Dr. Lord. Clergymen are apt to be extremely critical. A preacher I knew was asked what he thought of a lecture which he had heard. "I was thinking all the time," said he, "how much better I could do it myself." That is the habit of the clerical mind. One of my cloth, on one occasion, went to preach a sermon on

Sunday afternoon in an insane-asylum near Chicago, and, having arrived there, he was met by the superintendent and was asked what he was going to preach about. He said, "I have written a sermon on the blessings of the gospel to the insane." The superintendent said, "Why, you cannot preach that here; everybody in this place is insane." The preacher said, "I can't preach anything else because I have got only this sermon with me, and I cannot preach without a manuscript." "Is n't there any other subject that you could talk on?" inquired the superintendent. "Nothing else," said the preacher, "except a sermon which I preached this morning on foreign missions." "You must preach the sermon on foreign missions, then," said the superintendent. He did so. He was very much impressed by the apparent intelligence of his hearers and by the close attention which they gave to his sermon. When he had finished one man from the audience came up to my clerical friend, who said to him: "I saw, sir, that you appeared to be interested in my discourse. Will you tell me what particular part of it you liked best?" "Yes," said the man; "when you described about the mothers in India flinging their babes beneath the wheels of the Juggernaut I wondered why, when you were a baby, your mother had n't flung you there." That speculation, sir, is occupying these clerical minds at present.

I am very sensible of the kind hospitality of the club, and I have an unmixed delight in doing my homage to the distinguished sailor who sits on my left. I shall have most grateful remembrance of the cordial welcome which I have found to-night.

WALLACE F. RANDOLPH

AT THE DINNER TO REAR-ADMIRAL SCHLEY, NOVEMBER 26, 1898

IT is a chronic fact that I never could and cannot still make a speech. I have not been gifted in that line. It is a thing I think which should be referred to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Of course I cannot refrain from answering such a flattering call as that to speak of the service to which I belong, and to which I have belonged for nearly thirty-eight years. At the same time, I must call attention, also, to the fact that this is not by any means an army night. This is a navy night, and it should be, and I look in vain for some sustaining eye or voice of the military profession, and find that I am deluged with a cataract of salt water. I see naval stripes all around me, and, what is worse, naval heroes. I played such a very insignificant part in the recent contest that were it not for the fact that there is no one here but myself to speak of the army, I should ask to be excused. What is more, my grandfather was a sailor, my father was rather sailorish, and I ran away so often from home and was always courting a boat to such an extent that I may be said to have inherited all their proclivities.

Some years ago Captain Evans—Captain "Bob" Evans—came to me with a brutal invitation to go to Europe. He knew how easily I was tempted, and how readily I would fall. I went. Captain Evans said that he started out with the idea that he commanded the frigate *Saratoga*. After eight hours at sea he said he was mighty glad to be allowed a decent resting-place on board that boat. It seemed to him that he had absorbed all the functions, and was simply a passenger. It goes without saying that we had a very nice time. I went to General Sherman upon that occasion and said, "General Sherman, I should like to go to Europe." He said, "What do you want to go to Europe for?" I said, "I have an invitation from Captain Evans to sail upon the frigate *Saratoga*, and I don't believe I shall ever have money enough to go to Europe in any other way; besides, I hear that the vessel is to visit the majority of the northern ports of the Mediterranean, and I feel that much valuable professional information can be obtained." He said, "What do you want? I will give you leave of absence." "Oh, no!" said I, "I don't want that." "Why?" asked General Sherman. "Because that puts me on half pay. I should like to have an order to go." "No, you don't," said he; "you want mileage." General Sherman was right, but I did n't like to put it as plainly as that. He said, "I wish you would embody those remarks about professional information in a letter." I thought it over for a long time, and have not yet given General Sherman that letter.

It is no use talking about it, there is a bond between the army and the navy which, when we get into a

tight place, we must acknowledge. When we want to make a landing we must be covered, and if it is a dangerous landing it must be made safe. They did this for us in Cuba, and after we got ashore the safety ceased. The landing was all right, and for a mile or two the beautiful tropical verdure of Cuba was all that had been represented, and more. As long as the skies were blue and the sun was yellow it was all right. As long as we did not find what we went to find it was beautiful; but the very moment that we got up on those hills and some vile Dago discovered our presence and announced it by shooting an officer of the First Cavalry, the beautiful aspect disappeared. The shot pierced him through his liver and his spleen and his kidneys and his backbone. Then we felt that they were no longer unaware of our presence. It went on that way; they grew "wusser and wusser." Finally there came the ruction which has appeared in the papers, and all that sort of thing. Then there came one of those drizzles, every drop of which was as big as a water-bucket, and it continued to drizzle all night and all the next day, and it did n't stop for four more days and nights; and when I tell you, gentlemen, that it took me twenty-four hours to take two caissons, with ten horses to each one, a little over three miles, you may imagine what the difficulties were. We did n't have a nice time then, and I have n't found anybody who has the hardihood to say that we did. After that the fever began, and Delmonico's seemed more than a million miles away, and the only fellow that did n't complain of hardtack was the man who had a cracker in his trousers and had fallen into the

river. If we did n't shake with fear we did with ague, and when we were not cold with the rain we were boiling hot with the fever.

But we always felt that we had friends on the outside. They tell me persons in the Tombs are affected with that same feeling. And certainly, while we were not in the Tombs, we were on the verge of the grave very often. It was a most beautiful sight for a while. It was more so after the surrender. There are few of you here who can appreciate the conditions down there. They were simply these: The fever, which is due to the heat, was beyond anything that I ever knew in my life. During the Civil War I had chills and fever. I was sitting out there and they remarked how well I was looking for a man of my physique and habits, and how well I stood the racket there. I saw them drinking boiled water and eating hardtack and bacon, and they were gradually getting to look like the inside of a cantaloup, and they got as seedy also, and the first thing I knew they were shaking, and they asked me what I thought of the situation. I was playing the strong man until, one dreadful evening, I too was taken with the "shiver de freeze." As you cannot break up the habits of a lifetime in a minute, I drank some brandy and took some quinine, with the result that I had no fever whatever; but I broke out and sweated like a nigger under oath in a court. The next morning I had no more legs than a mermaid. So I took great care of myself for three or four days—an unusual circumstance—and I was all right again. The next time I came down for about seventeen days.

Now, as they say, peace has its victories as well as

war. While the navy people were pounding guns we were chewing quinine; and I tell you one thing, whenever we heard one of those old explosions from the outside we felt that they were with us. The louder they got, the more we thought they were with us; and, what is more, we would have given our eye-teeth to be with them. You know not even a naval surgeon has ever been able to discover malaria on the ocean blue, and they had distilled water, too. They had their own condensing plants, and I understand they even indulged in eggs, fresh meat, or something of that kind. What is more, I have heard that it is against the navy regulations to dig a sink on a vessel.

Now, gentlemen, I will be more merciful than your president, who called on me to make a few remarks. I know that this prolonged agony can only result in dissolution after a while, and I see so many gentlemen who have the habit of giving pleasure to their friends, that I won't detain you any further than to thank you for the pleasure and the honor which you have given to me by calling me to be with Admiral Schley to-night, and to be the guest of your most hospitable club.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

AT THE DINNER TO REAR-ADMIRAL SCHLEY, NOVEMBER 26, 1898

I CONGRATULATE all of you to-night, and I congratulate myself, and I will tell you why. In the first place, we were all well born, and we were all born rich. We belong to a great race. That is something; that is having a start, to feel that in your veins flows heroic blood—blood that has accomplished great things and has planted the flag of victory on the field of war. It is a great thing to belong to a great race.

I congratulate you and myself on another thing—we were born in a great nation. You can't be much of a man without having a nation behind you, with you. Just think about it! What would Shakespeare have been if he had been born in Labrador? I used to know an old lawyer in southern Illinois, a smart old chap, who used to mourn his unfortunate surroundings. He lived in Pinckneyville, and sometimes he drank a little too freely of Illinois wine, and when in his cups he sometimes grew philosophic and egotistical. He said one day, "Boys, I have got more brains than you have—I have, but I never had a chance. I want you to just think of it. What would Daniel Webster have been if he had settled in Pinckneyville?"

So I congratulate you all that you were born in a

Robert G. Ingersoll

great nation, born rich. And why do I say rich? Because you fell heirs to a great, expressive, flexible language; that is one thing. What could a man do who speaks a poor language—a language of a few words that you could almost count on your fingers? What could he do? You were born heirs to a great literature—the greatest in the world—in all the world. All the literature of Greece and Rome would not make one act of "Hamlet." All the literature of the ancient world added to all of the modern world, except England, would not equal the literature that we have. We were born to it, heirs to that vast intellectual possession.

So I say you were all born rich—all. And then you were very fortunate in being born in this country, where people have some rights—not as many as they should have, not as many as they would have if it were not for the preachers, maybe, but where we have some—and no man yet ever was great unless a great drama was being played on some great stage and he got a part. Nature deals you a hand, and all she asks is for you to have the sense to play it. If no hand is dealt to you, you win no money. You must have the opportunity, must be on the stage, and some great drama must be there. Take it in our own country. The Revolutionary War was a drama, and a few great actors appeared; the War of 1812 was another, and a few appeared; the Civil War another. Where would have been the heroes whose brows we have crowned with laurel had there been no Civil War? What would have become of Lincoln, a lawyer in a country town? What would have become of Grant?

He would have been covered over with the mantle of absolute obscurity, tucked in at all the edges, his name never heard of by any human being not related to him.

Now, you have got to have the chance, and you cannot create it. I heard a gentleman say here a few moments ago that this war could have been averted. That is not true. I am not doubting his veracity, but rather his philosophy. Nothing ever happened beneath the dome of heaven that could have been avoided. Everything that is possible happens. That may not suit all the creeds, but it is true. And everything that is possible will continue to happen. The war could not have been averted, and the thing that makes me glad and proud is that it was not averted. I will tell you why. It was the first war in the history of this world that was waged unselfishly for the good of others—the first war. Almost anybody will fight for himself; a great many people will fight for their country, their fellow-men, their fellow-citizens; but it requires something besides courage to fight for the rights of aliens—it requires not only courage, but principle and the highest morality. This war was waged to compel Spain to take her bloody hands from the throat of Cuba. That is exactly what it was waged for. Another great drama was put upon the boards, another play was advertised, and the actors had their opportunity. Had there been no such war, many of the actors we never should have heard of.

But the thing is to take advantage of the occasion when it arrives. In this war we added to the greatness and the glory of our history. That is another thing that we all fell heirs to—the history of our peo-

ple, the history of our nation. We fell heirs to all the great and grand things that had been accomplished, to all the great deeds, to the splendid achievements either in the realm of mind or on the field of battle.

Then there was another great drama. The first thing we knew, a man in the far Pacific, a gentleman from Vermont, sailed one May morning into the bay of Manila, and the next news was that the Spanish fleet had been beached, burned, destroyed, and nothing had happened to him. I have read a little history, not much, and a good deal that I have read was not true. I have read something of our own navy, not much. I recollect, when I was a small boy, my hero was Paul Jones—he covered the ocean—and afterward I knew of Hull, and Perry and Decatur and Bainbridge, and a good many others that I don't remember now. And then came the Civil War, and I remember a little about Farragut, a great admiral—as great as ever trod a deck, in my judgment. And I have also read about the admirals and the sailors all over the world. I knew something of Drake, and I have read the life of Nelson and several other sea dogs; but when I got the news from Manila I said, "There is the most wonderful victory ever won on the sea," and I did n't think it ever would be paralleled. I thought such things came one in a box. But a little while afterward another of Spain's fleets was heard from. Oh, those Spaniards! They have got the courage of passion, but that is not the highest courage. They have got plenty of that; but it is necessary to be cool, courageous, and to have the brain working with the accuracy of an engine—courageous, I don't care how mad you get, but there must not be a

cloud in the heaven of your judgment. That is Anglo-Saxon courage, and there is no higher type. The Spaniards sprinkled the holy water on their guns, then banged away, and left it to the Holy Ghost to direct the rest.

Another fleet, at Santiago, ventured out one day, and another great victory was won by the American navy. I don't know which victory was the more wonderful, that at Manila Bay or that at Santiago. The Spanish ships were, some of them, of the best class and type, and had fine guns, yet in a few moments they were wrecks on the shore of defeat, gone, lost.

Admiral Schley has added not only to our wealth, but to the wealth of the children yet unborn that are going to come into the great heritage not only of wealth, but of the highest possible riches, glory, honor, achievement. That is the reason I congratulate all of you to-night. And I congratulate you on another thing, that this country has entered upon the great highway, I believe, of progress. I believe that. This great nation has the sentiment, the feeling of growth. The successful farmer wants to buy the land adjoining him; the great nation loves to see its territory increase. And what has been our history? Why, when we bought Louisiana from Napoleon, in 1803, thousands of people were opposed to "imperialism," to expansion—those poor old moss-backs were opposed to it. When we bought Florida it was the same. When we took the vast West from Mexico in 1848 it was the same. When we took Alaska it was the same. Now is anybody in favor of giving away any of those possessions?

We have annexed Hawaii, and we have got the biggest volcano in the business. A man I know visited that volcano some years ago, and came back and told me about his visit. He said that at the little hotel there they had a guest-book in which the people wrote their feelings on seeing the volcano in action. "Now," he said, "I will tell you this so that you may know how you are spreading out yourself. One man had written in that book, 'If Bob Ingersoll were here I think he would change his notion about hell.' "

I want that volcano—I want the Philippines. It would be simply infamous to hand those people back to the brutality of Spain. Spain has been Christianizing them for about four hundred years. The first thing the poor devils did was to sign a petition for the expulsion of the priests. That was their idea of the commencement of liberty. They are not quite as savage as some people imagine. I want those islands; I want all of them, and I don't know that I disagree with the Rev. Mr. Slicer as to the use we can put them to. I don't know that they will be of any use, but I want them; they might come handy. And I wanted to pick up the small change, the Ladrones and the Carolines. I am glad we have got Porto Rico. I don't know that it will be of any use, but there 's no harm in having the title. I want Cuba whenever Cuba wants us, and I favor the idea of getting her in the notion of wanting us. I want it in the interest, as I believe, of humanity, of progress—in other words, of human liberty. That is what the war was waged for, and the fact that it was waged for that gives an additional glory

to these naval officers and to the officers in the army. They fought in the first righteous war—I mean righteous in the sense that they fought for the liberty of others. I congratulate you that you belong to this race, to this nation, and that you are equal heirs in the glory of the great Republic.

WHITELAW REID[1]

AT THE DINNER IN HIS HONOR, FEBRUARY 11, 1899

I CANNOT express, and I shall not attempt to express, the emotions with which I have been filled by this kindly welcome, by these too generous words, by the sight of all these friends, and the associations of the past score of years, which have come back with a rush as I sat at this table and listened to this address. It would be idle, however, to assume that the greeting of the dear old club is due entirely or mainly to the old cause—that constant good will, which followed me during the fourteen years of presidency here, with which you honored me, and ever since. The present occasion has obviously more than merely a personal meaning.

It was my good fortune, through the friendly partiality of the President of the United States, to be associated in a great work, at a foreign capital, in which you took a patriotic interest, and over the ratification of which you use this means of expressing your satisfaction. It was a happy thing for us to be able to bring back peace to our own land, and a happier one to find that our treaty is accepted by the Senate and the people as one that guards the honor

[1] This speech was the first public utterance by any one of the Peace Commissioners after the ratification of the treaty.

and protects the interests of the country. Only so should a nation like ours make peace at all.

> "Come Peace, not like a mourner bowed
> For honor lost and dear ones wasted;
> But proud, to meet a people proud,
> With eyes that tell of triumph tasted."

I shall make no apology—now that the Senate has unsealed our lips—for speaking briefly of this work just happily completed.

The only complaint one hears about it is that we did our duty too well—that, in fact, we made peace on terms too favorable to our own country. In all the pending discussion there seems to be no other fault found. On no other point is the treaty said by any one to be seriously defective.

It loyally carried out the attitude of Congress as to Cuba. It enforced the renunciation of Spanish sovereignty there, but, in spite of the most earnest Spanish efforts, it refused to accept American sovereignty. It loaded neither ourselves nor the Cubans with the so-called Cuban debts, incurred by Spain in the efforts to subdue them. It involved us in no complications, either in the West Indies or in the East, as to contracts or claims or religious establishments. It dealt liberally with a fallen foe, giving him a generous lump sum that more than covered any legitimate debts or expenditures for pacific improvements; assuming the burden of just claims against him by our own people; carrying back the armies surrendered on the other side of the world at our own cost; returning their arms; even

restoring them their artillery, including heavy ordnance in field fortifications, munitions of war, and the very cattle that dragged their caissons. It secured alike for Cubans and Filipinos the release of political prisoners. It scrupulously reserved for Congress the power of determining the political status of the inhabitants of our new possessions. It declared on behalf of the most protectionist country in the world for the policy of the open door within the Asiatic sphere of its influence.

With all this the Senate and the country seemed content. But the treaty refused to return to Spanish rule one foot of territory over which that rule had been broken by the triumphs of our arms.

Were we to be reproached for that? Should the Senate have told us, "You overdid this business; you looked after the interests of your own country too thoroughly. You ought to have abandoned the great archipelago which the fortunes of war had placed at your country's disposal. You are not exactly unfaithful servants; you are too blindly, unswervingly faithful. You have n't seized an opportunity to run away from some distant results of the war into which Congress plunged the country before dreaming how far it might spread. You have n't dodged for us the responsibilities we incurred."

That is true. When Admiral Dewey sunk the Spanish fleet, and General Merritt captured the Spanish army that alone maintained the Spanish hold on the Philippines, the Spanish power there was gone; and the civilization and the common-sense and the Christianity of the world looked to the power that suc-

ceeded it to accept its responsibilities. So we took the Philippines. How could men representing this country, jealous of its honor, or with an adequate comprehension either of its duty or its rights, do otherwise?

A nation at war over a disputed boundary or some other material interest might properly stop when that interest was secured, and give back to the enemy all else that had been taken from him. But this was not a war for any material interest. It was a war to put down a rule over an alien people, which we declared so wicked and barbarous that we could no longer tolerate it. How could we consent to secure peace, after we had broken down this wicked and barbarous rule in two archipelagos, by agreeing that one of them should be forced back under it?

There was certainly another alternative. After destroying the only organized government in the archipelago, the only security for life and property, native and foreign, in great commercial centers like Manila, Iloilo, and Cebu, against hordes of uncivilized pagans and Mohammedan Malays, should we then scuttle out and leave them to their fate? A band of old-time Norse pirates, used to swooping down on a capital, capturing its rulers, seizing its treasure, burning the town, abandoning the people to domestic disorder and foreign spoliation, and promptly sailing off for another piratical foray—a band of pirates, used to that sort of thing, might, no doubt, have left Manila to be sacked by the insurgents, while it fled from the Philippines. We did not think a self-respecting, civilized, responsible Christian power could.

There was another side to it. In a conflict to which

fifty years of steadily increasing provocation had driven us we had lost two hundred and sixty-six sailors, treacherously murdered on the *Maine*, had lost at Santiago and elsewhere uncounted victims of Spanish guns and tropical climates, and had spent in this war over $240,000,000, without counting the pensions that must still accrue under laws existing when it began. Where was the indemnity which under such circumstances it is the duty of the victorious nation to exact, not only in its own interest, but in the interest of a Christian civilization and the tendencies of modern international law, which require that a nation provoking unjust war shall smart for it, not merely while it lasts, but by paying the cost when it is ended? Spain had no money even to pay her own soldiers. No indemnity was possible, save in territory. Well, we once wanted to buy Cuba, before it had been desolated by twelve years of war and decimated by the barbarism of Weyler; yet our uttermost offer for it, our highest valuation even then, was $125,000,000—less than half the cost of our war. But now we were precluded from taking Cuba. Porto Rico, immeasurably less important to us, and eight hundred miles further away from our coast, is only one twelfth the size of Cuba. Were the representatives of the United States, charged with the duty of protecting not only its honor, but its interests, in arranging terms of peace, to content themselves with little Porto Rico away off, a third of the way to Spain, plus the petty reef of Guam, in the middle of the Pacific, as indemnity for an unprovoked war that had cost and was to cost their country $300,000,000?

But, some one exclaims, the Philippines are already giving us more trouble than they are worth. It is natural to say so just now, and it is partly true. What they are worth and likely to be worth to this country in the race for commercial supremacy on the Pacific,—that is to say for supremacy in the great development of trade in the twentieth century,—is a question too large to be so summarily decided, or to be entered on at the close of a dinner, and under the irritation of a Malay half-breed's folly. But nobody ever doubted that they would give us trouble. That is the price nations must pay for going to war, even in a just cause. I was not one of those who were eager to begin this war with Spain; but I protest against any attempt to evade our just responsibility in the position in which it has left us. We shall have trouble in the Philippines. So we shall have trouble in Cuba and in Porto Rico. If we dawdle and hesitate, and lead them to think we fear them and fear trouble, our trouble will be great. If, on the other hand, we grasp this nettle danger, if we act promptly, with inexorable vigor, and with justice, it may be slight. But the graver the crisis the plainer our path. God give us the courage to purify our politics and strengthen our government to meet these new and grave duties!

ST. CLAIR McKELWAY

AT THE DINNER TO WHITELAW REID, FEBRUARY 11, 1899

I HAVE a voice which can be relied on to empty the largest hall in either city, but to-night it is with difficulty that, either with eyes or tongue, I can get onto your curves. In front of me is the original territory of the Lotos Club. On my right are the colonial acquisitions. If I desired to speak upon the present, in its aspects of peace, I should but supplement what a man of the study or of the sanctum has said. If I should forecast the future and sprinkle the front of it with blood, I should supplement what an apostle of "Peace on earth and good will to men" has said. I shall therefore adhere to neither rule. On an occasion like this mechanical aid to the memory should not be neglected. If I tell off on my fingers the words, "Lotos Club," "newspaper dinners," "Minister to France," "candidate for Vice-President," "special envoy to Great Britain," "Peace Commissioner," and "The New-York Tribune," my speech is at my fingers' ends, and the rest is mere and sheer amplification.

Now, I always speak at dinners to newspaper men in the Lotos Club. I notice then that you honor them in succession, and that is because the problem of getting them all at once into a room would be so difficult that

the effort to make them all keep the peace at the same time at the same table would become impossible.

Now I, by a side-borough environment, am entirely too minor and have been too long in this business to form enmities. Consequently, I come to you in the double character of the metaphorical olive branch, and as a possible substitute for a policeman; and no newspaper man's dinner of the Lotos Club is complete without me. This is not my thought. It is the thought of John Elderkin and Chester Lord. If they deny it, the truth is not in them, and that absolution of Dr. MacArthur which has the certainty of human endorsement and the possibility of divine favor will be denied to them.

I was here at the dinner to Sir Edwin Arnold of Japan and of the "London Telegraph." He left behind him the original manuscript of a poem which is to be found in full in the archives of the Lotos Club. It describes what Mme. Bernhardt calls "the pathetic story of Mme. Potiphair and les miserable Jo-seph!" It was written not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. I was here at the dinner to Murat Halstead, occasionally of Cuba, not infrequently of the "Journal," and traditionally of Brooklyn and of the "Standard Union." I was here at a memorable dinner to Charles A. Dana, the Nestor of our profession, the most vigorous and the most versatile and the most stimulating of all newspaper men, and easily the most sardonic being that the profession has ever had.

This brings me in stately procession to the guest of the evening. I was here at the dinner to Mr. Reid on his return from France. I was at the Ohio Society

dinner at which they similarly honored him. At that table sat Mark Hanna, William L. Strong, the late Calvin S. Brice, and Mr. Reid, as well as then plain William McKinley. I predicted for all of them distinction, the distinction which the action of a party from which I sincerely differ, but for most of the candidates of which I have had to vote of late years, would bestow upon them. I did not predict that because of their Ohioism, but because of their meekness. "The meek shall inherit the earth." The Ohio man asks no more.

But in what character do we welcome our guest tonight? Recognition of his presidency of the Lotos Club has gone to the limit. How you kept him for fourteen years is one of the Eleusinian mysteries, and will be without parallel in the world until his successor, Mr. Lawrence, exceeds his limit. It is not in his character as Minister to France, because that has been duly and appropriately honored. We all of us regret that his effort to negotiate the entrance of the American hog into France did not secure the permanent exclusion of that animal from vehicles of conveyance in Manhattan. Nor is this occasion a tribute to the late Vice-Presidential nomination, great as that honor was. Nor is it a tribute to the position of Special Envoy and Ambassador to Great Britain on the occasion of the jubilee, plus ten years, of Queen Victoria. But then and there and in Paris were laid the foundations of knowledge, were presented the lessons of opportunity which were duly improved and which made him a forceful factor in the latest but not the last honor that befell him—membership of the Commission of Peace.

I wish to extend the development of the subject upon which Mr. Reid has enlarged. I wish to say that before he was appointed commissioner, and when he did not know that he would be appointed, he wrote out and "The Century Magazine" published a conclusive argument, to my mind, that we should and would acquire the Philippines, and acquire all of them. He was appointed on that commission by the prescience of the President of the United States. He was a minority of one against four upon that proposition. I do not say that he converted his colleagues to his view; I do say that all of them, in the eventual result, sided with him, probably from their experience with the Spanish commissioners themselves, probably from their study of the situation under the favoring perspective of foreign distance, possibly because they saw that any other solution would be unjust to Spain herself, unfair to the United States, and perilous to the peace of the world. Anyway, what was written was written, and what was written was published, and, gentlemen, the brief of your guest to-night in the periodical to which I refer became the case of his country in the tribunal in which, with his distinguished colleagues, he well represented our nation.

Gentlemen, I am among those who believe that we should have taken, as we did take, all the Philippines. The reasons advanced by Mr. Reid are, to me, an adequate justification for that opinion. I think that we went there, as John Hay said on a certain occasion and in view of another subject, "under the imposition of unseen hands." I think we went there as the constables of humanity and commerce and civilization. I think we went there under that almost holy trinity of

transforming forces, and I believe that the end will vindicate the work.

The peculiar honor of Whitelaw Reid will be that he was always sufficient unto all the things that have been assigned to him by his government or that have been assigned to him in the trusts of the profession which he adorns and strengthens. He has always stood for fair play in politics. He has always kept on the clean side of issues within his own party. He has always avoided all avoidable controversies in his profession. He signalized his advent here by a statement that the "Tribune" was through with editing other papers than itself; that he was not holding controversies on personal grounds with his contemporaries; that he would not open a quarrel in the columns of his journal against any antagonist under the impression that personal abuse of others was of interest to a self-respecting constituency. And I to-night, as a newspaper man speaking to him, a newspaper man, confess my obligation to that initial utterance. When it was made I was earning an uncomfortably small salary in fighting the battles of men whose feuds I had not made, to whose quarrels I had no relation, and on whose account it ought to have been unnecessary for me to engage in warfare. It occurred to me that journalism had a larger purpose, that it would have a nobler and broader outlook, that it would have more respectability and more solvency in the world if it, in the first instance, were divorced from personalities, and, in the second instance, from servile party control, and were placed in sympathy with the best influences in both parties, so that the country might suffer no evil by the success of either.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

AT THE DINNER IN HIS HONOR, MARCH 11, 1899

(Upon his election to the Senate of the United States.)

I DO not know whether it is better for a man to achieve fame or to have fame frescoed upon him by the eloquent words of the president of this club. A man would be insensible to ambition, to its results and its gratifications, if he did not feel proud when his fellow-citizens had selected him in their interests for a position of great trust and great responsibility. But there is about this greeting something beyond that which comes from the gratification of having been appointed or elected to a great place.

The situation is illustrated most happily in a personal incident—and by your favor this is a personal night. Away back ages ago, when I was a youth, there came to the old homestead up in Peekskill one night the returns of an election in which I had been successful as the candidate at the head of the Republican ticket for Secretary of State. Within a few minutes the old homestead was surrounded by a multitude of neighbors with brass bands and banners and fireworks. My sturdy old democratic Dutch father had been too good a Democrat to vote for me, but he was too good a father not to rejoice in the success of his son. As a Democrat, he had no words which would

express his feelings on the occasion, mixed as they were, and so he simply threw his arms about his boy and wept. Those tears made that night more memorable, more dear, more tender, more deep in the chords that they touched than all the votes that made the event possible. And such is true of to-night.

Some of the great composers of the oratorios which have become famous in the operatic world have revealed the processes of their preparation. One has said that his genius could never be moved unless he had a cat upon his shoulder; and as we listen to his symphonies those of us who have been born in the country recognize the orchestra which we have often heard upon the backyard fence on a summer's night. One of world-wide fame has said that his genius could only be stirred at the billiard table, and through his symphonies we hear the rattling of the ivory balls. Another has said that he could only write his score when he was walking in the woods, when he was communing with nature, and so he has transferred to the orchestra, to the tenor, to the soprano, and to the chorus the sublime secrets of creation.

Now, when a man is elected to a place which gratifies his fellow-citizens, when he is a man of many clubs, of many associations, of many attachments, he is something like these composers in the narrowness or broadness and in the environment which calls forth the world-wide sympathy of the greeting which is extended to him. For instance, his political club is wild with the enthusiasm of the success of the party and the success of a party candidate. But there is a fly in the amber. It is that it is necessary for all political clubs

and all political parties to have two factions. The faction with which the successful gentleman has previously acted limit their enthusiasm somewhat because he has been too cordial with their enemies, and the kickers among the independents recognize that there is a distinct flaw in the candidate because of his previous associations. Between the two is an arctic circle, and to cross it and bring them together requires a genius and a warmth which Kane never had when he tried to reach the North Pole in his ship, and Nansen never had when he tried to cross the Arctic Sea on his sled, and Andrée never had in his balloon, so far as any one knows. And when you come to the social club and they say, "We will extend to you our cordiality and our greeting," you find that they cannot do it with unanimity because the social club is divided into cliques formed from associations, birth, or fortune. When you come to the purely artistic club each man stands in the egotistic isolation of himself, which is best illustrated by that well-known story of Whistler, according to which a man who wished to pay him the greatest compliment in the world said: "The two greatest portrait painters of all ages were Velasquez and Whistler," and Whistler immediately asked, "Why Velasquez?"

But if we are to find a party spirit without partisanship or bigotry, if we are to find art without isolation, if we are to find the workaday fellows in the fields or professions all upon a common democratic plane, all feeling that they are brothers in the same broad spirit of humanity which characterizes the association, we must look to Bohemia. It is only among the Bohemians that Democrats are Republicans, that Republi-

cans are Democrats, that Populists are monopolists, and monopolists are Populists. It is only in Bohemia that journalists recognize the brotherhood of the craft, and that artists recognize the glory of their profession without regard to the distinction of the individual, whether the art be with the chisel, with the pencil, or upon the lyric or upon the dramatic stage. It is that, gentlemen, brethren of the Lotos Club, that makes the honor which the Lotos confers upon the guest whom it distinguishes a recognition without a drawback, a gem without a flaw, as that gem of purest ray serene which has been plucked from the depth of the ocean and is hidden there no longer, and in its luminous rays there is the joy of those who give and the ecstasy of him who participates.

New York has been represented in the United States Senate in the course of its history, and is represented to-day, by men who have been distinguished for their eloquence, have been distinguished for their statesmanship, have been distinguished by their skill as politicians, have been distinguished by their ability to legislate for the benefit of their constituencies, men who have conferred great distinction not only upon our great commonwealth but upon our country. But none of us remembers a United States Senator in the United States Senate who represented in his person, in his association, in his life, and in his characteristics the associations, the life, and the characteristics of that which makes up a New-Yorker of this grand old city of New York. The New-Yorker is different from any other human being of any part of this country or any other part of the world. It is very rare, if ever, that

he is born here. It is very difficult for a man to be born in New York and be a New-Yorker. Somehow or other it narrows him. But the genuine New-Yorkers have come in that ever-surging crowd who are elbowing their way through the gates of this great city day and night to make their mark, to acquire fortunes, and to win their spurs. Many of them fall by the wayside and are never heard of. Many of them have strength enough to get back to their country home. Some of them come here with the pride of success in rural neighborhoods and bring in cash all that they have accumulated, for the purpose of cleaning out the dudes of Wall street. They go back to the places where they originated, and spend their lives in philippics against the sharks of money who hibernate here. The men we know have come from the granite hills of New England, they have come from rural New York, they have come from the farms of the West, they have come from the plantations of the South, they have come from abroad, with grit enough to get here and with energy enough to get on. They have displayed the American grit and pluck and faculty which enable a man, when once his feet are planted upon our pavement, to retain a positive foothold, and their brains have been sharpened upon the New York curb. Those men do not differ in their rural characteristics of ordinary life from their neighbors in any part of this country; they are about the same in the family, in the church, and in business. But there the resemblance ceases. Beyond that they are the men of the clubs, and many of them. They are the men of broad liberality in politics; they are the men of the theatres and

the first nights; they are the men of the operas, when they are good; they are the men who are interested in all that goes to interest people in a great metropolis—in its literature, in its athletics, in everything. They are men about town. They are metropolitans and cosmopolitans of this most unique and first of the cities of this world.

Now, after I have been twenty-five years living in this life, having these associations, going about this town at all times of the day and night in order to be a New-Yorker; living here with no place, no association, no environment that does not know me; if, when I get to Washington as a senator and during those six years the millions of men and women who make New York what it is—the metropolis of this western continent, and rapidly becoming the greatest center of thought in the world—recognize me as a man whom they know and who knows them, then the cup of my senatorial happiness will be full.

And nothing better illustrates the broad catholicity of the sentiment which calls us together here to-night, and the broad catholicity of the sentiment which has made me so happy in my election, than the fact that among the guests who are here is one of the statesmen of the Democratic party, one of the ablest Democrats that the Democracy of this State has ever known, the most formidable as well as the most chivalrous of foes—David B. Hill.

Now, my friends, our politics have been more often dull than lively, more often uninteresting than otherwise. There were periods in the fifties when there was a deadly dullness in American politics, and there were

also deadly dull days from 1880 to 1896. Certainly during those times business and the professions offered infinitely better incentives and attractions in the way of progress and development and the achievement of fame than did any position in the public life of the United States. In 1896 the acute question of the currency and of American credit furnished an incentive to American study and American thought. We lifted our politics into an interesting period; and the events which have occurred during the last year have lifted our politics upon a still higher plane of thought and upon a still higher plane for the exercise of the best qualities of American statesmanship.

There are two lines of Tennyson which always strike me as peculiarly applicable to our American conditions and our American life. One is, "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay." The poet laureate had in his mind when he wrote that line the splendors of the literature of the nineteenth century compared with the deadly dullness of Asia and of Africa. But that line is peculiarly applicable, Mr. President, to American conditions, not on the literary side, but in the era of the activities which we have experienced in the closing years of the nineteenth century.

The idea embodied in the other line of Tennyson is that we are the heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time. Tennyson had in his thoughts that we are the heirs of the literature and the art of the ancients, of the literature and the art of the medieval period, the heirs of Bacon, Milton, Dante, and Shakespeare. We are the heirs of still more. We are the heirs of the conditions which the principles of liberty have evolved in this Western Hemisphere.

Gentlemen of the Lotos Club, if to-night I have been tempted to assume a little touch of the senator you will forgive me. I have behind me the twenty-five years of my membership in this club, and my tender, affectionate, and glorious recollection of the memorable nights which have been passed here when we have given our entertainments to men of the greatest genius in every department of literature and of art from all the world.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

AT THE DINNER TO CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, MARCH 11, 1899

I AM glad to have the chance to be one of those who join in honoring Senator Depew to-night. It has seemed to me to speak well for our politics that we should send to the Senate, in his person, a man who has won his place fairly and squarely by years of long service in the political arena—service given disinterestedly, because the man deemed that he should give expression to the faith that was in him, should fight for the principles in which he believed.

I am glad that we shall have in the Senate a man whom we don't have to explain, of whom we don't have to say when asked who the man is, "Why, he is the senator from New York," instead of saying, "He is Chauncey Depew!" And we can all the more count upon the political service to which we are entitled from our representative at Washington because he is a man who has already won his spurs in the political arena; because, gentlemen, though he is a New-Yorker, he is even more, for he is an American.

Now, I am glad that you should have as guests at your table to-night with the newly elected senator of the State, representatives of one of the two branches of a service, the welfare of which should be closest to the hearts of all Americans, because no American has

any local or pecuniary interest in their welfare—the army and the navy.

As you know, I am an expansionist; and I am an expansionist because I believe that this people must play the part of a great people; because I believe it must do its share in the hard work of the world; because I don't think it is good for a nation, any more than for an individual, to spend all the time introspectively in the affairs of its own household merely. It will manage them all the better if it has outside interests. It must manage those interests from a double standpoint. It is bound to manage them from the standpoint of the honor of America and from the standpoint of the interests of the people governed.

Now, we can't do our duty, we can't do the task to which we have put our hands, if we don't set about it with a sober realization of what the task is. In other words, if we don't have in the national Legislature men who remember that greater than any debt that they owe to any locality is the debt they owe all America; that greater than any one interest is the interest of all the people. I have the utmost confidence in our people, but I regret to state that I believe that at times we slumber. And he is a poor patriot who fails to point out where we come short, in order that we may remedy the shortcoming.

Did you see a little item the other day to the effect that one of the towns in Alaska had expressed its desire to shift from under the flag of the United States, because it had never been worth while for the people of this country to try to give Alaska a really good government? I do not know whether the item was

true; but we have, as a people, been guilty in the past about Alaska. Not another session of Congress should go by without our giving to Alaska the kind of government to which any dependency, colony, territory—whatever you choose to call it—is entitled; until we have made it an object of pride to an Alaskan to be an American, not to wish to become something else.

Now, why has n't Alaska received the proper government? Because it is in nobody's district. If Alaska had been a public building, had been a post-office, there would have been fifty congressmen striving to build it up! I thank our good fortune that we have in Senator Depew a man who will be sensitive to the honor of the flag, will realize what the real interest of America is, and will do his part in making it impossible hereafter for such a thing to occur as that which has come to light concerning that Alaskan town.

Now, gentlemen, you listened to General Merritt to-night, and you heard what many of us knew, that there were times in the summer of 1898 when we were within measurable distance of a conflict with some foe far more formidable than Spain. I earnestly hope that we shall have peace for all time with every nation; but I know, as you know, that peace comes to the strong man armed, and not to the weakling. Should at any time peace be broken, should there be a war five or six years hence, every man in the Senate of the United States who two weeks ago refused, upon any plea whatsoever, to give us the ships to which we were entitled must bear his share of responsibility for the danger that may come upon us, for the disgrace to which we may be exposed. A year ago I was in the Navy Department

at the time of the outbreak of war with a power entirely inferior to us as regards its navy, and I saw then the panic into which our coast was thrown by the threat of war with Spain. I listened to the deputations from city after city all along the coast, who came to explain that some warship must be anchored off their particular town. I listened to the panic—for a panic it was—that found utterance in a nervous grasping after so much as the semblance of protection. It has all gone off now. People forget its existence. It did not have any cause to exist then, but there may be genuine cause for such a panic in the future if we get into war with some great nation, if we find ourselves face to face with an issue where we have either to court national disgrace by backing down or to stand up and try the wager of battle. It is the duty of every patriotic American to see that the United States is armed to meet such a crisis, to see that it has a navy fit for its work, and to see that it has an army fit for its work.

Last July it was my good fortune to listen to the thunder of General Randolph's guns at Santiago; and because General Randolph fought so well and because the men under him fought so well, these guns served their purpose. But how do you feel, as Americans, for having furnished General Randolph with guns that used black powder, which made every gun, immediately after its discharge, the target for every Spaniard within a mile and a quarter; which left us inferior to the most backward nation of Europe (the nation against which we were pitted) in the quality of the powder used in our guns? Was that creditable to

Americans as a patriotic and business people? I think not.

Furthermore, in times past we were economical about our gunners, and did n't let them have much target practice. We wanted to economize cartridges. This great wealthy people could not pay for cartridges to be used in training its men to shoot! Now, Americans do make splendid soldiers. They shoot well naturally. But they have got to be helped by training, or their natural capacity will count for nothing. Go out and try the experiment yourself—some of you use the rifle —try to reach the target by the light of original reason, without practice, and see how far you will get in the experiment. Although the regular army men are very good men, they are only men after all. You have got to give them the right tools, and you have got to give them a chance to practise with those tools. We must have our navy exercised in fleets, our army exercised in great field evolutions as an army.

We need an army, we need a navy, because we have got to work out a great destiny; and we have a right to demand that this country, when it meets its great destiny, shall be so fitted, so armed, so equipped that it can make a record which shall be a source of pride to each and every American within its borders. If we do not prepare thoroughly in advance we can never make such a record, and then shame will cover us, and we ourselves, who fail to prepare, will be responsible for the shame.

GEORGE H. DANIELS

AT THE DINNER TO CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, MARCH 11, 1899

IT seems to me a most fitting thing that, after a long period of senseless prejudice against men connected with transportation lines, the great state of New York takes the lead in electing the most prominent railroad man upon this continent to the Senate of the United States. In doing that, however, we stand side by side with the most absolute monarchy on the earth, and with the foremost among the nations of Europe. The Czar of Russia has for his chosen advisers two railroad men. One, Prince Hilkoff, the Imperial Minister of Railways of Russia, when a prince and in full possession of his title, left his home and came to the United States and learned the trade of a mechanical engineer. He went back to Russia, passed through all the grades of the railroad service, from fireman to the management of the most important railroad in Russia, and now he sits in the cabinet of the Czar, the nearest man to the youngest monarch on the earth. The other is M. De Witte, the Imperial Minister of Finance. Sixteen years ago he was a station agent at a small station on a Polish railway. These two men are the special advisers of the Czar, and when the Russian budget was prepared for this year it was seen that the amount which the Czar proposed to spend for the extension of

their railways was greater than the total amount provided for the army and navy together.

The same week and almost the same day that the Legislature of New York elected Chauncey M. Depew Senator of the United States the Emperor of Germany read from the throne his speech to the German Reichstag, and he asked that body to vote a larger amount for the extension of the railways and the canals of Germany than he did for both the army and navy. You will thus see that railways and railway men are coming to the front. It may not be amiss in this connection to observe that the United States senator we are honoring to-night is one of the members of the Lotos Club, and that from our membership was selected the present ambassador of the United States to France. We feel that this club, if called upon, could furnish not only a President of the United States, but the entire Cabinet and all the foreign ministers; and if this should be necessary, and these gentlemen were all absent attending to their duties elsewhere, this club could still entertain the princes of the earth in a princely manner.

SIR HENRY IRVING

AT THE DINNER IN HIS HONOR, OCTOBER 28, 1899

IT is with no ordinary feeling of pleasure and happiness that I find myself your guest to-night; and it is to me a most inspiring occasion to see these eager and noble faces full of such kindness and such regard. Since we last met I have had what was for me a new experience, an enforced rest; and I am sure, as Americans, you know—you who never rest—that an enforced rest is not always pleasant for a man who likes and loves his work. And I rejoice once more to clasp your hands, the hands of friends who have been to me so stanch and so true.

I cannot forget what our esteemed chairman has told us; I cannot forget that when I first came to your country, to these friendly and hospitable shores, in 1883, it was in your club that I received the first stirring welcome to America. Since then some of us are a little older, but as I look around this table I see signs, extraordinary signs, of unabating vigor.

Our chairman has touched very closely something that was in my heart, and is, I believe, in your hearts. Since I first came here there has been a great development of that brotherhood and good will which I believe all Englishmen and Americans who understand one another as we do have always been anxious to see

established between the two nations. If you will allow me, gentlemen, I will tell you of a little incident which occurred to me in your great navy yard on the Delaware in 1895. I remember the day very well. The yard was closed. It was a general holiday; in fact, it was on Christmas morning. I was, I believe, the only visitor on that occasion in the yard. The officer in charge was sitting on a gun. He told me he was a little invalided, and had been left in charge of the yard, and he most kindly and courteously asked me to share with him his Christmas dinner. Then he very kindly and graciously pointed out to me many interesting objects in the yard. I admired, as one could not help admiring, a magnificent battle-ship—I forget its name—which was lying on the river. While we were talking and I was wondering at her mighty power the officer said to me: "Yes, yes; she is a great creature, is n't she?" "Yes," said I, "she certainly is." "And yet," he continued, "I am sorry to say that at times even her power has its limits." "Indeed?" said I. "Its limits? How 's that?" "Well," he said, "you know she sometimes has to go long distances. She can only go so many miles before she has to be coaled, and we can't always coal her." "Oh!" said I. "You can't always coal her, eh? But surely that 's no limit." "How 's that?" he asked. "I think it is." "Oh, no," said I. "There ought to be no difficulty about that. Why can't we coal together?"

Well, gentlemen and friends and brothers, perhaps we never shall, but it seems to me that it would be no unnatural thing if we ever do. Has n't your noble hero, Admiral Dewey, given an honored British name

to that lion cub, which we suppose in England is always his inseparable companion? I sincerely hope that he will like it just as well when it grows up. Gentlemen, if I may say so, I believe with all my heart that there is a fellow-feeling, now manifested toward us and from us to you, respecting the heavy responsibility which England is now discharging, which, misjudged as it may be in Europe, will not be misjudged in America. I do not pretend to be and am in no way a politician, but I know this, that when the civilized world passes judgment upon us, the good opinion of your great Republic is the only opinion that we shall value.

Gentlemen, I have no words with which to thank my friend, if I may say so, Mr. Lawrence, for his, in your behalf, more than affectionate and heart-moving greeting; and I have no words to thank you for the proof which this gathering has given me of your undimmed regard, a regard which I feel goes out in a large measure to my dear friend Ellen Terry. She shares with me the deep satisfaction of renewing our old ties with a gracious, most gracious section of the American public, and our hearts are full of gratitude and delight. With a grateful remembrance of the loving cup which this club presented to me, and which I keep as one of the dearest mementoes of good-fellowship with which I have been honored in this country—and which my boy Laurence will possess after me—I can only say, with my hand on my heart and my heart covered by the two flags which, flown together, insure liberty to the human race, God bless you, God bless you, my dear, my constant friends, and God bless your great country.

DAVID H. GREER

AT THE DINNER TO SIR HENRY IRVING, OCTOBER 28, 1899

WHO shall speak after the king? It is with great regret that I cannot find the words nor command the speech to express for you and myself the satisfaction that we both have in this memorable occasion. I did not know until a moment ago that I was expected to say anything, but your president, with his characteristic disposition to put people in a fix, informed me a few moments since that I was expected to say something. And yet, after all, there is an appropriateness perhaps in calling upon me to say something, not because of what I am in myself—for in that respect I am all too unworthy—but because of my office as a clergyman it is fitting that I should say an approving word of the drama and the stage.

The religious instinct has always been, historically and philosophically, intimately associated with the dramatic instinct. The theatre is as old as civilization. When first it appears in civilization it appears in connection with religion. So it was in classic Greece. So it was in continental Europe. So it was in England. The first plays were the miracle plays; the first theatres were the churches; the first performers were the clergymen. By and by the theatre got from the church into the churchyard; then it got upon wheels and moved

about the country; then the professional actors came, and humor and wit and merriment came to lash the foibles of folly. But human life is something more than a laugh. It has its hates and loves. It has its strong passions. It has its deep tragedies; and comedy was merged into tragedy until the histrionic art touched all the phases and forms of human life and blossomed out into its beautiful bloom in the Elizabethan period. It is an art that has its defects, like every art. It is an art which has its noble qualities. Those noble qualities have more and more been coming out, and will continue to come out. Why? because the good is always stronger than the evil and the bad. It only needs a chance. That is all it asks. Let it have room and the good in every art will overcome the evil. It is a biological fact, recently brought to light, that the ultimate biological germ is composed of two parts, of two halves—one the unselfish half, the other the selfish half—the good and the bad in conflict and in struggle; and because the good was stronger than the bad the whole upward course of our evolution and our civilization has come.

This noble art, with its noble representatives, than whom I venture to say—not speaking in the language of exaggerated utterance—there is none nobler than he who sits at our table to-night, will continue to become more and more exalted. It will flourish more and more until at last it shall become—I think it is Lord Lytton who says something like this—"Not the resort of the vicious and the vulgar, but the great and effective instrument by means of which the loftiest ideals, the most heroic types of character, will be depicted

and portrayed to the unfolding and responsive imagination of the people." It will reach that point. It is hastening toward that consummation, and it will be largely due to the genius of one who belongs neither to England nor to America, but to the great Anglo-Saxon race—the distinguished guest whom we have at our board to-night. So far as it in me lies, if not in the name of the State, then in the name of the Church I welcome Sir Henry Irving to our shores.

CHARLES WILLIAM STUBBS

(DEAN OF ELY)

AT THE DINNER TO SIR HENRY IRVING, OCTOBER 28, 1899

IN this atmosphere of resistless eloquence and wit and humor and good-fellowship and comradeship and eulogy, I confess I find myself somewhat embarrassed—embarrassed by the generosity of your kind feeling toward me, expressed by your president, but embarrassed especially because he has treated me with not even that amount of generosity which he extended to the gentleman who spoke last, and who needed no such generosity. I have not even had the twenty minutes to compose any impromptu humorous remarks. What, then, can I do? I think it was one of your own prophets—shall I say one of your own poets?—one of the greatest of your literary men, an ambassador to England, whom I am always glad to think was a personal friend of mine, Mr. James Russell Lowell, who once said that an after-dinner speech should consist of an anecdote, a commonplace, and a quotation. Now, how can I fulfil those canons of speech to-night?

As to an anecdote; I am reminded, partly by the frank comradeship of this meeting to-night, and partly, also, by the rapidity with which the time is passing by, that I am staying with one of the clergy of this city who is not very well known to me as yet, although I find

that to know almost any American is to love him as a friend. I do not, however, quite know how I shall be received to-night if I return toward the small hours, as would seem to be my prospect.

That suggests to me an incident which I remember, a good many years ago, in my Cambridge life, when I was present at a banquet given in the hall of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, in honor of its six hundredth anniversary. There were many speeches and many illustrious members of the college present. I remember that it was half-past eleven o'clock at night when Sir Edward Randall, the brother of the judge, was called upon to respond to "The Toast of the Applied Sciences." He said something of this kind: "Gentlemen, I could have conceived of occasions when it would have been delightful to me to expatiate upon such a subject, but at this hour of the night the only application of science that appears to me to be appropriate to the moment is the application of the domestic Lucifer to the bedroom candle." Whereupon your ambassador, Mr. Lowell, with that happy genius, that quick power of composition, and that delightful grace which were always his own, wrote on the back of his menu and tossed across the table these lines:

"Oh, brief Sir Edward,
Who thy wit could catch,
Hold thee a candle
Or find thy match?"

Now, gentlemen, I feel that after quoting to you that incident I must justify the lesson I learned from Mr. Lowell by being brief; but I cannot sit down with-

out saying what a pleasure it has been to me to-night to be a guest of this club. It is merely by accident, as far as I am concerned, but it has been a delight to me to take part in doing honor to our greatest English actor.

It is true, I think, as the Rev. Dr. Greer hinted, that the church and the stage have not always been perhaps in such close contact as two of their representatives, at least, are to-night. I think I have heard that in old days, even in America, very few persons attended the theatre. I think I was told that at one time in Boston a very small number of respectable people were to be found at the theatre, and people were persuaded to attend the plays only by an ingenious device of a theatrical manager, who painted over the door of his theatre the words "Lecture Room." I trust those days have gone by forever. I know quite well that it is true, as Dr. Greer said, that in the old days the stage was the child, in one sense, of the church.

In the last few years, living, as it has been my privilege to do, in that old city of Ely, and living almost, as I feel that I do, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, Edward III and some of his contemporaries seem to me almost as much my friends as some people of the present day. Studying some of the old works of the monastery, it was very interesting to come across an entry in one of the records of the chamberlain which read like this:

> "Paid to John Smith of Spaulding for playing the character of the Devil in the 'Mystery Play' 1/4 1-2, and his keep at the friar's table."

Now, gentlemen, I won't detain you much longer. I am glad, as I have said, to be present here to-night to do honor, in some measure, to Sir Henry Irving, and, through him, to the drama. It was a great pleasure to me to be asked to preach what was called the "Birthday Sermon" in Shakespeare's Church last April; and never have I preached with more enthusiasm or with a stronger feeling that I was doing honor to my religion and my Master than when I was able to hold up, as it seems to me, the character of Shakespeare as one of the noblest religious interpreters of national life and character to the English people. There is one thing that always has struck me about the character of Shakespeare himself, and it is this: many of you will remember that beautiful passage of Ruskin's in which he says that Shakespeare in his plays has no heroes, only heroines. He points out that in almost every play there is a noble woman who saves the situation when it appears to have been lost through the folly of some man. And Ruskin appears to think that that implies that women are nobler, more unselfish, more self-sacrificing than it is possible for men to be. I confess that that does n't strike me as quite the right deduction to draw; but evidently Shakespeare himself thought so. It is a remarkable thing that that reverence for noble womanhood which many a man affects to lose in his teens was kept by the man of the world par excellence, by the merry-minded Shakespeare, to the end of his days. He was always, even at fifty years of age, like a lover in his first love when in the presence of his heroines.

You will think that I have got eventually to the third

head of my speech. Anecdote, commonplace, quotation. Well, what shall the quotation be? To-night my heart, as an Englishman, has been much touched by the evident cordiality, the evident delight, which all Americans seem to feel in that good-fellowship and friendship which now, thank God, exist between the two nations. As Sir Henry has said, whatever criticism England may receive during the present war from the continental nations, she knows at least that America gives to her all her sympathy. Gentlemen, war must always be a terrible thing. But there are more terrible things than war, and I cannot help thinking and feeling that Shakespeare was right when he said that

> "Naught shall make us rue
> If England to itself do rest but true."

True that is, not only to her lower self in the desire for greed and national aggrandizement, but true to her nobler self as the mother of liberty and righteousness and national justice.

EDWARD C. JAMES

AT THE DINNER TO SIR HENRY IRVING, OCTOBER 28, 1899

TO-NIGHT the words of your president have summoned to my mind, as they have to yours, that commanding presence, that genial face, that charming voice which filled these rooms with such a spell the last time we heard him that we lingered into the small hours of the morning to hear the glorious tribute which he paid to Admiral Schley. His eloquent voice is forever stilled. We never shall take him by the hand again. We never shall see that bright illumination of the eye that filled our hearts with joy to meet him. But the dead die never utterly. They linger in the deepest recesses of busy minds and loving hearts, to be wakened into life again on some sweet occasion when a dear remembrance recalls their past.

Our friend Colonel Ingersoll has entered into that place which he so eloquently termed "the windowless palace of rest." Those mysteries which puzzled him and perplexed his acute and penetrating mind have all been solved; and let us believe that it is well for him. It is a sweet and a dear office of friendship to recall such a man. I had the honor of making him a member of this club. I gave him his introduction here; and of all the service I have ever been able to render to the Lotos Club, with which I am so closely identified and which I love so dearly, I feel that I have

never done anything better than to propose as a member our dear friend, now passed away, Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll.

But on this joyous occasion, gentlemen, I would turn to subjects which are more near to the purpose of our festival. Sir Henry, we welcome you again to-night with a glad hand and a loving heart. It is the delight of the members of this club to have you with us, and I believe that you, sir, are the only man in all this wide world who so repeatedly and with so much joy on our part has been welcomed as our guest. And in this connection let me say to you that, although it is not our privilege to welcome here that sweet and gracious lady (Ellen Terry) who has added so much splendor to your own achievements, I think I voice the sentiments of this club when I ask you to convey to her our salutations and our welcome.

We have attended those intellectual feasts which you have spread before us here in our metropolitan city with a delighted sense that we learned from you the very form and body of the age which you portray, that we saw in you the martyred Charles, and that with you we faced the buried majesty of Denmark. We have wandered with you through the sacred aisles of Canterbury, and we have dropped tears as we saw you in the glorious part of *King Arthur* when the terrible disaster of his life came upon him, and he exclaimed in those pathetic words: "How can I, with Winter in my heart, plead with the ruined Summer for its rose?"

But you come to us to-night doubly welcome. We not only welcome you as our old friend, as the greatest living master and portrayer of the dramatic art, but

we welcome you as a guest from that dear mother country to which our hearts have turned in love and gratitude for her gracious sympathy and magnificent aid in the time when we needed her comfort and her power. I remember, in those dark days of the summer of 1898, when the Spanish fleet was upon our coast, when it was questionable whether there would be interference by the foreign powers or not, and whether the old royal house of Spain could summon to its aid such imperial intervention as would restrain this Republic in its purpose regarding the liberation of Cuba. We were told that France and Germany and Russia would not interfere because Christianity was on our side. Was it because of any sense of the justness of our purpose that those powers were restrained? No. Do you ask the answer to the question, what held them back? Read it in the glorious red standard of England, and in the declaration of her purpose to stand by her daughter in the West.

I am reminded now, having read in the daily papers of those splendid feats of valor accomplished by the English soldiery in the field, such as the charge of the Highlanders at Elandslaagte and that magnificent battle at Mafeking and the one at Dundee, that if the Anglo-Saxon people of this earth stand together the cause of human progress and human liberty is secure. In stirring verses, written many years ago, Lord Tennyson, with an almost prophetic mind, looked forward to the close of the century and to this situation.

"Gigantic daughter of the West,
We drink to thee across the flood.
We love thee most who know thee best;
For art thou not of British blood?

"Should war's mad blast again be blown,
Permit not thou the tyrant powers
To fight thy mother here alone,
But let thy broadsides roar with ours."

I must, in conclusion—for if I am to believe the precepts of Dean Stubbs, it is necessary that an after-dinner speech should always contain a story—refer to my first visit to your beautiful village of Stratford. I had had as a companion on the ocean steamer a gentleman whose business in New York was the manufacture of ornamental iron, and he had given much more attention to that subject than to either poetry or the drama. He had accompanied me through Scotland and England, and was with me in the church at Stratford when I first stood by that famous stone which contains that impressive and, I may say, appalling verse:

"Good frend for Iesus sake forbeare
To digg the dust encloased heare:
Blest be ye man yt spares thes stones,
And curst be he yt moves my bones."

As I stood there reflecting as well as I was able upon what Shakespeare was and that that poor handful of dust beneath that stone was all that remained on earth of the body of that illustrious man, I heard a tinkling sound up in the chancel, and saw that my friend was rapping on the chancel rail with the back of his knife.

"Joe," said I, "what are you doing up there?"

"Colonel," said he, "I 'm trying to find out whether they cast these things solid or 'holler.' They waste enough iron here in England to set a man up in business in New York."

I said to him: "Have n't you any respect for this place? Don't you know that under this stone lies all that was mortal of William Shakespeare?"

"Oh, well, that 's all right," said he; "but just because a man happened to write 'Damon and Pythias' and 'The Lady of Lyons' it 's no reason why you should go crazy over him."

When I got back to New York I told a literary lady this story, and she remarked, with a great deal of seriousness, that there were some people who had no appreciation of Shakespeare's plays.

ANDREW CARNEGIE

AT THE DINNER IN HIS HONOR, JANUARY 27, 1900

AMONG the many admirable arrangements which distinguish this club I think this must be held as one, that the guest of honor is called upon to speak after the chairman, and is not compelled to sit and listen to those highly eulogistic effusions which men are pardoned for delivering after dinner—much to the confusion of the embarrassed guest.

As I sat listening to the chairman I was reminded of an incident that happened across the table. It reminded me of that small but powerful body in art which holds that, in painting a portrait, the first thing to keep in mind by the great artist, such as our fellow-member Mr. Eastman Johnson over there, is to make a work of art, and the last thing is to make a likeness. I recognize in your distinguished president, from the picture he has just painted of me for your admiration as a work of art, one of the leaders of that small but powerful school.

You have spoken, sir, of my use of surplus wealth. Well, it is a very dangerous subject to touch upon. I went the other night to speak to the young men of the Baptist Union, at the request of a young multi-millionaire, the son of the richest man in the world, who has shown that he lives laborious days and spends his

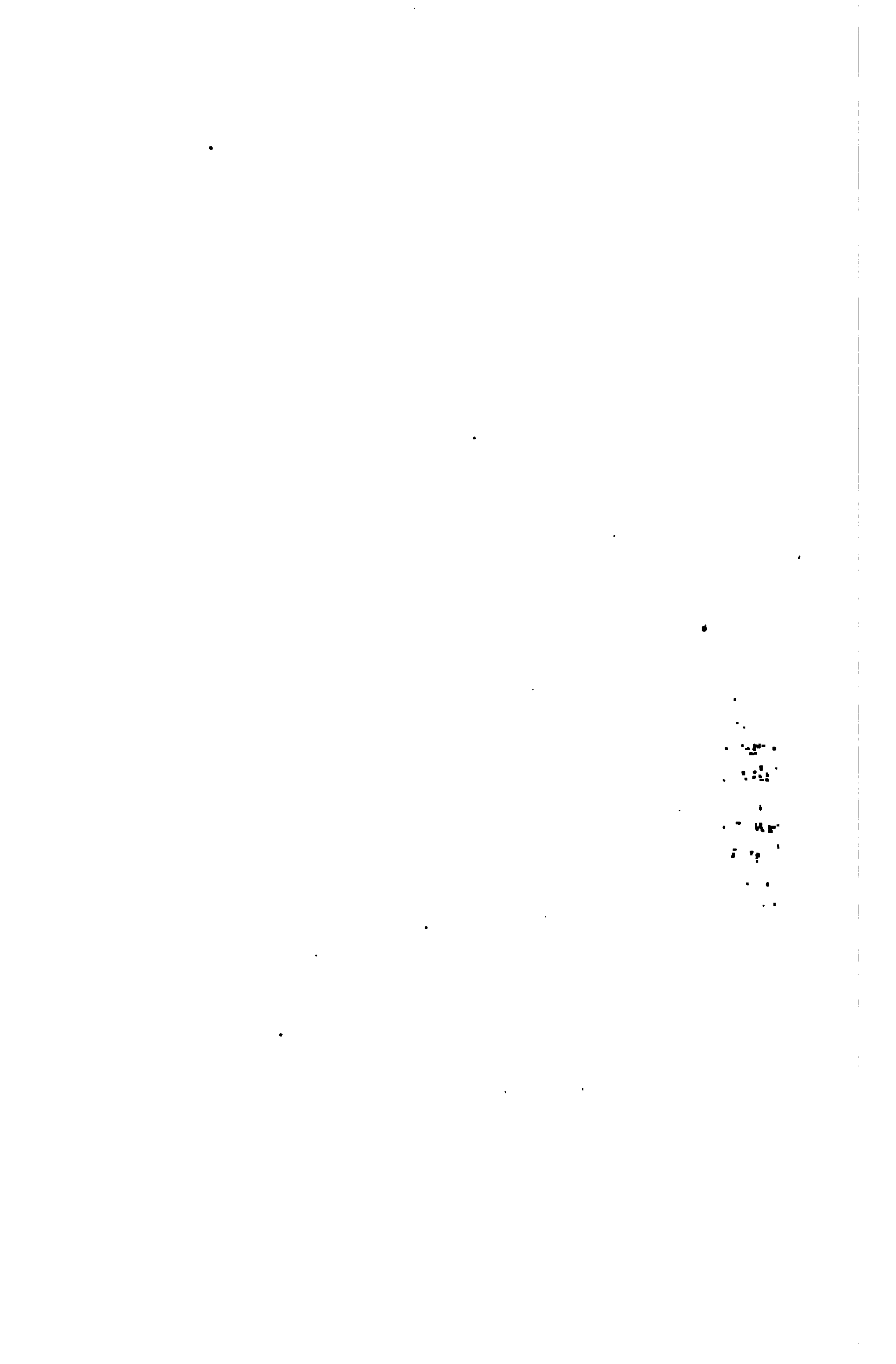
time trying to do good to his poorer, and therefore less burdened and more fortunate, associates. Well, the reporter present took a few of the more striking words of my address, and I scarcely recognized myself in print the next day. Public speakers have to beware of the epigrammatic. The published sketch of my remarks reminds me very forcibly of my portrait as just painted by the president.

The first article that I wrote, under the title of "The Gospel of Wealth," was republished by the editor of the "Pall Mall" of London. The proprietor of the "North American Review" came to me and said: "Mr. Carnegie, I have the manuscript of that article you sent down which you call 'Wealth,' and I have the greatest desire to hear the author read it. Will you read it?"

I read it. I think Mrs. Browning has said that authors never read their poetry with proper effect. This was not poetry; it was good, solid sense. When I came to that passage, "Of every thousand dollars spent thus in so-called charity, nine hundred of it had better be thrown into the sea," he said, "Carnegie, make that nine hundred and fifty." And you will find it so fixed in the article.

I spoke to the Baptist Union upon the use of wealth by individuals. I hold that the inert, the hopeless, the lazy, drunken men, the professional beggar, the alms-taker, should be the care of the State, and not of the individual; that they should, being human, be housed, fed, clothed, and bathed, and should receive proper instruction, but should be isolated and not allowed to marry. I was soon taught this by my experi-

Andrew Carnegie



ence in this city; and for the many foolish things I did in the name of sacred charity may I be forgiven! I distributed charity indiscriminately, to some extent. Perhaps the greatest evil I have ever done in my life was in that direction. But I soon found that indiscriminate charity increased the evil we fain would exterminate. We talk of the division of property. Well, let the millionaire go down to the slums and say, "Here, the distribution of wealth is all wrong; you have not got your share. I will distribute among you." In the morning, we will say, he makes his distribution. Let him return at night to see the good of his philanthropic act. What will he find? Happiness? No; pandemonium. Let him repeat it day after day until his wealth is exhausted. Let him try a month of it, and by that time I am sure you would all feel like saying to him: "Down on your knees, and crawl for pardon! You have done more injury in a month than you can do good in all your life!" The circle of pauperism is increased and widened. The millionaire has not benefited the swimming tenth that keeps its head proudly above water, not those who live self-respecting lives and who should be the recipients of this foolish millionaire's gifts.

I tell you the name philanthropist is a very dubious one to bestow upon any man, and I did n't quite like it when you applied it to me. The philanthropist is generally a man with a great deal more money than good sense. I seek not popularity, applause, or anything of that kind. I seek not to encourage, to support, to sustain the ill-doing, the submerged tenth. My sympathies go forth to those who help themselves. I have

never known a man to make a very great success in boosting another up a ladder unless the other man did some of the climbing himself. This may seem harsh doctrine, perhaps not popular; but I am not concerned about popularity; I know I am right.

Gentlemen, I have been receiving some compliments from young engineers of our membership to-night about what we have done in the manufacture of steel and other things. Well, I wish now just to say that I do not deserve one tithe of the credit that these young men seem to attribute to me. I will tell you why it was that I struck the right line in that matter. I was fortunate enough in early life to travel a great deal around the world, and good fortune led me to spend a summer in the Highlands of Scotland; and I have always gone back. I became acquainted with Britain. She was the pioneer. I bought rails in Great Britain, and laid down American railways. I bought boiler plate. I saw what Britain had done and was doing. Of course it was easy for me to see what we had to do here. I found the grandest deposits of raw materials in the known world. I found the American workmen were the best workmen, the most versatile, the most sober, the most intelligent, the most placable, the most fair-minded workmen in the whole world. And for twenty years I have been telling my associates in Britain that one American, as a workman, was worth two Britons any day—and he is. Then it was an easy matter for me to see that this country was growing. I am one of those who have never lost faith in the Republic; and I have n't lost a particle of it yet, either. She has gone a little off sometimes in her history, but she

has never failed to come back. The result is that this is the country that is to supply the world with steel. And the nation that supplies the world with steel supplies it with most other things. Steel is the chief component of most things that you can mention in the name of manufactures, from a needle to a ship; and the nation that manufactures steel is to manufacture almost everything in the world. Mark my words, as has been said of the English-speaking race, its home is not to be found on the Thames or the Tweed, but on the Hudson and the Mississippi; so I say that the home of ship-building, the home of the manufacture of all kinds of things, from a needle to a ship, is not to be found on the Tyne and the Clyde, but on the Atlantic coast of the United States.

You have spoken, sir, of books that I have inflicted upon a long-suffering public. Well, I do not deserve the compliments you have paid me in regard to my writing; but this I do want to say: I have never written a word that I did not believe to be true. I have never advocated a cause which I did not believe to be right; and I have never hesitated for a moment to stand and declare my views, whether they commanded general assent or the majority differed entirely from them.

Perhaps these things are out of place here, but I think that the most valuable citizen of the Republic is not the man who follows public opinion and courts publicity, which any man can achieve when the passions of war are aroused, but the man who stands up when they are all mad and preaches to them the great and sacred blessings of peace.

I thank you, fellow members of the Lotos Club, for

the high honor conferred by this complimentary dinner and excessively kind reception accorded to me. I have not hitherto done much toward deserving this tribute, but I am none the less grateful for it. My future I shall hope, more than my past, will justify at least in some degree the honor now paid by you so generously in advance.

ROBERT STUART MACARTHUR

AT THE DINNER TO ANDREW CARNEGIE, JANUARY 27, 1900

I HAVE been greatly instructed by the remarks made by President Lawrence, by Mr. Carnegie, and by the other two gentlemen who have spoken. I have been questioning constantly as to how Andrew Carnegie came to be the sort of man he is. He will pardon me, I trust, if I touch one element in his life which I know is very near to his heart, and is not far from my heart. In one respect, at least, I stand in very close relations to him, for we both had Highland Scotch mothers; and what he is to-day is due in no small part to the inspiring influence, lofty instruction, and exalted example of that beautiful Highland Scotch woman who was his mother. Often when I saw Mr. Carnegie and his mother together, and observed the light of love in her eyes as she gazed upon him, and the wealth of affection with which he responded to her maternal regard, I never knew whether I admired the mother or the son the more, so beautiful was the affection of each toward the other.

But I want to press a little further the inquiry as to how he came to be the man he is. I suppose that all musicians will tell us that in every great oratorio there is a diapason, a concordant, dominant, pervasive, and unitive note. Those who study music with sufficient intelligence are able to discover the pres-

ence of that note, even when it is little heard by the ordinary listener to the music. I suppose that, if I were sufficient of a musician, I could stand by Niagara Falls, listen to its thunderous music, and then write the score of the matchless song sung by this glorious choir. I suppose that, if I were sufficient of a musician, I could stand by a singing, dancing, glancing rill, and then write the score of the song which that brook is singing. Now, if I enlarge that thought it will cover a very wide sphere of life. What is true of the oratorio, of Niagara, and of the brook, is true of the great nations of the earth; it is true also of all the great periods of time. When we look back in history we see that there were three great ruling nations—the Roman, the Greek, and the Hebrew—and in the song which each nation sang there was the dominant note, the pervasive element, the unitive thought, the distinct diapason. The Roman stood for law, the Greek for art, the Hebrew for religion. The Hebrew had a genius for religion. It is a very remarkable fact that these three great nations were represented in the three languages in which the superscription was written on the Cross of the great Master; for that inscription, you will remember, was written in Hebrew and Greek and Latin. Now, the Romans, standing for law, lacked the lofty artistic ideal of the Greek; the Greek, standing for art, lacked the marked practicality of the Roman; and the Hebrew, standing for religion *par excellence*, lacked, to some degree, the artistic ideal of the Greek and the practicality of the Roman: in each case there was the distinctive note.

I am quite sure that if we bring our thought down to the study of men, we shall discover in every

man's life a unitive note, a concordant purpose, a dominant motive—in a word, a diapason. What is the unitive note, the concordant purpose, the dominant motive of the life of Andrew Carnegie? It is this dominant motive which has given the unity to his entire life; which made him heroic when he was a poor boy; which made him ambitious with a noble and lofty ambition when he was struggling from poverty into competence; and which makes him a large-hearted and benevolent citizen, now that he has acquired wealth.

I quite agree that it is far more difficult to distribute money properly than to acquire it. I think all of us know that it is a far easier matter for the average millionaire to acquire money rapidly than to distribute it wisely. In one respect he may succeed, while in the other he may fail. I think the one word which gives this dominant purpose to the life of Mr. Andrew Carnegie is character! character! character! The Greek verb from which the word comes means to cut, to engrave; character is the resultant of the influences, thoughts and acts of life as they have engraved themselves on the soul. Character in Mr. Carnegie's case includes such qualities as honesty, industry, economy, enterprise, and perseverance. A man's reputation is one thing; his character is quite another. I care very little about reputation, as compared with character. Reputation is seeming; character is being. Reputation is what men think we are; character is what God knows we are. Reputation is the breath of man; character is the inbreathing of the eternal God. Reputation is temporal; character is eternal. Reputation is accidental; character is essential. Character makes the man.

Now, as I look over history I discover illustrations

of the truth of the proposition that I am endeavoring to lay down. I have often studied with great interest the life of William Pitt. I am an ardent admirer of Pitt. He belonged to a remarkable period of British history. Pitt, you know, was a delicate boy, not able to go to school, as did most other boys of his time and social position. But at fourteen, in 1773, he was prepared for a university career, and went then to Cambridge. He was even then in varied learning a grown man. At seventeen he closed that career with his master's degree. For four years after he read Greek with his tutor. When he was twenty-one he was the finest Greek scholar for his age in all Great Britain; and at twenty-one he was also a member of Parliament. How marvelous was Pitt's maiden speech! He was speaking to one of Burke's great questions of Economical Reform, and near him sat Fox, who was his rival in politics. Near him, also, sat Burke, whom he greatly admired and often supported. And when Pitt, that beautiful youth of twenty-one, with his clear thought and sonorous voice, was making his maiden speech and rolling out his magnificent sentences, Fox leaned over and whispered to Burke that he was a chip of the old block; and Burke replied, "He is the old block himself!" Before he was twenty-seven he was Prime Minister of Great Britain, and he ruled Britain by his voice, his thought, and his character. Fox was envious of Pitt's popularity. Dr. Price, in 1782, in a Fast day sermon, when Fox was confidently expecting to be made prime minister, asked: "Can you imagine that a spendthrift in his own concerns will make an economist in managing the affairs of others? that a wild gamester will take due care of the state of a

kingdom?" It was evident that a man who spent his nights in drinking and gaming was not to be trusted with the high office of Prime Minister of Great Britain. It was the lack of character in Fox, as compared with Pitt, that made him less popular than the latter. You will remember that Pitt said, after the battle of Austerlitz: "You may as well roll up the map of Europe; we shall not want it for at least ten years." And the battle of Waterloo came in about ten years after that time. Pitt died, as Bishop Wilberforce said, of the Austerlitz fever. One of the touching couplets in Scott's "Marmion" refers to Pitt and Fox. They are buried in Westminster Abbey, so near each other that Scott says:

> "Shed upon Fox's grave the tear;
> 'Twill trickle to his rival's bier."

It is character that tells in the lawyer, in the merchant, in the politician, in the author, as well as in the man who stands in the pulpit to preach the gospel of God and man. I have often thought, and I thought to-night, of that wonderful introduction given to the riotous French populace by Lamartine, in 1848, when he said, in presenting De la Eure: "Citizens, listen! Sixty years of a pure life are now about to address you." And when Mr. Andrew Carnegie stood here to-night it was his pure life, his varied ability, and his noble character that gave him his power before this audience, and before America and the world.

You remember—I will relieve your patience in a moment—the sentence of Emerson when he said: "What care I for what you say, when what you do stands over my head and thunders so loud that I can-

not hear what you say." It is what men do and what men are that will always give them power or the reverse. So behind Mr. Carnegie's book, behind Mr. Carnegie's various articles, behind his great gifts, is Andrew Carnegie. And it is the man behind the works, behind the book, behind the political speech, behind the sermon, behind the poem, behind everything; it is their noble manhood which makes men mighty before God and among their fellow-men.

So back of all that Andrew Carnegie has done, gentlemen, I to-night see the gracious, gentle, queenly Highland Scotch mother, the music of whose voice I loved to hear, for it was the music that sung me to sleep in my cradle from the lips of another Highland Scotch mother, and behind all I see that gracious nature that helped to make Andrew Carnegie. God help him and make him a still greater blessing! I have not always had the honor of agreeing with Mr. Carnegie. (Turning to Mr. Carnegie.) But you are so sure that you are right that it makes little difference to you whether others agree with you or not. (Mr. Carnegie: "Yes, sir!") That is one of the things I like about Mr. Carnegie. We all may often differ as to policies, even when we agree as to principles; but let us respect one another's motives, even when we cannot agree as to one another's methods. Let us go on side by side in honesty, patriotism, and love for God and man, knowing that truth will triumph.

> "For right is right, since God is God,
> And right the day must win;
> To doubt would be disloyalty,
> To falter would be sin."

WILLIAM H. McELROY

AT THE DINNER TO ANDREW CARNEGIE, JANUARY 27, 1900

WHEN Dr. MacArthur was telling us the difference between reputation and character I recalled a story that Edward Everett Hale told me of his friends James Freeman Clarke and Starr King. They were spending a little time at Pigeon Cove, and one day Clarke said to King: "Do you know the difference between you and me?" "What is it?" asked King. "Well," said Clarke, "you have got reputation, and I have got character." "Of course," replied King. "You have got a bad character, and I have got a good reputation." And then the incident was declared closed.

I am greatly tempted to tell a story at the expense of my distinguished friend, the president of Columbia College. Yes, I believe I will tell it. Some years ago I enjoyed the hospitality of this club at a great dinner, which we all remember, given to Sir Edwin Arnold. President Low, who was then the Mayor of Brooklyn, made one of his characteristically graceful and incisive speeches, in the course of which he said: "Sir Edwin Arnold has not only been a poet, but, at a certain stage of his career, he was a journalist." And then he wickedly added: "I don't know why he

should not pursue both of these vocations, since the imagination has so much to do with both." After him came St. Clair McKelway, and Mr. McKelway, bent upon standing up for the honor of his profession, said: "Yes, Mr. Mayor; and if the journalists of Brooklyn had n't let their imaginations loose I doubt if you ever would have been elected."

I salute the guest of honor of this high feast. The Lotos Club always serves its liquid hospitably in magnums. So Mr. Carnegie serves his benefactions. Do you suppose that when Leigh Hunt wrote the lines upon Abou Ben Adhem he was thinking of some concrete Ben Adhem of those days, or was he looking down the century, with the prevision of a seer, and thinking of Andrew Carnegie? If we cannot find out in any other way, let us mandamus ancient history, place Abou Ben Adhem beside Mr. Carnegie, and see whose name stands the higher in the "Book of Gold."

Just a word more. Somebody said of *Lady Macbeth* that she might have been a lady, but she could n't prove it by her conduct. I love to see a philanthropist, like Mr. Carnegie, who can prove his philanthropy by his conduct. Somebody has defined philanthropy as being Tom's idea that Dick ought to do something for Harry. That has never been Mr. Carnegie's conception of the term. He has "put his creed into his deed," and his creed has been one of whole-hearted beneficence. Besides, he not only has given most generously, but with a wisdom which goes hand in hand with his prodigality. I take it that "our best society" in any age is composed of the great souls whose writings inspire, instruct, and entertain, and he who gives a

library to a community provides it with the best society —and a society open to all except those who love darkness rather than light. Who, bent upon serving his fellow-men, can do better than that?

The other day, if he was reported correctly, he said that when he came to shuffle off his mortal coil he expected to be a poor man. I say to him to-night that, with all his sagacity, he has gone to work in the wrong direction to accomplish that object. May the day be long distant when he turns his face to the wall; but when that day comes he will find that, although he may be poor in mere worldly goods, he has largely accumulated the most precious of riches—the regard and honor of humanity, which goes so far to make the valley and the shadow vanish and the delectable mountains and the perfect day appear.

WALTER S. LOGAN

AT THE DINNER TO ANDREW CARNEGIE, JANUARY 27, 1900

IF we were to classify mankind, we might differentiate between one people and another on various lines. We might differentiate on the ground of geography, and divide them up according to where they live; but steam and electricity have made geographical distances of little importance in modern times, and we should not make much progress in that way. We might make racial distinctions, but the characteristics of race disappear under changed environment. The Celt and the Saxon have lived together side by side in England for only a few generations, but now you can tell the difference between them only by their speech and the sound of their names. We might divide them up according to their professions or position in life; but these all pertain to one generation, and that would be unsatisfactory, because the son of the hod-carrier may sit in the House of Lords or become president of Yale or Harvard. The only logical line of demarcation is the line of language.

The rulers of the world to-day are not the Anglo-Saxon race, but the English-speaking people of all races. The tie that binds us together is not the tie of race or blood or institutions, but the tie of a common tongue; and the hope of the world is not in race or

color or blood, but in the language that we speak and the people that speak it.

I would welcome Mr. Carnegie here to-night, then, not as an American, for his character is too broad for any one country, and the mountain-tops of his native land are not high enough to hide him from the rest of the world; I would welcome him not as a Scotchman, for Scotland is too small for such a man as Mr. Carnegie; I would welcome him not as a millionaire, for whatever possessions we started with to-night we left in the coat-room outside, and here we stand only with that character which we have made ourselves; I would welcome him not as an Anglo-Saxon, for I refuse to regard racial distinctions; I would welcome him simply as a distinguished member of the English-speaking people, as a man who would have been better known as a speaker and writer of that language if his fame as a sayer of things had not been cast in the shade by his mightier fame as a doer of things.

At the commencement of the nineteenth century English was spoken by less than fifteen million people in all the world; now, at its close or at the beginning of the next, it is spoken by one hundred and fifty millions. At the beginning of the century it stood fifth on the list of European languages in the number of people that spoke it; to-day it stands first on the list, and is fifty millions ahead of the next. At the beginning of the century laws were made in the English language only for the people who spoke it; to-day the laws of four hundred millions who never lisped a word of English are written in the English language. At the beginning of the century our institutions and ideas of

government prevailed only in England and America, where the language was spoken; at its close one hundred and fifty millions who do not speak the language and whose laws are not written in it have copied our constitutions into their language and adapted our institutions to their conditions.

At the beginning of the century our ideas of government and our language prevailed only on a few little isles in the North Sea, scarcely larger than a pinhead on the map of the world, and on a little fringe of Atlantic coast on the seaboard of America. To-day those institutions prevail all over the world, and our language is spoken in every continent and inhabited island in the world. It has in it the capacity to ingraft everything that is of value in any language. It is the language of a thoughtful people, and is adapted to express thought. If you see a man in Paris or Madrid or Rome speak, you can tell by his facial expressions and his muscular contortions very nearly what he is saying. He has to make up for the deficiency of his language by everything else that he has. If you see a man in London or New York speak, you have to hear the words he is speaking to know what he is talking about. Ours is the language of people who have worked out their own destiny and who have built the corner-stone of their civilization upon the rock of self-reliance. It is the language of liberty and sturdy manhood throughout the world, and, sooner or later—I think it won't be very long—it is to be the ruling language of the world.

FRANK R. LAWRENCE

AT THE DINNER TO SAMUEL L. CLEMENS (MARK TWAIN), NOVEMBER 11, 1893

[This speech is placed out of the chronological order. This and the following speech are introductory addresses presenting the same guest to the same audience at periods seven years apart. The address of Mr. Clemens on November 11, 1893, is among the many which were not preserved with sufficient fullness for publication.]

TO-NIGHT the old faces gather amid new surroundings. The place where last we met about the table has vanished, and to-night we have our first Lotos dinner in a home that is all our own.

It is peculiarly fitting that the board should now be spread in honor of one who has been a member of the club for a full score of years, and it is a happy augury for the future that our fellow-member whom we assemble to greet should be the bearer of a most distinguished name in the world of letters, for the Lotos Club is ever at its best when paying homage to genius in literature or in art.

Is there a civilized being who has not heard the name of Mark Twain? We knew him long years ago, before he came out of the boundless West, brimful of wit and eloquence, with no reverence for anything, and went abroad to educate the untutored European in the subtleties of the American joke.

The world has looked on and applauded while he has

broken many images. He has led us in imagination all over the globe. With him as our guide, we have traversed alike the Mississippi and the Sea of Galilee. At his bidding we have laughed at a thousand absurdities. By laborious reasoning he has convinced us that the Egyptian mummies are actually dead. He has held us spellbound upon the plain at the foot of the great Sphinx, and we have joined him in weeping bitter tears at the tomb of Adam.

To-night we greet him in the flesh.

What name is there in literature that can be likened to his? Perhaps some of the distinguished gentlemen about this table can tell us. But I know of none. "Himself his only parallel," it seems to me.

He is all our own—a ripe and perfect product of the American soil. In no other country could he have been born. By no previous age could he have been appreciated as he is. We are, one and all, indebted to him for many hours of laughter and many moments of more serious thought. As he goes forward in that peculiar field of literature of which he is the creator, and where he is without a rival, we shall give him our applause, and we to-night pledge him our kindest wishes for prosperity, happiness, and success.

FRANK R. LAWRENCE

AT THE DINNER TO SAMUEL L. CLEMENS (MARK TWAIN), NOVEMBER 10, 1900

OUR Lotos Club season opens very happily, for we have just voted ourselves some years of prosperity, and Mark Twain has come home. When in this fortunate country we want good times we get them by popular vote. But for the presence of Mark Twain we depend upon a more uncertain caprice.

Seven years ago he returned from abroad, and was entertained at dinner by this club, with the result that he went straight back to Europe, and has remained out of the United States ever since.

It has been suggested that the club assemble in his honor regularly at similar intervals; but it is felt that, after a time, this would become a steady habit, and steady habits could never be made popular here.

We welcome him home as one of the stanchest and truest members of the club, and we remember that he was one of those who, with Reid and Brougham and Florence and Bromley and a score of kindred spirits, made the club sparkling and attractive in its early days, and laid broad and deep the foundation of all its later years of merriment and good-fellowship.

Our guest became a member of the club when it was only three years old, and now that it has seen more

than ten times that number of years, he remains faithful to its principles, or at least he would be faithful to its principles if it had any, and that amounts to the same thing. The principles might be pernicious, but it would n't matter; he would be faithful to them all the same.

Well, he has been away, and he has been gone a long time, and I believe he has been around the world, and what he has been doing we only know in part.

He says that he has been "Following the Equator." What a fortunate thing it is that he did not, as the climax to a somewhat revolutionary career, induce the equator to follow him! Had that occurred, the equator would probably have passed the remainder of its days in Hartford, Connecticut, or some weird or literary portion of the globe, and its reputation for constancy would have been forever blasted.

Some things about him we do know. We know that while away from us he has kept up a steady stream of work, furnishing to the world an abundance both of instruction and of amusement, and increasing his old reputation as one who, while he writes in fun, yet ever thinks in earnest. We hail him, as we have done before, as a master of letters, as the pioneer in a new and original field, as the possessor of a quaint and peculiar genius which has discovered unsuspected possibilities of language and of thought, and whose works, from the earliest to the latest, from the lightest to the most serious, have always commanded the widest audience and been received the world over with unbounded applause.

We hail him, too, as one who has borne great burdens

with manliness and courage, who has emerged from great struggles victorious; and in welcoming him back to-night to his old place, first taken at the Lotos board nearly twenty-seven years ago, we greet him with all friendship and in all kindliness, and hope that his life may be happy and prosperous, whether here or abroad.

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS

(MARK TWAIN)

AT THE DINNER IN HIS HONOR, NOVEMBER 10, 1900

I THANK you all out of my heart for this fraternal welcome, and it seems almost too fine, almost too magnificent, for a humble Missourian such as I am, far from his native haunts on the banks of the Mississippi; and yet my modesty is in a degree fortified by observing that I am not the only Missourian who has been honored here to-night, for I see at this very table—here is a Missourian (indicating Mr. McKelway), and there is a Missourian (indicating Mr. Depew), and there is another Missourian—and Hendrix and Clemens, and last but not least, the greatest Missourian of them all—here he sits—Tom Reed, who has always concealed his birth until now. And since I have been away I know what has been happening in his case; he has deserted politics and now is leading a creditable life. He has reformed, and God prosper him; and I judge, by a remark which he made up-stairs awhile ago, that he has found a new business that is utterly suited to his make and constitution, and all he is doing now is that he is around raising the average of personal beauty.

But I am grateful to the president for the kind words which he has said of me, and it is not for me to

Group

Seated (extreme left):

Isaac N. Seligman

Seated (extreme right):

Thomas Bailey Aldrich

Seated on sofa (left to right):

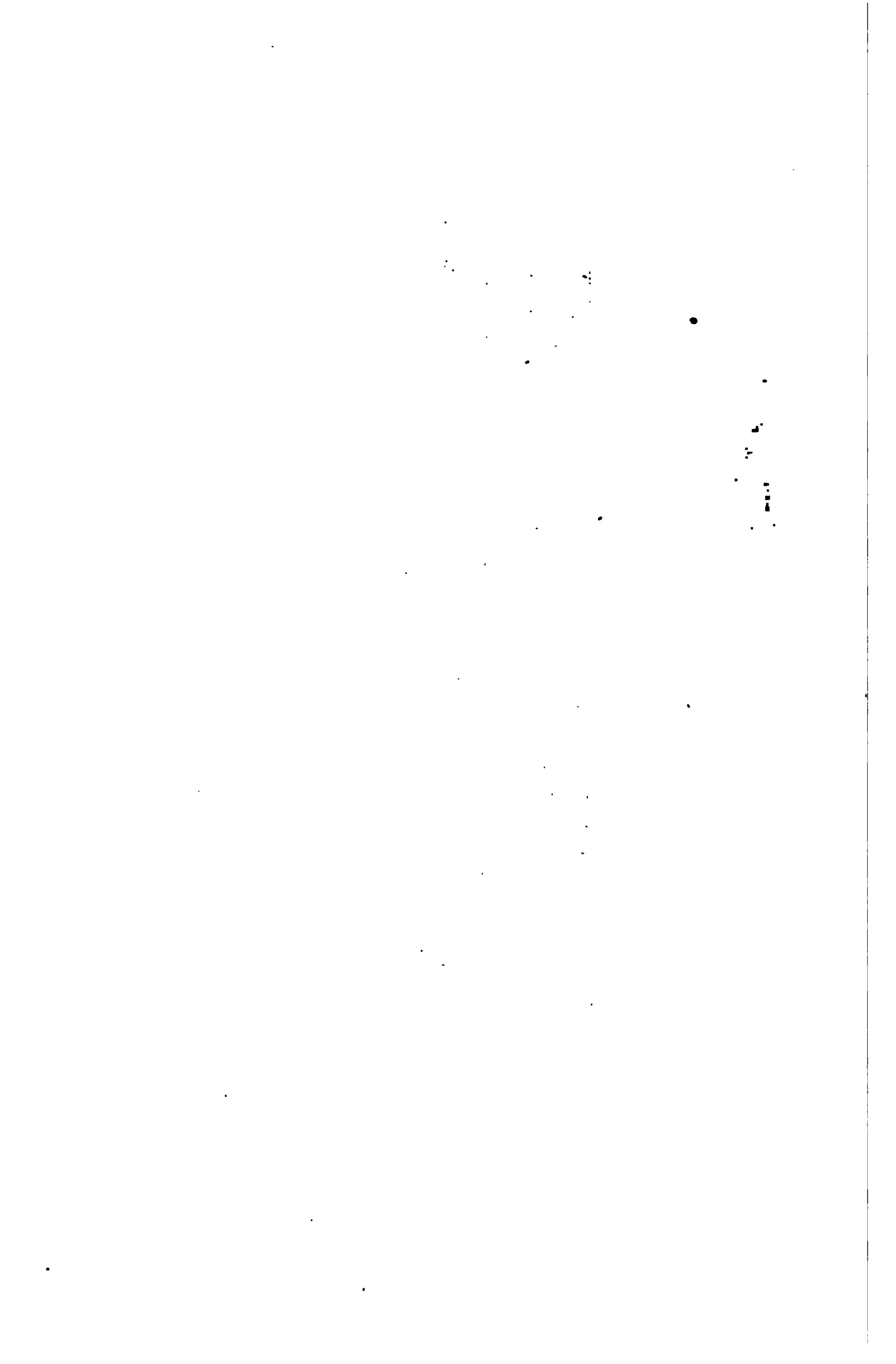
Thomas B. Reed   Frank R. Lawrence   Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain)   Chauncey M. Depew

Standing (left to right):

John Kendrick Bangs
Moncure D. Conway
William Dean Howells
A. F. Southerland

St. Clair McKelway
William Henry White
John Elderkin
William T. Evans

William Wallace Walker
David B. Sickels
George H. Daniels
Horatio N. Fraser



say whether these praises were deserved or not. I prefer to accept them just as they stand, without concerning myself with the statistics upon which they have been built, but only with that large matter, that essential matter, the good-fellowship, the kindliness, the magnanimity and generosity that prompted their utterance. Well, many things have happened since I sat here before, and, now that I think of it, the president's reference to the debts which were left by the bankrupt firm of Charles L. Webster & Co. gives me an opportunity to say a word which I very much wish to say, not for myself, but for ninety-five men and women whom I shall always hold in high esteem and in pleasant remembrance—the creditors of that firm. They treated me well; they treated me handsomely. There were ninety-six of them, and by not a finger's weight did ninety-five of them add to the burden of that time for me. Ninety-five out of the ninety-six—they did n't indicate by any word or sign that they were anxious about their money. They treated me well, and I shall not forget it; I could not forget it if I wanted to. Many of them said, "Don't you worry, don't you hurry"; that 's what they said. Why, if I could have that kind of creditors always, and that experience, I would recognize it as a personal loss to be out of debt. I owe those ninety-five creditors a debt of homage, and I pay it now in such measure as one may pay so fine a debt in mere words. Yes, they said that very thing. I was not personally acquainted with ten of them, and yet they said, "Don't you worry, and don't you hurry." I know that phrase by heart, and if all the other music

should perish out of the world it would still sing to me. I appreciate that; I am glad to say this word; people say so much about me, and they forget those creditors. They were handsomer than I was, or Tom Reed.

Oh, you have been doing many things in this time that I have been absent; you have done lots of things, some that are well worth remembering, too. Now, we have fought a righteous war since I have been gone, and that is rare in history—a righteous war is so rare that it is almost unknown in history; but by the grace of that war we set Cuba free, and we joined her to those three or four free nations that exist on this earth; and we started out to set those poor Filipinos free too. and why, why, why that most righteous purpose of ours has apparently miscarried I suppose I never shall know.

But we have made a most creditable record in China in these days—our sound and level-headed administration has made a most creditable record over there, and there are some of the Powers that cannot say that by any means. The Yellow Terror is threatening this world to-day. It is looming vast and ominous on that distant horizon; I do not know what is going to be the result of that Yellow Terror, but our government has had no hand in evoking it, and let 's be happy in that and proud of it.

We have nursed free silver; we watched by its cradle; we have done the best we could to raise that child, but those pestiferous Republicans have—well, they keep giving it the measles every chance they get, and we never shall raise that child. Well, that 's no matter—

there's plenty of other things to do, and we must think of something else. Well, we have tried a president four years, criticized him and found fault with him the whole time, and turned around a day or two ago and elected him again with votes enough to spare to elect another. Oh, consistency! consistency! thy name —I don't know what thy name is—Thompson will do, any name will do, but you see there is the fact; there is the consistency. Then we have tried for governor an illustrious Rough Rider, and we liked him so much in that great office that now we have made him Vice-President; not in order that that office shall give him distinction, but that he may confer distinction upon the office. And it 's needed, too—it 's needed. And now, for a while anyway, we shall not be stammering and embarrassed when a stranger asks us, "What is the name of the Vice-President?" This one is known; this one is pretty well known, pretty widely known, and in some quarters favorably. I am not accustomed to dealing in these fulsome compliments, and I am probably overdoing it a little; but, well, my old affectionate admiration for Governor Roosevelt has probably betrayed me into this complimentary excess; but I know him, and you know him; and if you give him rope enough—I mean if—oh, yes, he will justify that compliment; leave it just as it is. And now we have put in his place Mr. Odell, another Rough Rider, I suppose; all the fat things go to that profession now. Why, I could have been a Rough Rider myself if I had known that this political Klondike was going to open up, and I would have been a Rough Rider if I could have gone to war on an automobile—but not on a horse!

No, I know the horse too well; I have known the horse in war and in peace, and there is no place where a horse is comfortable. The horse has too many caprices, and he is too much given to initiative. He invents too many new ideas; no, I don't want anything to do with the horse.

And then we have taken Chauncey Depew out of a useful and active life and made him a senator—embalmed him, corked him up. And I am not grieving. That man has said many a true thing about me in his time, and I always said something would happen to him. Look at that (pointing to Mr. Depew) gilded mummy! He has made my life a sorrow to me at many a banquet on both sides of the ocean, and now he has got it. Perish the hand that pulls that cork!

All these things have happened, all of these things have come to pass, while I have been away, and it just shows how little a Mugwump can be missed in a cold, unfeeling world, even when he is the last one that is left—a Grand Old Party all by himself. And there is another thing that has happened, perhaps the most imposing event of them all; the institution called the Daughters of the Crown—the Daughters of the Royal Crown—has established itself and gone into business. Now, there 's an American idea for you; there 's an ideal born of God knows what kind of specialized insanity, but not softening of the brain—you cannot soften a thing that does n't exist—the Daughters of the Royal Crown! Nobody eligible but American descendants of Charles the Second. Dear me, how the fancy product of that old harem still holds out!

Well, I am truly glad to foregather with you again,

and partake of the bread and salt of this hospitable house once more. Seven years ago, when I was your guest here, when I was old and despondent, you gave me the grip and the word that lift a man up and make him glad to be alive; and now I come back from my exile young again, fresh and alive, and ready to begin life once more, and your welcome puts the finishing touch upon my restored youth and makes it real to me, and not a gracious dream that must vanish with the morning. I thank you.

THOMAS B. REED

AT THE DINNER TO SAMUEL L. CLEMENS (MARK TWAIN), NOVEMBER 10, 1900

I THINK I realize more than most people the hopelessness of the task which we have set before ourselves to-night. We have come here for the purpose of saying to Mr. Clemens what we think about him, and expressing our appreciation of what he has done; but we shall do nothing that will not seem to him absolutely inadequate. When we have got through he will go home to his couch, and there think over the invaluable nature of the services which he has rendered to mankind, and will feel how inadequate has been our statement. Therefore, we must take a proper position upon this occasion. We must so act toward him that he will say that "the boys meant well, and if they had known exactly what they were talking about they would have stated the thing in a proper and adequate form"; and he will forgive us and add the necessary percentage to bring it up to the par of his ideas.

I am afraid that some of the things that I shall say will require the percentage that is to be added to be considerably increased, because I am going to wreak upon him, not a lifelong feeling, but a feeling extending over more than seven years, for something that he said about me.

He came over to Washington with a lot of writers and other literary fellows who were generally much puffed out about themselves. They came over there for the purpose of getting what they thought was their property, and I had occasion to explain to him that he was then, while I was talking with him, sitting under the effulgence of the political intellects which comprehend all things. And what we intended was to give him some portion of his property—that portion which seemed to us to be for the good of mankind that he should have. I explained to him at length that while he seemed to himself to be a "good man," yet in reality, compared with us, he was utterly incapable of self-government, and that what we intended to do with him was to benevolently assimilate most of his property. I am bound to say that, notwithstanding all my violence, he apparently behaved with considerable goodness of disposition. He did n't say a word to me, but he afterward went about, as I have been informed, and explained to his friends the various things that he would have said to me if he had n't been scared. Now, these speeches which have been reported to me have rankled in my mind, and I have always felt, when an opportunity occurred and he did n't have a chance to reply, that I would say over some things to him.

One thing I want to comment upon a bit, and that is in one of his writings he says—he actually had the face to say—that he was named for the prophet Samuel. I have read the succinct statement which he made of this with a great deal of care. He says that he remembers he was lying in his cradle and looking at the clock and thinking that in five minutes he would be a day

old, and that he heard his venerated father proposing to his mother various names like Zerubbabel and Habakkuk, either of which in my judgment would have been perfectly appropriate, and that finally his father suggested the name Samuel, and thereupon, gathering his tiny shoes in his hand, he arose on the edge of the cradle and said, "Father, I cannot be named Samuel," and he said, "Why not?" and he answered, "Because Samuel had to be called by the Lord twice before he would come." "Then," said he, "I stepped forth from the cradle, and twenty-four hours after that my father overtook me, and I acquired the name of Samuel and a sound thrashing." Now, I want to say to you that I believe implicitly the statement that at the age of one day he climbed from the cradle and started forth, and kept it up for twenty-four hours, but I don't believe the story about the old gentleman's overtaking him; because from the very nature of things nobody ever overtook him in this world. On general principles, also, I repudiate the story. I believe that if he and the prophet Samuel were to meet neither would recognize the other, unless the oriental style of garment betrayed Samuel the elder to Samuel the younger.

But I feel very much interested in Mr. Clemens, because he is to me the greatest example of the system of education of which I am perhaps the only able-bodied advocate, and that is the Wellerian System of Education. What is that? you ignorantly ask. You will find it in the first interview which Pickwick had with the father of Samuel Weller, for whom perhaps our friend is more likely to have been named than for the Bible Samuel. The first time they met the old man Weller

said to Pickwick, "I hope that my son satisfies you," and he said, "Yes, he does." And says he, "I hope so," and he says, "I have given him the best education anybody ever had. I let him loose in the streets of London, young, to shift for himself," and everybody knows how thoroughly educated a man Samuel Weller was. When our friend says, "next to being born in Missouri"—he makes an awful bad start; I don't believe that any person having full possession of his senses would have permitted himself to have been born in Missouri, because it is a hot country—too suggestive—it is not pleasant; the place to have been born in was the State of Maine—no other place in the world. But I tell you, notwithstanding all this, he had the best education there ever was. Why, he began life on the Mississippi River in a pilot-house. That was a great life! You cannot appreciate the luxury and delight I had in London in 1883 in picking up his book "On the Mississippi." Oh, it 's a great old life on that big river; I tell you there is no place where language flows as it does there, the wealth of language there is superior—am I not telling the truth? (Mark Twain: "Yes, sir.")—is superior to the flood of the Mississippi at the time when he and I were there. I remember the magnificent picture of the full river—what a gorgeous freedom from limitation was there. What a vocabulary old Sam Tubbs had, and how generous he was with it! I never shall forget his description of the time General Ellet went down the Missouri to Vicksburg and stuck the noses of his gunboats up against the river bank; I would n't like to repeat it; I don't think it would suit even this assembly. I don't

know that it was accurate; I don't know that he told the truth, but I do know that the thing was picturesque beyond all human description, and whenever you are reading Mark Twain just remember what a wealth of vocabulary he had a chance to have recourse to in his early life. He not only graduated from that college, but he went to a law school, as it were, and that was at Washoe, where nothing was good, but everything was beautifully descriptive and touching. At that time, when he was there, I came very near going to Washoe, but I am sorry to say that I did not go, and therefore my education lacks very much of what he has had; but he has had it, and he stands to-day the best representative of that system of education, which I believe is the soundest in the world. I owe too many hours of pleasure not to be glad to be here and join you in your most vociferous welcome.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

AT THE DINNER TO SAMUEL L. CLEMENS (MARK TWAIN), NOVEMBER 10, 1900

OUR friend Mark Twain owes his distinction among us and all over the world to that faculty which is so much abused in business and in politics—the faculty of humor. Every man who has made any real success in business has been handicapped if he was a joker, and many a man who has made a success of politics has found a barrier raised because people would not take him as a serious person. I never yet met a man who had made a fortune who could tell a story or get off a witticism worth listening to. I never yet saw a man who could make a million dollars a year who, on any occasion, whether it was a marriage or a funeral, would not get on to the "shop" in five minutes, because no man can make a million dollars if he is funny. (I have found that out.) There is no fun in a million —it 's a serious business. Now, that is nothing against the million dollars or the man who makes it. It only shows the different avenues in life. Some of us choose one, some of us take another.

In the "Evening Post" of to-night, that journal which does so much on Saturday evening, when it comments on any one, to promote that feeling of graceful resignation which prepares him for to-morrow,

there is a leading article on the two most distinguished living citizens of America; one recently died—Bryan—and myself. Of the late lamented Bryan it remarks (but I am not responsible for what I quote) that he lost the opportunity to be President, and that he never will be President, because in his speeches he lowered himself to the average of the common people, and the common people look for a President to a man who is above their average. And then it says: "So far as Depew is concerned, no man who jests will ever be President of the United States." Now, having followed Bryan through his canvass, I never expected to be bracketed with him, but if his chances and mine are the same I will take them.

I believe there is a great deal of truth in the criticism of the "Evening Post." When a man has once got to be President of the United States, if he is a *raconteur* of rare merit, if he is a wit, if he is a humorist, or has genius in any line of that sort, it adds enormously to his distinction, but he will never get there if it is known beforehand. Abraham Lincoln was almost unknown outside of the State of Illinois when he ran for President. We knew of him only by an elaborate address which he made here and which had in it not a ray of humor. When he got to be President, what he wanted the plain people to know he illustrated by humor, and he became our greatest factor in American politics. I never shall forget, as a young man, a young Secretary of State, being closeted with him. When we had turned everybody out he lay down on the lounge, and, gathering those long legs of his in his arms and slowly rocking back and

forth, he told me twelve stories, none of which I will repeat here to-night, but each having a marvelous application, and then said, in that deep cadence of his, "Depew, I know that they say that I lower the dignity of the presidential office and that I do not rise to the heights that the people expect from the great position which I occupy; but I have found, young man, I have found, in the course of a long and varied experience, that plain people, plain people, take them as they run, are more easily influenced through the medium of a broad and humorous illustration than in any other way, and what the hypercritical few may say I don't care." That 's Lincoln's manner, and that 's Lincoln's method. Now, we have a brilliant idea of what is necessary to be President of the United States, and what is necessary to occupy a place in an impressive manner in the hearts and minds of everybody who thinks well and readily in the messages of the Presidents of the United States, which have been advertised so widely through the editorial columns of the New York "Sun" and in the works of Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, and Mark Twain—who would exchange the one for the other? I would rather be one of those who will be read one hundred years from now than to be any one of the Polks or Pierces or Buchanans or any of them that can be mentioned in an evening like this. If I followed the rule and advice of the "Evening Post," and was a candidate, which I am not and never shall be, for President of the United States—standing here to-night as a senator of New York, looking forward to 1904, I would not make the speech I am making now; I should say:

Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Lotos Club: It affords me great pleasure to be present in a gathering which I understand comprises so much of the journalistic, the artistic, and the Bohemian element of our great American life. I am pleased that you have honored me with an invitation to join with you in a just tribute to our guest. I think that he illustrates in his career the manhood and principles of American liberty. He began life, if I understand rightly his origin, in a very humble sphere; but this has been characteristic of all men who have risen to political distinction in our great and glorious country. He became at one time connected with that element of American progress and development known as the transportation interests of the country. If he had continued in that useful sphere he might at some time have reached the lofty position of president of one of the great carrying companies of the country, whether on the rail or on the water. He began, it is true, in a humble capacity, but I have it from members of Congress whom I have met who knew him then that as pilot of a steamboat on the Mississippi River he had the respect of the passengers and the confidence of the owners of the boat. I am not sure—I am not sure, and still—some gentlemen may disagree with me, and if they do I bow with the greatest respect to their judgment—I am not sure but that he made a mistake when he left this great and useful part of our American progress and development for the paths of literature. His genius is unique, it is alone to himself, and it has secured him recognition on both sides of the Atlantic, and for that, as an American citizen, I thank him. But still I think

that if he had abandoned the humorous, the light, which contributes in our moments of restfulness to our pleasure, and taken to the higher walks of literature, as did Plato and Aristotle, I am not sure but he would have won a distinction much greater than this evanescent form which has given us so much pleasure, and would have added so much to his fame.

That 's the candidate for President, which I am not. I trust the "Evening Post" will at least accord me the credit of being equal to the job if I should undertake it. Now, Mark Twain showed his distinguishing characteristic, which is a knowledge of human nature, which is when you are on a public platform like this where you want people to be agreeable and make people happy, by rubbing them up and then rubbing them down, when he praised Reed, and then the Cuban War, and then, advancing to the Filipinos, he struck Reed in the solar plexus. I remember an English gentleman, not John Hare, coming to my house to dine one night, and he said on the way over, "I met a singular countryman of yours, who was not as acute as I understand you all are over here." Then he said: "You charge us with being obtuse, but really I think that some of your countrymen are direct descendants from the kind of Englishmen you are constantly making fun of." I asked him, "How 's that?" and he said: "There was a man on the steamer, sat at my table, rather an agreeable man, an odd-looking person, and I said to him one day, 'You have been in England?' and he said, 'Several times; was in London this year; spent six weeks there,' and I asked him, 'Did you go to Westminster Abbey?' and he said, 'No, to the Lang-

ham.'" And, said he, "I had to explain to him that Westminster Abbey was n't a hotel." Then I said, "What was this man's name?" and he said, "Clemens —Samuel L. Clemens." "Why, Great Scott, man," I said, "that 's Mark Twain!" "What! Mark Twain, the great humorist?" I said, "Yes, the greatest in the world," and he said, "That 's the best joke I ever heard in my life." You know the moment I mentioned his name it created a crevasse in his cranium.

Some years ago I was at Homburg, where Mark Twain was masquerading as a tramp abroad. I made known his presence to some of the royalties and aristocrats who were congregated there. The next morning Mark was introduced to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, always very agreeable and charming to Americans, and while his walk at Homburg is usually about fifteen minutes, Mark made himself so agreeable during the whole length of the tour that the royal walk extended to an hour and a half, and the next night I met Mark at the royal table. A few nights before I had been dining there, and in the discursive and extensive incidents of table life at Homburg, being called upon for a story, I unearthed a weird story which I had created and thought it might go in an English crowd. But it did n't. But two nights afterward, when Mark was there, and as the situation became more human and companionable, he started in to enliven the table himself, and he told the same story. It was received with such hilarity and bursts of laughter and applause that it brought Mark out as "the only humorist in the world, and the best story-teller," and he "never was so brilliant," and the effect has

been that I can't go to England now and tell a story without their saying, "That 's one of Mark Twain's."

Well, my friends, those are not the only occasions upon which Mark and I have met. A few years ago I met him at the dinner in London that Mr. Hare spoke of. Pinero was there with an elaborate essay on the drama, and he sat alongside of me. Well, Mark got up and responded to the drama, and delivered one of the most unique, picturesque, and graphic descriptions I ever heard in my life of the eccentricities of his Newfoundland dog. Pinero's manuscript faded page by page as the dog pranced. And at that time Mark Twain was not himself. He was laboring under a gigantic load of debt. He was resisting it as best he could, and as a man of grit and a man of humor only can resist a catastrophe like that. I don't care what misfortunes may come to a man; I don't care what sorrows may fall upon him—there is nothing that presses him and crushes him like an apparently inextricable load of debt. Members of his family whom he deeply loves may drop away, and the sorrow of it may be just as deep as the tenderest heart and the most marvelous affection can picture, but that can be met; there are solutions for it, and if he is a Christian there is the hope of meeting in the other world; but when a load of debt comes from no fault of your own, and it presses you down, I know of nothing equal to that. I have been there myself. So I knew what Mark felt that night. I knew that the whole world knew it and was sympathizing. I knew that the London papers were full of it, and were saying, "Let us bear your burdens"; that the creditors were extending

to him their full forgiveness of what he owed; and I saw beneath this crushing of genius the determination to surmount it. When I met him next it was last year in London; we had heard of him in the meantime in Australia, in Van Diemen's Land, in Victoria, and all over the interesting parts of the earth, lecturing here, speaking there, received everywhere by English-speaking people with the gratitude of English-speaking people because he made them laugh, laugh in their sorrows, laugh in their pleasures, laugh in their homes, until he is a household memory as well as a household member of every English-speaking family this world over. When I met him again it was the old Mark Twain that we have here to-night—sorrow gone, depression gone, all that crushing, all that tremendous tragedy gone; the genius that had broken through and rescued him was making him himself again. Out of all those years of darkness had come here a novel, and there a story, and out of it all had come that best book of fiction and the historical novel of this generation, that most picturesque character—we have her spirit and her life, we never knew what she did or what she was until Mark Twain wrote about her—Joan of Arc. Now, the century opened with a tragedy just like that of Mark Twain's; the Wizard of the North, the greatest genius of English literature, Sir Walter Scott, found himself crushed under a similar load of debt and he worked out of it, and in working out of it gave to the world those marvelous "Waverley Novels." That was at the beginning of the century; and the English-speaking races and the literary men of all races everywhere have never supposed that it could be repeated.

But at the close of the century another man, in another country, laboring under a similar misfortune, but with a like world-wide fame, met the same crisis, met it in the same way and with the same genius and with the same courage; and while Walter Scott died under the burden of grief and labor, thank God Mark Twain, having redeemed his credit and redeemed the honor of his life by this supreme exertion, stands with us to-day just as fresh and just as young, and with just as beautiful years before him as before the tragedy came. It is the difference between the old world and the new, the difference between the first of the century and the end of the century; it is the difference between hope and opportunity, and its best illustration is because with tragedy is coupled humor, that he is our guest at dinner.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

AT THE DINNER TO SAMUEL L. CLEMENS (MARK TWAIN), NOVEMBER 10, 1900

IF you meet a humorist on his own ground the chances are that you will be thrown down. Unless you are a very great joker, he will probably outjoke you, or, if he does n't, people will think he does, which is quite as bad. The only way is to take him seriously, and then if you praise him he will be apt to think you are in earnest. That is why I am going to be serious in the very little I have to say about our great and good friend to-night, though we have now arrived at that happy stage of a complimentary dinner when the guest, unless he is a person of extraordinary perspicacity, does not know whether you are praising him or not. He is so thickly buttered by this time that he thinks everything offered him is butter, and in a lordly dish. If you get out your little hammer and drive your little nail into his skull, he smiles blandly when it reaches his gray matter, and comes round, at the end of the dinner, with the head of the nail sticking out, to say, "Thank you, old fellow, that was very nice of you; I hope you won't have it too much on your conscience."

Like every one else here, I am glad to have Mr. Clemens among us again, because, for one thing, I hated to see him having such a good time abroad. We

always suspect a fellow-citizen who has a good time abroad; we are afraid that there must be something wrong about him. We feel that he never could have been what we thought him if other people think so too. We are jealous of his fame if it is universal; we should have liked to keep it to ourselves. Many a time, in the course of the last nine years, my heart has been saddened by the acceptance of our friend in France, Germany, Austria, and England as one of the first humorists of all times, and I have done what little I could to set the matter right among those who loved him as I did by whispering around that they were overdoing it. But now that we have got him back I am not so sure that they were overdoing it. At any rate, I wish to lift my voice in welcoming him home, and to be one of the very first publicly to announce that I forgive him.

I realize that he was not to blame because other peoples have appreciated him in their poor, unintelligent way, and told him so in languages which are difficult for any true American to understand. We ought to forgive him in our own interest, if for no other reason, for no one else has been more fully in the joke of us, or known better how to interpret us to ourselves; and at no other period of our national life have we been a greater joke or more needed interpretation. He has probably arrived by a happy instinct to tell us just what we mean, and to declare how about it, when we are ourselves most in the dark. He is, at any rate, a humorist of continental dimensions, and he could not be the great humorist he is without being vastly better—if there is anything better; if it is really better to be a sagacious reader of contemporary history, a generous and com-

passionate observer of one's kind, a philosopher without theory, a poet whose broad-winged imagination transcends the bounds of verse. Perhaps it takes all these to make up the sum of a great humorist. At least we find them all summed up in the humorist whom we amusingly suppose ourselves to be honoring to-night, when he is so obviously honoring us. Why, in a manner, he has invented us, and more than any other man has made us the component parts of the great American joke which we all realize ourselves to be when we are serious. More than any other he has discovered us to ourselves, he has determined our modern mental attitude, fixed our point of view, and he could not have done this without being vitally of the material he worked in. He has invented us, but then we invented him, to begin with, and that is where I think we have reason to be proud. Before us no people had a humorist with nothing cruel but everything kindly in his smile, who never laughed with the strong against the weak, or found anything droll in suffering or deformity. When we look back over literature, and see what savage and stupid and pitiless things have passed for humor, and then open his page, we seem not only to have invented the only true humorist, but to have invented humor itself. We do not know by what mystery his talent sprang up from our soil and flowered in our air, but we know that no such talent has been known to any other; and if we set any bounds to our joy in him it must be from that innate American modesty, not always perceptible to the alien eye, which forbids us to keep throwing bouquets at ourselves.

ST. CLAIR McKELWAY

AT THE DINNER TO SAMUEL L. CLEMENS (MARK TWAIN), NOVEMBER 10, 1900

A FEW minutes ago a Reed shaken by the wind undertook to declare that Missouri merit was outclassed by constant looking for the Maine chance. I leave him to the tender mercies of Mark Twain, who is preparing his views of his intimate enemies—to be published an hundred years hence! They will be read with intense interest by the successors of the present members of the Lotos Club. Now, if I might for a moment use metaphor as a minister to motive, I would say that some years ago we met here sympathetically to hold up Mark Twain's hands. Now we all feel like holding up our own in congratulation of him and of ourselves. Of him because his warfare is accomplished. Of ourselves because he has returned to our company. If it was a pleasure to know him then, it is a privilege and an honor to know him now. He has fought the good fight. He has kept the faith. He is ready to be offered up, but we are not ready to have him offered up. For we want the Indian summer of his life to be long, and that to be followed by a genial winter, which, if it be as frosty as his hair, shall also be as kindly as his heart.

He has enough excess and versatility of ability to

be a genius. He has enough quality and quantity of virtues to be a saint. But he has honorably transmuted his genius into work, whereby it has been brought into relations with literature and with life. And he has preferred warm fellowship to cold perfection, so that sinners love him and saints are content to wait for him. May they wait long!

I think he is entitled to be regarded as the Dean of America's humor; that he is entitled to the distinction of being the greatest humorist this nation ever had. I say this with a fair knowledge of the chiefs of the entire corps, from Francis Hopkinson and the author of "Hasty Pudding" down to Bill Nye and Dooley. None of them would I depreciate. I would greatly prefer to honor and hail them all for the singular fitness of their gifts to the needs of the nation in their times. Hopkinson and Joel Barlow lightened the woes of the Revolution by the touch of nature which makes the whole world grin. Seba Smith relieved the Yankee tension under the impact of Jacksonian roughness by tickling its ribs with a quill. Lieutenant Derby turned the searchlight of fun on the stiff formalities of army posts, on the raw conditions of alkali journalism, and on the solemn humbugs of frontier politics. James Russell Lowell used dialect for dynamite to blow the front off hypocrisy, or to shatter the cotton commercialism in which the New England conscience was encysted. Robert H. Newell, mirthmaker and mystic, satirized military ignorance and pinchbeck bluster to an immortality of contempt. Bret Harte in verse and story touched the parallels of tragedy and of comedy, of pathos, of bathos, and of humor, which love of life

and lust of gold opened up amid the unapprehended grandeur and the coveted treasures of primeval nature. Charles F. Browne made Artemus Ward as well known as Abraham Lincoln in the time the two divided the attention of the world. Bill Nye singed the shams of his day, and Dooley dissects for "Hinnisy" the shams of our own. Nor should we forget Eugene Field, the beatifier of childhood, or Joel Chandler Harris, the fabulist of the plantation, or Ruth McEnery Stuart, the coronal singer of the joys and hopes, the loves and the dreams, of the images of God in ebony in the old South, ere it leaped and hardened to the new.

To these love and honor. But to this man honor's crown of honor, for he has made a mark none of the others has reached. Few of them have diversified the delights to be drawn from our fugitive humor. They have, as humorists, in distinction to the work of moralists, novelists, orators, and poets, in which the rarest among them shine, they have as humorists, in the main, worked a single vein. And some of them were humorists for a purpose, a dreary grind that, and some of them were only humorists for a period as well as for a purpose. The purpose served, the period passed, the humor that was of their life a thing apart ceased. 'T is Clemens's whole existence!

As Bacon made all learning his province, so Mark Twain has made all life and history his quarry, from the "Jumping Frog" to "The Yankee at Arthur's Court"; from the incrusted petrifaction that died of protracted exposure to the present parliament of Austria; from the grave of Adam to the mysteries of the Adamless Eden known as the League of Professional

Women; from Mulberry Sellers to Joan of Arc, and from Edward the Sixth to "Puddin'head Wilson," who wanted to kill his half of a deathless dog.

Nevada is forgiven its decay because he flashed the oddities of its zenith life on pages that endure. California is worth more than its gold, because he showed to men the heart under its swagger. He annexed the Sandwich Islands to the fun of the nation long before they were put under its flag. Because of him the Missouri and the Mississippi go now unvexed to the sea, for they ripple with laughter as they recall Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn, poor Jim, and the Duke. Europe, Asia Minor, and Palestine are open doors to the world, thanks to this pilgrim's progress with his "Innocents Abroad." Purity, piety, and pity shine out from "Prince and Pauper" like the eyes of a wondering deer on a torch-lighted night from a wooded fringe of mountain and of lake.

But enough of what I fear is already too much. In expressing my debt to him I hope I express somewhat, at least, of yours. I cannot repay him in kind any more than I could rival him. None of us can. But we can render to him a return he would like. With him we can get on our way to reality and burn off pretense as acid eats its way to the denuded plate of the engraver. We can strip the veneer of convention from style and strengthen our thought in his Anglo-Saxon well of English undefiled. We can drop seeming for sincerity. We can be relentless toward hypocrisy and tender to humanity. We can rejoice in the love of laughter, without ever once letting it lead us to libertinism of fancy. We can reach through humor the

heart of man. We can make exaggeration the scourge of meanness and the magnifier of truth on the broad screen of life. By study of him the nothing new under the sun can be made fresh and fragrant, by the supreme art of putting things. Though none of us can handle his wand, all of us can be transformed by it into something higher and finer than our dull selves. That is our delight, that is our debt, both due to him, and long may he remain with us to brighten, to broaden, and to better our souls with the magic mirth and with the mirthful magic of his incomparable spell.

WU TING FANG

(CHINESE MINISTER)

AT THE DINNER IN HIS HONOR, DECEMBER 15, 1900

I AM doubly sensible of the honor you have done me to-night in the shape of this splendid banquet, and I am grateful for the cordial manner in which you have received the kind words spoken of me by the president. I rejoiced to hear the cheers in which you expressed yourselves as to this toast in my honor, because they were not only complimentary to me, but because I was convinced that in those cheers there rang the sentiments of good will toward my country.

Gentlemen, this is an unexpected honor, and I shall never, as long as I live, forget this memorable occasion. When the vice-president of this club and the chairman of the committee came the other day to Washington to tender me this invitation, I did not understand the reason of the honor tendered to me; but when I heard the name of this club I gladly accepted, because I thought that there was a connecting link between it and myself. Of all the plants in China, the lotos is the one we appreciate on account of its purity. I asked a gentleman sitting next to me this evening why that name was chosen for this club. He was good enough to explain to me that Lotos is a place for recreation, for rest; and as the club is intended as a place for gen-

tlemen to come and rest it is an appropriate name. I bow to his word, and of course he knows better than I do, but I will say this, that in China, as I have just said, the lotos is a flower that we appreciate because we not only eat it, but if you dip it into water it will straighten up again, the mud does not stick to it, and it is as fresh and clean as ever.

For this reason, gentlemen, we call the lotos a superior one among the plants; and in China the learned men, the good men, and the men of science we generally call "Lotos," for that reason; and associations are formed under that name. So, therefore, gentlemen, you understand the reasons for my accepting this invitation, because I wish to be in your company, by dining with the superior men of the United States.

Your president has been good enough to pay me a flattering compliment in referring to the crisis which occurred last summer. I must say that it was a summer full of anxiety and worry to me, and for many a day I could hardly sleep; but then it was my duty; I did no more than my duty to my government and my country. The time was important, and it was necessary for me to take some step to prevent the crisis, if possible, from coming on. I found that at that time the people of this country, and also all the people in Europe, were so excited that they would believe anything that was telegraphed from the East, especially from my country; and all I could do was to urge that the people of this country should not hastily believe what was telegraphed until authentic news could come. And it was gratifying to me to find that the administration and the officials of this country, and the press and the

people generally, were moderate and conservative in their views; and when I was fortunate enough to obtain the first news from Pekin, from Mr. Conger, and lay it before the State Department, it was gratifying to me that, although people in Europe generally considered it a forgery, the people of this country and the officials and the press generally believed it was true. But I was very sorry to find that the press in Europe generally, and the people in Europe, all declared that it was a fabrication on my part or on the part of my government, as if nobody Chinese was capable of telling a single truth.

Gentlemen, from my boyhood I have learned in the classics of Confucius that in your dealings with others your words should be sincere. I can conscientiously say that I have always acted up to that injunction. It is sometimes said that a diplomatic representative is a gentleman sent to lie abroad for the good of his country. Perhaps that would do two or three centuries ago, but I firmly believe that diplomats as well as men in other professions should act straightforwardly and honestly, because while the use of falsehood may temporarily secure an advantage, sooner or later the truth will be found out, and the consequences would be very serious. So therefore I believe in the maxim "Honesty is the best policy." I might compare the profession of a diplomat in a foreign country somewhat to that of a lawyer pleading a case before a court. It would not do for the lawyer in advocating the interest of his client to quote an obsolete law or statutes which have been repealed, or to distort facts with a view of deceiving the court and the jury. No respectable law-

yer, I am sure, would stoop to do such a thing. In saying this, gentlemen, I do not insinuate that the lawyers in this country are not honest. I believe they are all honest. I would be the last man to slander the legal profession, to which I have the honor to belong. So a diplomat, although he is acting for the interest of his country, should be straightforward and do his best, and while doing his best for the interests of his country he ought to be a gentleman and act honestly; but without a just tribunal, however able a lawyer may be, his case may be defeated; but in my case it is with gratitude and pleasure that I acknowledge that I have a fair and just tribunal before whom I plead the interests of my country. The potent, wise, and moderate policy of your government, and the fairness and straightforwardness of the administration, headed by your President, assisted in a great measure by your Secretary of State—to them is due the credit, rather than to me, for what has been done in the last summer; and credit is also due to the press generally in this country, which shapes public opinion, and to the people of this country, because as far as I can make out they have almost unanimously endorsed the humane and wise policy of the administration. Since the unfortunate occurrence I have been receiving from day to day innumerable letters from persons, many of whom I have not the pleasure of knowing, expressing their sympathy for China.

There is a saying in our classics that the people should be made to follow, but not be able to understand, the reason of things. But I may say, in the case of the

American people, this maxim of Confucius is inapplicable, because I find in every public question that the people are very intelligent and lovers of fair play. This indeed is a wonderful nation. Last Wednesday the city of Washington celebrated its centennial, and I was fortunate enough to listen to the exercises at the Capitol, and among the public addresses given by the congressmen and senators, there is one speech I will not forget. It is the speech of Senator Daniel. In his opening address, if I remember rightly, he said that ancient history has no precedent for the United States of America, and modern history has no parallel. That is a grand expression, but it is nevertheless true. There is no ancient history for your great country, but your country has been making history. American history dates from the life of Washington, and is enriched by the noble achievements of Lincoln and Grant, and the many others whom it is needless for me to enumerate, and of whom you know more than I do. Coming to the present day, it is embellished by such household words as the names of Miles and Dewey, and last, but not the least, the name of William McKinley. Yes, your history is rapidly filling up with the noble deeds of your men. But we diplomats, we foreign diplomats, do not understand your politics. I am speaking of myself—perhaps I should be going too far thus to refer to my colleagues, who are more learned than I am; but, speaking for myself, I do not understand your politics. Your politics are too complicated for me. For instance, I have not been able to master the intricacies of "sixteen to one" and the "full dinner-pail." These things are too deep for

my dull understanding. But I understand this, whichever political party may reign in the White House, the glory of the Stars and Stripes will not in any event grow dim. As long as you remain the people who form this administration, headed by that noble, humane, and level-headed man who is now your President —I say as long as you have such men at the head of your government, your great nation will continue to command the respect of all the other nations of the world.

Gentlemen, I will not occupy your time much longer, and in concluding I will say that Senator Daniel, in concluding his speech, expressed the hope that the city of Washington will be in course of time the capital of a universal republic. When I heard this I could not understand, but when I came home I pondered over it, and I think I have found out his deep meaning. The meaning, if I am not mistaken, is this—that the position, the high position, and the just policy of your nation will be in course of time recognized and will prevail among all different nations, so that the city of Washington will become in the near future the seat of universal peace, justice, and truth. When that day comes, and I hope it will not be far distant, the superior men of this country, of which the members of this club form an element, will have much to do, and will take a prominent part in bringing about that happy state of things.

Gentlemen, I thank you for your courtesy and the honor you have done me.

WAYNE McVEAGH

AT THE DINNER TO WU TING FANG, DECEMBER 15, 1900

I AM bound to say to you that I think it is really the first time in my life I ever felt seriously embarrassed after dinner. My theory of after-dinner speaking has been singular in one respect, I think. I never knew what I was to say until I was on my feet, and everybody was kind enough to forget what I had said as soon as I sat down. Indeed, I announced many years ago that I was utterly irresponsible, and I was proud of it, for anything I said after I sat down to dinner. Up to that time, I have notified gentlemen in both the warlike services, to whose representatives we have listened, that I was amenable to any code which existed among gentlemen, but that after I sat down to dinner I would accept no challenge from anybody. But to-night is a wholly different experience from any I have ever had; I have always believed in hilarity at a dinner-table and afterward. But we are met upon a very remarkable occasion, and confronted by a situation which to my mind does not quite lend itself to amusement. His Excellency, the Chinese minister, doubtless knows without my telling him that no matter how long he stays in this country—and we all hope he will stay very long—he will probably never receive a more genuine American compliment than he

enjoys in being the guest of a thoroughly representative American club. This is, gentlemen, a club in which nobody stands on anything except that on which Disraeli said he stood with pride when he stood for Parliament—on his head. There are other associations of gentlemen selected for various social, political, and personal reasons, but this club has always stood for the merit of the individual member, whether he was a struggling artist or a struggling author, whether he was a writer of editorials or in whatever department of human activity, even in that miserable profession to which I belong, and to which Mr. Wu belongs. If he was a straightforward, honorable, earnest, and striving man he was welcome to the Lotos Club, but not otherwise. (Addressing the Chinese minister:) So this is a very great compliment which you enjoy to-night. Of course (looking at Mr. Carnegie) in every club men get in who ought not to be there. There is a friend of mine of many, many years' standing of whom I would be unwilling to say an unkind word behind his back, but I confess I was struck with astonishment to find Andrew Carnegie here, and yet this club does not disdain poverty. But nobody is perfect in his calling. I heard once a very severe criticism passed upon General Miles as a soldier. Another soldier, and a competent judge of such matters, told me of a performance of Miles's which he said was grossly improper. He said that Miles leaped his horse over some Confederate breastworks and engaged in a desperate hand-to-hand conflict with the enemy, which no general had a right to do.

Well, now, as the gentleman who last addressed you

with such force and directness said, we are, as Americans and, I think I may not irreverently say, as professing Christians, confronted with a situation which I am sure the guest of the evening will permit me to treat with absolute frankness. When I use the word Christian I do not mean it to apply to the new sect which has so rapidly overspread the continent of Europe and has made considerable inroads in this country—the sect I call Mohammedan-Christians. We are confronted with this serious conflict of two diverse civilizations, and while of course we are bound to treat the civilization of every other people with the respect we expect for our own, still the heart of this country has been pained, the heart of the world has been pained, by the misfortunes and the excesses which have happened in the country which His Excellency represents here. I have always held, and more than once expressed, the opinion that any independent nation had a perfect right to say to any other, "We do not wish intercourse with you; we do not wish to receive your ministers; we do not wish to receive the missionaries of your faith; we do not wish to receive your merchants," and if an independent nation, however small or weak, says that to any other, however powerful or strong, in my judgment she has a right to say it and to have her isolation respected. I do not believe I have any right to kill anybody to make him purchase my legal opinion. I do not believe, as a nation, we have any right to kill any other nation to make it buy our surplus products. Not even of steel, and that is one of the best of our surplus products. But if a nation, wisely or unwisely, says to us, "We will accept your min-

ister; we will accept your missionaries; we will accept your merchants," then at the bar of nations, and nobody recognizes it more fully than His Excellency, she must be responsible for their safety. I wish we could ignore it, but we may not safely ignore it. We have not treated the Chinese well in this country. It is one of the blots on our national history that we have treated them badly, but I think that that is no excuse for their treating us badly on the other hand; and it was a painful necessity which obliged us to send our men and armed ships to rescue our own minister from the danger to which he was unfortunately exposed. We must not blink the facts, as they are; it does not do anybody any good to do so. We did encounter that necessity, and the only ray of hope that came to every American in that moment, in those long days of anxiety, was the message His Excellency gave to us and the world that our minister was safe. I was in Europe at the time, and it was pitiful to witness the constant and universal denunciation of that statement as a falsehood. Nobody was willing to believe it, as he has said tonight. Knowing him as I did, I believed it, and told everybody who would listen to me that it would turn out to be true. Because I knew he was absolutely incapable of telling a falsehood.

And that was the first turn of the tide; that message that he carried to Mr. Hay was the first ray of light which the Western nations saw in their embarrassment. We welcomed it and acted upon it, for which I am doubly proud as an American. I only wish that the other nations of the world had done the same thing. And now that the legations are safe, what Christian peoples mean

by these punitive expeditions I cannot imagine. The details of them from time to time make me sick at heart and ashamed of my religion. We have no right, gentlemen, no nation has any right, to be doing in China what the other nations of the world are doing to-day, and in my deliberate judgment, reading everything to which I have had access, and letters which have been published, I am afraid it will be proven that China at this hour has suffered infinitely more, infinitely worse, at the hands of the Christian nations than we have all together suffered at their hands. But it is something of which we may be proud, as General Miles has said, that while the valor of the American soldier and the valor of the American sailor have remained untarnished, owing to the wisdom of the government whose citizens we are, we have at least a record of which we have no reason to be ashamed. If there shall be a settlement creditable to civilization East and West of this appalling calamity it will be largely due to the initiative of our country, and to the wise, generous, and conservative action of our President and of our Secretary of State.

FRANK R. LAWRENCE

AT THE YULE-TIDE DINNER, JANUARY 5, 1901

HAIL to the new century! No longer do we talk of years with their brief span.

Who, said the ancients, having tasted nectar and ambrosia, would return to the food of earth!

Who, having seen a century, a whole hundred years, elbowed and jostled aside and made to take flight all in an instant, and disappear in outer darkness, can ever take thought to the passage of a single year! Henceforth we deal in centuries!

In the last century we were born; in this century we shall die. Let us be happy!

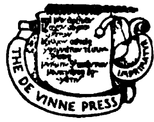
The dead century brought us being and consciousness and memory. The living century will press to the lips of each of us the Lotos draught of forgetfulness, and we may not say it nay. Let us rejoice!

Who that watched the death of the century one hundred years ago could conceive the wonders or the splendors of its successor! Who that during the past week has watched the birth of a new period can imagine its possible glories! Let us not try!

Mere fleeting atoms as we are, whirled through space by time, hurled into life, and all across it, and through and out of it again, almost before we can pause for

breath; let us not take ourselves too seriously. Let us be merry!

As time goes on, as the young century climbs the hill toward its meridian, let us meet here as often as we may, broader in our friendships, more ready to lend a helping hand one to another; and though we cannot be here to see another century, but must be content with a small part of that which has now begun to pass, let us yet hope that when another hundred years are gone there may be merry-makers here in our stead, to celebrate the Yule-tide season as heartily, as happily, as thankfully, and with as much reason for thankfulness as we to-night.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